

Sports

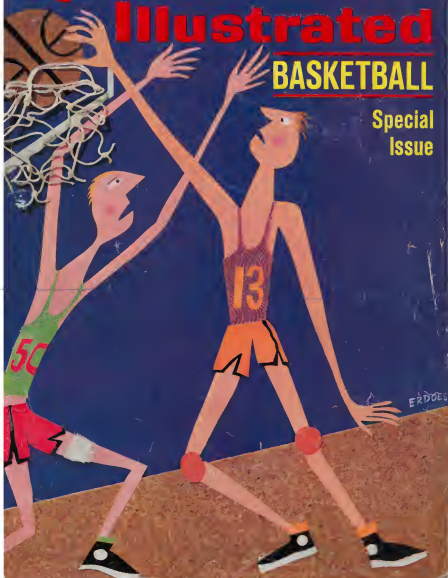
DECEMBER 12, 1960

25 CENTS

Illustrated

BASKETBALL

Special
Issue





"Merry Christmas from White Horse—for the 218th year!"

The White Horse Cellar, famous Edinburgh coaching Inn, celebrated its first Christmas in 1742. Toast this festive season in the grand tradition with the great Scotch enjoyed there—White Horse. To assure you of perfection, every bottle is numbered and registered at our distilleries, thus—AB 112901. Give White Horse, greatest Scotch in history. Gift-wrapped in Scotland.



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BLENDED, 80 & PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC. N.Y.C.

December 5, 1960

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

from L. L. Callaway Jr.

The company we keep (continued once more)

For some time now I've had the strange feeling that something is lacking in U.S. business, and I've finally decided what it is.

It's letterheads.

Our young nautical salesman, Don Nash, just received a letter from Mr. Basil E. S. Collins, President of L. Rose & Co., Ltd., purveyors of Rose's Lime Juice, and although the content of the letter was wonderful (I'll quote it in a moment, try and stop me) it was the letterhead that really made up my mind for me.

I'll reproduce it here, though I doubt with the present resources available, we could ever do justice to the gold of the crest, the delicate green of the type, or the tinge of yellow in the limes. Makes me thirsty for a gimlet just to describe it to you.



Here's Mr. Collins' letter:

"Dear Mr. Nash,

"Though the summer has come to an end, I am happy to say—that like Tennyson's brook—Rose's Lime Juice and the Gimlet cocktail go "on and on." In fact, five Gimlets are now being consumed for every one consumed a year ago!

"This, I feel, is attributable to a number of factors, among them the imaginative merchandising and promotional efforts undertaken by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, in co-operation with our advertising agency, especially last summer when yachtsmen entering the Bermuda races were presented with special Gimlet Cocktail Kits; SI mailings about the Gimlet and Rose's

(continued from preceding page)

Lime Juice to yacht clubs; Rose's U.S. distributorship and continuing sales push; the selection of proper media—and, of course, the superior quality of the product itself. . . .

"In short, we feel that Rose's has come a long way since 1865 when it first entered the lime juice business—back in the days when the British Navy used lime juice as a daily ration to ward off scurvy.

"Due to a concerted promotional effort on a consistently high level, we feel that Rose's and the Gimlet are definitely here to stay. Thanks for all your help in this direction."

A good-sized dash of Mr. Collins' enthusiasm is due to a society, the brainchild of the aforementioned seagoing Nash, entitled The Honorable and Ancient Order of the Seagoing Rose. ("A Plague on Scurvy! Also down with rickets, pellagra and mutiny! Protect yourself and your crew from any of these terrifying maladies. Enlist in the Order today!")

Rose's dealers in the U.S. received application blanks for the Order along with the news that the traditional drink of Her Majesty's Navy was to be the beneficiary of a 13-page campaign in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* during 1960. Yacht owners, upon the payment of

\$2.00 to the Order, received a hand-lettered membership warranty to decorate boat or bar, plus a similarly decorative 18" x 12" regulation white rose and gimlet cocktail flag of weatherproof Dacron.

As you saw, a lot of scurvy has been prevented in U.S. waters during the past year.

I understand that Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, who handled the campaign, have a few of the cocktail flags left—and if you will send me \$2.00, I will be happy to use my influence over there to get you one. Come to think of it, if you will write on your own letterhead, and your letterhead in the judgment of our Art Director is more colorful than that of L. Rose & Co., Ltd., I'll pay the \$2.00 myself. Makes an inexpensive, out-of-the-ordinary Christmas gift.

* * *

What would you do if your name were Hiram Walker and you weren't in the distilled spirits business, but proprietor of Walker's Apparel Shop, Clothing and Shoes for the Entire Family, in Wilson, New York?

You'd probably get continuous amusement out of life, that's what you'd do. Mr. Walker recently wrote us for a copy of "Women and Hiram Walker," a promotion piece I told you about sometime back, which recorded the other Hiram Walker's considerable success in promoting their line of cordials with the help of a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* campaign and an SI-inspired color fashion promotion. We asked him where he got wind of the piece, and he replied:

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 13, Number 23



Cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances

PARFUM *intimate*

REVLON...France



"...extraordinary what a drop of Paris can do..."



Tell
me
again.

Oh, that's
such a
wonderful
and simple
secret.

Imagine, just
the three
of you—
gin and
**Rose's
Lime Juice**

and your
icy friend
in there.

What shall
I call you?
Gimlet? Well,
dear Gimlet,
I'm mad about
you. And
that will
be our secret.

Vodka is also the secret of the
Gimlet. Formula: 4 or 5 parts gin
or vodka to 1 part Rose's Lime
juice. Serve over ice in an old-
fashioned or cocktail glass. New!

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Contents

DECEMBER 12, 1960 Volume 12, Number 26

Essay review by Richard E. Davis

16 Put Away the Flowers!

Reports of Sagar Ray's "death" were premature

20 No. Virginia, No Santa Claus

For scintless Virginia an unrecorded record

22 Long, Loud Huzzahs for Nassau

Johnson Speed Week is better than ever before

24 The West Heads for a Showdown

In a wild finish, any one of three may win

26 New Day in Green Bay

After 15 years the Paskers are again at the top

Basketball: The New Season

30 IN COLOR: The Dixie Classic

35 SCOUTING REPORTS (indexed below)

78 *The secret of DePaul's great offense*

96 Sam Snead and the Serpent

Gerald Holland concludes his unusual story of the great pro who gets younger every day

The departments

8 Scorecard 104 Basketball's Week

16 Coming Events

86 Skins 106 19th Hole

88 Fishing 108 Pat on the Back

91 Charles Goren

[illegible]

22



35



96



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national, regional and special editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 one year.

Acknowledgments pp. 200-201

Next week

Martin Kane and Gill Rogin report from Washington, D.C. on the current congressional inquiry into big-time boxing.

Can the Eagles make it? Ten Maule and Robert Riger assess their chances against the NFL's Western champions.

The men who man the hottest spots on hockey's ice are revealed in 10 pages of words and vivid color photographs.

promise her
anything...
but give her

APRIL
PARLONS
PARIS

MEMO from the publisher

Your article *Up Squash! Down Baseball!* by Stephen Birmingham shows a completely idiotic point of view. The man obviously shows no understanding of the situation.

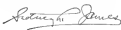
This is the way we were addressed about this time last year in a letter from Wayne Givens of Hanover, N.H. after he had read (and apparently slammed to the floor) a story by Stephen Birmingham entitled *Up Squash! Down Baseball!* (SI, Nov. 9, 1959). Mr. Birmingham, who has a solid reputation for being knowing about such things, was writing on that occasion about what's up and what's down, sportswise, that is, on the U.S. college campus.

Well, the publisher of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* loveth a cheerful Givens almost as much as a bad pun, so he rejoices that next week Reader Givens is going to have another chance to understand Writer Birmingham.

This time Birmingham surveys the world of party games, where he finds much the same set of Up and Down values as apply to college sports. Do you know, for instance, when called upon to play Botticelli or Psychiatrist, Hate or Like, whether it's the thing to do or not? Do you even know how to play it? Birmingham, who does indeed understand the situation, explains the rules, warns of pitfalls and gives the latest quotations on the Up and Down market. All confirmed party-givers, I suggest, will be wise to enter the party-laden holidays with his advice well in hand.

And confirmed party-givers our readers surely are. Here's another look in that statistical mirror of our subscribers we were looking at a while back (SI, Aug. 15 and 22). The entertainers among you throw a party well over once a month, and when it's a buffet, dinner or cocktail party it's likely to be for not only a good but a goodly crowd, averaging well over a dozen guests for each gathering. Of those who serve liquor (75%), more than one-fifth buy it by the case (850,000 cases a year, in fact, or more than the total annual sales of many well-known brands); of those who serve beer (75%), more than one-half buy by the case; and of those who serve soft drinks (95%), more than two-fifths buy by the case. When you entertain at home, as you most frequently do, the setting is a pleasant one; more than three-fourths of you own the home and it is valued at \$25,840, more than twice the national average.

Finally almost three-fourths of you have been to college—which would seem to augur that when your next party comes you won't fail, with Mr. Birmingham's assistance, to be Up on what is Down.



EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Alex G. Skelly, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager, Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions (exchange of address to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 140 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please state magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$6.75. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$8.00.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOME & GARDEN. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan; President, James A. Liska; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brynmorugh; Senior Vice President, Howard Black; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barban; Vice Presidents, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckham, Arnold W. Culman, Alvin Givori, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Marjory Jr., Ralph D. Faine Jr., F. L. Trevelin, Walter C. Follen Jr.; Computer and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason Jr.



THE WINNING COMBINATION!

LUXURY DRIVING

PLUS TRUE ECONOMY

Like the close, precise work of two tobogganers in a record-breaking run . . . that's the way Cities Service gasolenes perform in your car.

Precision-made to give you power and performance . . . luxury driving at its best. And here's economy, too . . . economy from maximum engine efficiency, long mileage from every gallon . . . economy that you can count on every time you buy a tankful. Cities Service gasolenes work with your engine to give you luxury driving *plus* true economy!

These superior gasolenes cost no more than ordinary brands. So why not switch to Cities Service? Try a tankful today!



TWO GREAT GASOLENES



PLAN AN EXCITING
ski holiday
IN
michigan

*Send for your free
Winter Fun-Pak!*

Here's everything you need to map out a week or a weekend in Michigan's Winter Wonderland! Your Fun-Pak tells you how to reach more than 70 ski centers... shows you where to skate, toboggan, hunt and fish! Just mail the coupon today!



**MICHIGAN TOURIST
COUNCIL**

Room 407, Mason Bldg., Lansing 26, Michigan

Please rush me my free Michigan Fun-Pak. I've got lots of planning to do!

Name

Address

City & State

State CH

WHEREVER YOU DRIVE, PLEASE DRIVE SAFELY!



**POINT OF
FACT**

A ski quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of both the weekend skier and the armchair expert

? When did modern ski jumping begin?

• In 1840 a Norwegian named Sondre Nordheim made the first leap off a jump onto a steep slope. Previously jumpers landed only on fairly level surfaces.

? Where was the first ski-jump competition held?

• The first systematic jump meet took place on Huseby hill near Oslo in 1879. Earlier meets in the 1860s were haphazard affairs, with some of the races a combination of jumping and downhill running.

? Where were the first Alpine races?

• Military competitions were held in Norway as early as 1774. In the U.S., gold miners competed in races in the Sierras in the 1860s. They used 12-foot skis and reached speeds of 88 miles per hour. The sport died out, however, after the mines closed down. The first nonmilitary downhill competition in Europe was held outside Oslo in 1866. Sweden became the second European country to hold downhill races when schoolboys competed in 1877. The racers went between markers or poles and ended on a frozen lake; the winner was the boy who slid the farthest out on the ice. The first races in the Alps were held in 1893 at Styria, Austria and at Seebuck, Germany in 1896. Modern Alpine racing began with the development of control gates for setting a course by Mathias Zdarsky in 1905. However, Sie Arnold Lunn set up the first slalom race, as we know it, in 1922 at Mürren, Switzerland.

CONTINUED

*in a class by itself**



Pedigree
SKI WEAR

FABRIQUE AU CANADA

425 RIVER STREET, MONTREAL

* Jacket made of Du Pont Orlon

On great skis

A DISSERTATION



A ski is less innocent than it looks. A rascal, an enigma—an uncommon complex of shape, camber, flexibility, torsion, weight, tip, running surface, groove, edge—expressed in materials of more or less beauty and durability. A great ski is a rare achievement.

Proper size for a ski is not mysterious. And every ski designer knows the bottom must arch—he has a word for it, camber. Obviously, a ski must also have side camber, narrowing from shovel to waist, widening again toward the tail—how else can you get it to turn? A ski must bend—more if you're a tyro who likes his comfort, less if you have your eye on winning the downhill.



Merely finding the gross measurements is simple—just take a micrometer to any good ski (that's why a certain black ski can be found in ski factories all over the world—but make sure you follow it to tolerances as close as .010 inch.

Now you have a ski—but do you love it?

The brutal fact is, a ski can have good dimensions at foot, shovel, and tail, the right amounts of camber, side camber, and flexibility, yet fail to enthrall—flexibility wrongly distributed, camber somehow the wrong shape—a sorry companion, dragging or floating, overturning or stubbornly refusing to turn at all, grabbing now or letting go just when you need its bite—the rascal still undisciplined, the enigma still unsolved.

So you cajole, coax, refine, test, again and again, patiently, persistently, until . . . finally . . . *mirabile dictu*, despair changes to delight, trauma turns into treasure . . . "THIS IS IT!"—a great ski, a thing of beauty, flexibility flowing softly at the tip, running smoothly into firmness under the foot, ebbing to a steady but gentle tail—flaunting breathtakingly subtle curves, arcs of circles with centers somewhere off in the next block . . . "THIS IS IT!"—a ski that turns with a breath or equally follows without question your bidding to track—a great ski.



What makes a great ski is creative skill and meticulous attention to detail—years of research to find precisely the right form for each component, precisely the right fusion of all—then fulfilling the intention of great design, accepting nothing less than craftsmanship so fine and materials so durable the ski will last as long as your devotion.

and who makes great skis? HEAD • of course.



HEAD STANDARD—\$94.50
HEAD VECTOR—\$117.50
HEAD SKI POLE—\$24.50

HEAD SKI CO., INC.
Timonium, Maryland

SKI COLORADO THIS YEAR

Enjoy skiing at its fun-filled best on light-as-fluff powder snow, sparkling in the brilliant sunshine of Colorado's crisp, dry climate. And you can enjoy Colorado's wonderful skiing no matter what your ability, for every ski area in Colorado offers a wide variety of runs—from gentle novice slopes, perfect for learning or practicing, to spectacular expert runs that drop from the very peaks of the lofty Rockies.

Colorado areas and lodges offer a wide selection of accommodations in every price range...including many attractive all-expense package plans.

Don't put it off another season—come to Colorado this year and enjoy the ski vacation of your lifetime.



COLORADO WINTER SPORTS COMMITTEE
Room 316, Capitol Building, Denver 2, Colorado
This one coupon brings full information about Colorado's skiing.

Name
Address
City State

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

Detailed information on all Colorado ski areas, transportation, lodges, (including prices)—and complete list of winter sports events.

POINT OF FACT continued

7 What is the technical difference between the three modern types of racing: slalom, giant slalom and downhill?

• In the slalom, the skier usually runs $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile between 40 to 75 sets of poles, each set known as a gate. (The course has a vertical drop anywhere from 395 to 722 feet.) The skier may knock down a pole, but his boot must still pass inside the pole. If one boot passes outside, the skier is disqualified. In the giant slalom, the course is usually between one and two miles long and drops at least a quarter of a mile. There are some 30 gates, with no gate less than 13 feet wide. The skier is disqualified if one of his boots passes outside a gate but, as in all ski races, if he falls, he may recover and continue the race. The third type, the downhill race, is an all-out run, with only an occasional control gate to keep the competitors from taking short cuts or going too fast. Men's downhill courses drop half a mile and usually run from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Most modern meets contain one race of each kind. A combined score for all three races determines the over-all winner.

7 What is the longest chair lift?

• The three-stage Grindelwald-First lift in Switzerland. It runs for three miles. The vertical rise record is held by the two-section cable car that goes from Chamonix 8,176 feet up to the peak of Aiguille du Midi in France.

7 What is the longest recognized continuous run from a lift?

• The run from the upper end of the Chamonix lift to the base. It includes a stretch that crosses the famous Vallée Blanche glacier and is 13 miles long.

7 What lift reaches the highest altitude?

• The rope tow on top of Chacaltaya peak in the Bolivian Andes that goes up to the 15,060-foot level.

7 How fast can a skier go on snow?

• Nearly as fast as a man dropped from a plane (a falling human can go no faster than 120 miles an hour because of wind resistance). In the first modern ski speed trial Ralph Miller was timed by stop watch at 169 miles an hour in 1954 at Portillo, Chile. This year at Cervinia, Italy, however, the winner of the electrically timed world speed trials was an

CONTINUED

High in the Virginia Alleghenies, man-made snow and ice have created a new all-winter sports center. The skiing is superb on two miles of slopes and trails, reached by trestle car lift. The skating rink is regulation hockey size. And the winter sports lodge offers everything from rentals to Scpp Kober Ski School . . . from sun decks to good food and good talk around a cheery fireplace. Swimming, dancing and all the many other resort facilities of the Homestead are at hand. * * * *

"Learn-to-Ski-and-Skate Weeks" in January. Write for complete details.

COME SOUTH TO SKI



Treat your guests royally !



Arrow Creme de Menthe

Delightful to sip . . . delightful to serve, Arrow Creme de Menthe adds magic to any meal. Delicious, too, as a casual drink . . . in a frappe, highball, or on the rocks.

ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH., 60 PROOF

'Sno fun

10 miss "SNOW FUN"
in Wonderful

WIS CON SIN

Head for the hills — crisp, bright weather and abundant snow mean fun for the whole family! Skiing, tobogganing, sledging, skating, bobsledding, ice fishing — with perfect accommodations for a week or a week end.

ENJOY WISCONSIN'S WINTER WONDERLAND



WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT
P. O. Box 450, Room 6
Madison 3, Wisconsin

Please send Wisconsin winter vacation information.

Name

Address

City Zone State



KNITWEAR FASHIONS

From this German house come many of the smartest and most functional knit fashions you'll see on the slopes this year, or any year. A cabanot or ray of ski-suits and cardigans in styles and colors with names that ring in this is "Gallo" designed by Harsfeld.



ISOLIN IMPORT DIVISION
PARBET & CO., 251 SANSOME STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 4

POINT OF FACT continued

Italian named Luigi di Marco, who went 102 miles an hour. A skier in a fast downhill race will reach 70 mph at some point and average better than 60 mph.

7 How far can a jumper leap off a modern ski hill?

• Theoretically, there is no limit, provided the jump is built big enough. The largest jump shoot the skier will beyond the 400-foot mark, with the skier sailing off at 85-90 miles an hour. Tauno Luoto of Finland set the current world record in 1951 when he jumped 456 feet at Oberstdorf, Germany.

7 Where was the first U.S. ski tow built?

• At Woodstock, Vt. in 1934, when local skiers strung up a rope tow.

7 How many ski lifts are there in the U.S.?

• Not including rope tows, there are more than 400 lifts, representing an investment of some \$20 million. Some 70 to 100 major new lifts go into operation every year.

7 What state is skied the most?

• Vermont, with an attendance of 1,141,000 skiers last season.

7 What is the percentage of accidents among skiers during the course of the season?

• About 7,000 accidents are reported by the Ski Patrol annually, but the actual number is estimated at above 35,000. Assuming there are 3½ million skiers, the accident rate is 1%. Most reported injuries are sprains, one third are fractures (about 2,000 arms or legs a year) and most of the unreported are frostbite, scratches and bad cases of sunburn.

7 Who was the first American Olympic ski champion?

• Gretchen Fraser, who won a gold medal in the 1948 slalom at St. Moritz, Switzerland. The only other American winner was Andrea Mead Lawrence, who took two gold medals in the slalom and giant slalom at the 1952 Olympics in Oslo. The best finishes for American men were by Tom Cereoran, when he came in fourth in the slalom at Squaw Valley last winter, and Brooks Dodge, fourth in the 1956 Olympics slalom.

MORT LUND

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Lane
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Lensen

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Helicki
President: James A. Linn
Editorial Director: Hedley Donovan
Assistant Director: Albert L. Park

Managing Editor: Andre Lagarde
Assistant Managing Editors: Richard W. Johnston, Jack Tilley

Art Director: Richard Gage
Assistant Director: Alfred Zengere

Special Projects Director: Jerome Snyder

Associate Editors: articles, Perry Krantz; Kate Brown, Robert B. Hoar, Arthur L. Bradley, Robert Cramer, Andrew Cichon, Roger R. Hewitt, Gerald Holland, Martin Kist, Hamilton L. Maule, James Murray, Jack Olin, Cole Pinsky, Henry Sawyer, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Taz, Roy Terrell, Whitney Tower, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright

Staff Writers: Walter Bingham, Ray Cave, Alon Hargus, Huston Horn, Mervyn Hyman, Virginia Kraft, William Leggett, Martin Lund, Gilbert Martin, Kenneth Rader, Les Woodford, Jo Allen Zell

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, Gerald Auer; ASSISTANTS, Ben Schmitt, George J. Bloodgood, Betty Dick, Dorothy Mern; STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS, John G. Zimmerman; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Jerry Combs, Louise Dahl-Wolfe, Tom Frowd, David Goodnow, Richard Meek, Martin E. Newman, Ry Felson

Writer-Researchers: CHRIS, Blaise Papadimitri; THOMAS A. ALLEN, Carolyn S. Brown, Guy Flood, Barbara Hoffman, George Walsh, Herman Wasskopf, Roger Williams

Reporters: Mery Seave, Maury Allen, Doreen Brown, Bettine Blackford, Jack Campbell, Peggy Downey, Suzanne François, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Jeffrey, Rose Mary Motson, Arlie W. Sebardi, Morton Sharnik

Contributing Editors: Roger Baconier (Frank), Charles Green (Frank), Carlton Mitchell (Frank), John D. Ruffin (Frank), Murray Sullivan (Frank), William F. Tabor (Frank), Robert Warren Wind (Frank)

Production: Beatrice Gottlieb (Copy Desk), Betty DeMottier, Ingelborg Perrell, Arthur A. Goldberger, Lois Manners, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Art Department: Harvey Glat, Martin Nathan, William Schwartz, Brandon F. Murray, Catherine Stuebel, Thomas Vandenschmidt, Robert Riger (Scribner)

Administrative Assistant: Marlene Harris

Editorial Assistants: Anne Dunlap, Jean Lockhart, Rosemary Milne, Theodore Stephy

Special Correspondents: Editor, Earl Burton; Atlanta, Jim Minter; Boston (Frank), Jimmy Hargis; Baltimore, Walter Ward; Boise (Frank), Don Hargis; Birmingham (Frank), Dolly Connolly; Boise (Frank), Les Benge; Boston, Les Minter; Buffalo, Dick Johnson; Cannes (Frank), Guy Sander Jr.; Charlotte (S.C.), Douglas Donohue; Chicago (N.Y.), Bob Quarry; Cincinnati (Frank), Chris Cramer; Chicago, William Farrow; Cincinnati, Pat Harmon; Cleveland, Charles Hession; Columbia (Frank), Kaye Kessler; Denver (N.Y.), Robert Drury; Dallas, Wes West; Denver, Bob Rouse; Detroit, Pete Waldman; Fort Worth, Dan Jenkins; Greenville (N.Y.), Smith Barney; Honolulu (Frank), John P. Cavan; Houston, Jack Gallagher; Jacksonville, Bill Kautz; Knoxville, Theodore Hargis; Key West (Frank), H. E. Day; Las Vegas (Frank), John Sander; Lexington (Frank), Kent Hollingsworth; Louisville, Larry Hark, Miami, Edson Pope, Minneapolis, F. R. Gordon; Norfolk, George Barker; Oklahoma City, Kathy Moore; Omaha, Robert Porpan; Philadelphia, Frank Dolan; Phoenix (Frank), Arnett Dunning; Pittsburgh, Eddie Decker; Portland (Frank), John W. Frowd; Providence, John Babin; Reading (Frank), Al Berk; San Antonio, Justin; San Diego, Kenneth Watson; South Bend (Frank), Joseph L. Linn; St. Louis, Bob Minter; Springfield (Frank), Gordon Minter; Syracuse (N.Y.), Theodore Hargis; Tallahassee (Frank), Bill Minter; Tampa (Frank), Don Campbell; Washington, D.C., Martin Zed; Winston-Salem (N.C.), Mel Malone; Wichita, Kansas, Bill Hargis; Wichita, Kansas, Bill Hargis; Wichita, Kansas, Bill Hargis; Wichita, Kansas, Bill Hargis

Staff Writers: CHRIS, John Bepko; London, Paris, Rome, Rome, Johannesburg, Beirut, New York, Tokyo, Tokyo, Mexico City, Panama City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires

Publisher: Sidney L. Jaxon
Advertising Director: E. L. Callaway Jr.



INTERNATIONALLY, The Famous English Slacks

Daks

A veteran traveller recently observed: "When you reach the place where Daks trousers are not worn you have left civilization behind." • True. The world over, correctly dressed men who know the quality of British woollens and the fit of London tailoring wear Daks trousers (or walking shirts). Daks are imitated but can not be equalled. • Become a Daks collector (Daks jackets, too). At fine stores from coast to coast or write Simpson Imports, Inc. 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, Dept. SL.

Tailored by S. Simpson, Ltd., London, England

Founding Member British Men's Wear Guild

Want a true thrifty car?



'61 ENGLISH
FORD
LINE ANGLIA

SAVES MORE THAN U.S. COMPACTS...

GIVES MORE VALUE THAN OTHER IMPORTS



Made in England for Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Mich., by Ford Motor Co., Ltd.—Sole Agents of the better imported cars: Anglia • Prefect • Consul • Zephyr • Zephyr • Escort • Thames Van

England's best-selling car is priced hundreds less than domestic compacts has more power, more space than leading German and French imported economy cars. No wonder car experts call it America's "best buy"!

PRICED HUNDREDS LESS than U. S. compacts. Yours for as little as \$30 a month after down payment.

UP TO 40 MILES PER GALLON—ten more than the average U.S. compact... equals or exceeds comparable imports. Saves up to 1/3 a year on oil and lube costs, too.

SAVES ON INSURANCE, licenses, taxes—every year! And Anglia tires are smaller, less expensive, wear longer.

NEWEST STYLING IN ITS CLASS—every sunny line makes winter, Z-lant rear window stays clear in rain and snow.

CRUISES AT TURNPIKE SPEEDS without strain. Up-front engine virtually eliminates effect of crosswinds.

PARKS IN SHORTER SPACE than U.S. compacts. More leg room, more space inside than leading imports.

BIG 13 CUBIC-FOOT TRUNK—exceeds leading imports. Holds all your luggage.

MATCHLESS BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP shows inside and out. U.S. size nuts and bolts. Service is readily available.

We make this challenge:

Compare Anglia with Volkswagen and Renault Dauphine!

FEATURES	ANGLIA	VW	RENAULT
Engine	Up-Head	In-Head	In-Head
Horsepower	40	40	32
Top Speed	71.0	62.2	64.0
Brake Gas Tank	Yes	No	Yes
U.S. Size Nuts & Bolts	Yes	No	No
Turning Circle (ft.)	32	36	31
Weight (lbs.)	1675	1617	1480
Length (ins.)	155.6	140.0	156.0
Front Door Width	43.0"	37.0"	32.0"
Luggage (cu. ft.)	13.0	10.0	9.6
Slide Box	Lockable	Lockable	Open
Front Air Vent	Opt Extra	No	No
Risk Trips	3	2	2

WHY PAY MORE... OR SETTLE FOR LESS than Anglia? Now available at 700 Lincoln-Mercury and independent dealers throughout the country. For name of nearest dealer, call Western Union Operator 25. Or write: Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Co., 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

ENGLISH FORD LINE

ANGLIA
THE BETTER IMPORTED ECONOMY CAR



It's Taylor Champagne...you'll love it! Days to remember, happy times together, call for the delightful spirit of Taylor New York State Champagnes. Taylor Champagnes are the pride of New York's Finger Lakes, one of the world's most favored vineyard spots.

*For extra dry champagne, Taylor Brut, of course.
For a bright, exotic flavor, ruby-red Taylor Sparkling Burgundy.
Ask your wine merchant for booklet, "Champagne Makes a Party" and
other helpful booklets of recipes and wine service guides.*



SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

TENNIS TANTRUMS

Whatever happens to our Davis Cup team in Australia later this month, it is clear that the U.S. has already won the international tennis competition for poor sportsmanship and bad manners. In tournaments leading up to Davis Cup play, our boys, when annoyed, have been heaving their rackets into the air and the nets, banging balls into the crowds and swearing under their breath loudly enough to be heard around the world. Barry MacKay, as might have been expected from past performance, has led all the rest, but Earl Buchholz has thrown his racket skillfully, Dennis Ralston has proved a dedicated sulker and Chuck McKinley has shown ability to drop-kick either the racket or the ball when he doesn't agree with an official call.

There are, of course, many precedents for tennis tantrums. Bill Tilden was the terror of linesmen and spectators alike; Suzanne Lenglen often behaved in a manner that would make Maria Callas sound like Goldilocks; Pancho Gonzales has done everything but take off his sneakers and pound them on the court à la Khrushchev. While there is never an adequate excuse for bad manners in sport, it is worth noting that Tilden, Lenglen and Gonzales were champions. Perhaps their excellence earned them a special measure of tolerance. MacKay, Buchholz, et al. aren't good enough to be rude.

BREAKING IN

George MacIntyre enjoyed a brief and spectacular career as a University of Miami quarterback. MacIntyre went into Miami's final game with a record of having played exactly zero official minutes this year. All he had done was hold the ball for place kicks. Then came his big moment. Against Air Force he went in to hold for a field goal, took the snap from center and fired a nine-yard touchdown pass on a beautiful fake.

Coach Andy Gustafson was so impressed he left MacIntyre in. MacIntyre quickly responded by calling his own number. He hurtled into the line and broke his ankle.

UP IN TEXAS

Houston engineers are addressing themselves to an age-old riddle: How high is up? They're building an enclosed stadium for the new Houston entry in the National League, and the translucent plastic dome must be high



enough to clear pop-ups, home runs and foul balls. How high is up?

Nobody knows. One study produced the figure 176 feet. But this study was made in Brooklyn, and therefore is suspect. The generally accepted figure is 200 feet, but nobody knows whether this is correct, either. Some oldtimers claim that Babe Ruth hit pop-ups that came down covered with hoarfrost from the high reaches of the atmosphere. In this era Mickey Mantle and Rocky Colavito are noted for the altitude of their pop-ups.

The Houston club officials have vowed that no athlete appearing there shall be inhibited by the roof. This week a helicopter will fly over the site of the park. Down below, a bunch of the boys equipped with fungo

bats will have the time of their lives smacking pop-ups and tipping fouls. The 'copter will take precise measurements, and the question of how high is up will finally be answered.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Athletic directors who believe college football and marriage do not mix well (and there are many such gentlemen) should know that of the 11 men chosen for the Atlantic Coast Conference All-Star team, nine are married, three are fathers.

- Open war between the pro football leagues will break out again when the NFL discovers that two top college prospects, an Indiana end and a Washington State halfback, already are committed to the AFL and that more are on the way. The NFL is squirming under its self-imposed draft date of December 27.

- Russian Thoroughbred racing officials have allocated \$3 million to buy foreign stock for breeding purposes and competition in international events. At England's Newmarket sales last week \$25,460 of it made the first noteworthy Soviet purchases: three yearling colts by Alycidon, Grey Sovereign and Montaval.

- Las Vegas has put out an early line on the NFL playoffs. Jimmie (the Greek) Snyder, handicapper for the Hollywood Sports Service, makes either the Colts or the Packers three-point favorites over the Eagles in the championship game.

- Three National League clubs are after "retired" Red Sox Catcher Sammy White, but Sammy will return only if he can stay in the American League, where he can make a periodic check of his Boston bowling interests.

- Dallas Cowboy End Billy Howton, president of the NFL Players Association and second-leading pass receiver in league history, is considering a switch to the AFL's Houston Oilers next year. "Bud Adams [Houston Owner] offered me a lot of cash," said Howton. "But I watched an AFL game on television the other day, and it was pretty bad. I don't know if I'd want to play in a league like that." Have the Oilers seen the Cowboys on television?

WHO WIN IT?

Imagine a pro football game between the Colts and the Bears. The two teams pummel and pound each other

up and down the field. There are 90-yard runs and 70-yard kicks and field goals and extra points and safeties. Finally the gun goes off, and it's over. But nobody leaves. Why? Because they're waiting for the decision. After 10 minutes of checking, cross-checking, adding and subtracting, the two judges and the referee turn in their cards, and a little man in a tuxedo walks to a field mike to tell everyone who won and by how much.

This, of course, is ridiculous, and this, of course, is roughly what happens in boxing. As shown once again last week when Gene Fullmer and Ray Robinson waged a draw in Los Angeles (see page 16), boxing keeps both its fans and its fighters in darkness. The ex post facto decisions are unfair to both, and they open the door to hanky-panky.

If the scoring had been posted round by round it might have changed the very outcome of the Fullmer-Robinson fight. Fullmer says he was told by Manager Marv Jensen that he "had the fight won." Therefore, says Fullmer, he coasted toward the end. As a matter of cold arithmetical fact, Fullmer was ahead by one point, the smallest possible margin, after 10 rounds. If he did coast, it nearly cost him his title. Robinson picked up the point and thus drew the fight.

If boxing officials could be persuaded, or ordered, to post their scoring round by round, no such situation—or alibi—could develop. A fighter going into the last round losing by a lot of points would know he had to fight like hell. A fighter barely breaking even after 10 rounds would know he dared not coast. And the fight fan (remember him?) would know what was going on, too. This is not a new idea, but for some reason boxing officials keep resisting it. They have nothing to hide, have they?

THE TRA'S TROUBLES

The best-policed sport in the United States is flat racing, and the reason is the Thoroughbred Racing Associations. The TRA's police agency is headed by ex-FBI man Spencer Drayton, who sees to it that racing keeps its fingernails manicured and its face washed. Last week, for reasons best known to themselves, two major track owners gave TRA a good kick in the teeth by resigning.

continued

LORD ELGIN WATCHES

FOR MEN IN THE KNOW AND ON THE GO



LORD & LADY ELGIN—Sir speed and style in Elgin's "Pilot" watch. Handsome, the handsome is fifty-five dollars. P.F. 121-10.

NOW WITH A MINIMUM OF 23 JEWELS.
NOW WITH DURABALANCE® GUARANTEED
SHOCKPROOF FOR LIFE NOW FROM \$50
... AT FRANCHISED LORD & LADY ELGIN
JEWELERS ONLY. ALSO IN CANADA

*U.S. Patent #2605570



NEW DIFFERENT BETTER

...with
exclusive
3-cell
light meter

DYNAMATIC II

The 3-cell light meter is in the lens barrel. Each cell meters the light in its own sector, together the three balance the light. The camera sets its own lens opening for any pre-selected shutter speed. Filter-factor compensation is provided automatically. No other automatic has this advanced, improved design. The new Gauthier Proformatic shutter introduced on the Dynamatic II with speeds from 1/30 to 1/500 s marked with Voigtlander's Script "V" because it is adapted to Voigtlander's own standards and requirements.

Unlike earlier automatics, the new Dynamatic II not only offers great results in fully automatic use, but also

has the full range of performance and manual controls you would expect from a fine 35mm camera.

The Dynamatic II comes with the famous Voigtlander f/2.8 rare earth Lanthar lens, fully corrected for color.

Add it up:

- Fully automatic.
- Full range manual control.
- Coupled rangefinder.
- 1-to-1 viewfinder with 4-stops visible in it.
- Exclusive 3-cell light metering system.

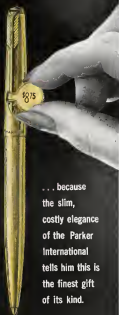
See it at your dealer today—\$139.50.

VOIGTLANDER

Since 1758

Sole American Importer, H. A. Behm & Co., 2814 W. Peterson Ave., Chicago, Illinois

You can
remove the
price tag
but he'll
know...



... because
the slim,
costly elegance
of the Parker
International
tells him this is
the finest gift
of its kind.

Parker
International
Jotter

PARKER, MAKER OF THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED PENS

SCORECARD continued

The two are Eugene Mori (Hialeah, Garden State) and Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett (Balmoral, Arlington, Washington). They were sore, they said, because Drayton, heretofore in charge of security, recently was named executive vice-president of the over-all TRA. "We felt," said Mrs. Everett, "that racing's security arm should be further separated from the administration of the sport. And just because Spencer Drayton is supposed to be a good policeman doesn't mean he's any good at anything else. Who is Spencer Drayton to tell tracks what to do when he has nothing at stake?" Mori was less outspoken. "I have a high respect for Drayton," he said, "and I never intend to hurt anyone. I thought our resignation would sort of blow over pretty quickly."

This last is not likely. There was a strength in the unity of the TRA; it encompassed 48 tracks. Now, thanks to the Mori-Everett pull-out, TRA will have about \$100,000 a year less income and no tracks in Florida or Illinois, both major racing states.

TRA prestige, which had been at its highest, obviously is not helped by these losses.

But it cannot be said Mrs. Everett and Mori have gained any dignity by their exit. Mrs. Everett, in particular, departed with a gratuitous mot: "Drayton couldn't track an elephant in the snow." To which Drayton retorts: "When a few individuals want a code of standards but one that doesn't apply to them, when they are not willing to contribute their own talents to the national interests of racing, they are acting selfishly."

In the coming season a lot of horse owners are going to ask themselves if they want to play in a game where part of the gang picks up its marbles (and its money) and goes home if it can't have its own way.

LET BARNEY DO IT

It is going to be a long, hard winter for the ragtag collection of youth and age known as the United States national amateur hockey team. Hardly a year has gone by since the U.S. beat the Canadians and the Russians for a gold medal in the Winter Olympics, a victory that was worth two spatniks and a lunik in terms of

international prestige. Now the team is ready for another year of competition with the same Canadians and Russians, and the outlook could not be worse.

Only 16 players, one 60 years old, showed up at tryouts in the Boston area recently, and only one or two of them are good enough to qualify. Jack McCartan, the superb goaler for the U.S., has turned pro. Jack (Gundy) Kirrane of Brookline, Mass., captain of the Olympic team and a strong, hard-nosed defenseman, can't afford to leave his job in the Brookline fire department. Billy Cleary will not be able to play. He is in business now and, like Kirrane, can't afford the time off.

The Canadians do not have such problems. They pay the salaries of hockey players who have to leave steady jobs. The Russians treat their international athletes with the same monetary respect as a champion worker at the Magnitogorsk works. But the United States—bless its lily-white soul—sends its international amateur teams (e.g., volleyball, basketball) into competition with a hearty "Good luck, chaps," and little else. Our hockey team must play an exhibition tour to raise money for simple expenses. At the tryout camp Boston U. Coach Harry Cleverly supplied pucks and sticks himself. The Boston Arena provided two hours of ice time (worth \$30 an hour) every day for a month. The turnout, according to Walter Brown of the American Hockey Association, was "the smallest and poorest lot we've had in years." There were several high-schoolers, and there was 60-year-old Barney Zarakov of Medford, Mass. "I won't make it," said hockey nut Zarakov, "but look at all the free ice time I'm getting." We wouldn't like to bet that Barney won't make it.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

Pity poor Leon Lentz. He went fishing with fellow Banker Henry Harris and Investment Broker Ben Willis. The three North Carolinians tied into a sassy blue marlin off Cape Hatteras. Harris hooked the fish and fought it for 30 minutes. Since he occasionally has back trouble, Harris then turned the rod over to Willis. But Willis also has a history of back trouble, so he handed the rod to Lentz after 10 minutes. Lentz, sound

continued



There are four fine Chryslers: Newport, Windsor, New Yorker and the finest of all—300/G.



THREADING THE NEEDLE!

You are entering a 60-degree corner on one of those gamey, two-lane highways. This is the kind of corner that slows most cars to a crawl—lest there be sneaking and howling of rubber. You are driving a 300-G, the grand touring car Chrysler builds.

Fortunate!

Because with the torsion-bar suspended "G," you're managing the one full-size domestic that won't betray your driving skill. You can

aim the 300-G with pinpoint accuracy. You won't heel over. Deep bucket seats will hold you (plus three passengers) comfortably in place. And you'll hear no ear-piercing complaint from the 15-inch, sports-racing tires with which the "G" is shod this year.

Now, a car of American origin is not supposed to react with such sporting gusto when the road starts throwing curves at you. Yet the 300-G takes corners with an authority that

endears it to the nation's best-known road testers (who also enjoy the instant reaction of the "G's" optional 3-speed manual gearbox). If you like to drive, or if you're inclined to doubt, may we suggest a private road-test excursion of your own. The "G," and your dealer, will be most willing to oblige.

CHRYSLER 300/G

A rare kind of car for a rare kind of man

of back, hoisted and reeled but lost the estimated 400-pounder almost within gaffing distance of the boat. It was not enough that Leon Lentz then had to listen to opprobrium from his two fishing companions. He had to go home to bed and stay there for several days. Diagnosis: back trouble.

CURRENT WINNER

From the top handicappers to the lowliest tout, everybody knew that the 4-year-old brown mare, La Muchi, was a bum horse. But last month, when 28-year-old Jockey Leopoldo Barcena took her over, she began making news at Argentina's Córdoba race track. After a long succession of also-rans and dead-hats, La Muchi placed twice in a row and made a pile of dineros for bettors who had anticipated her revival.

Last week La Muchi was entered in a 1,400-meter race at Córdoba, and, happily for insiders, she went off at 30-to-1 odds. She started in second place, lagged to fifth after the second turn and entered the homestretch all but out of contention. With 300 meters left, La Muchi gave one snort, galloped past four horses, knocked off the leader and won by a length. It was one of the most astounding finishes ever seen in Argentina, until the judges got the idea of looking under La Muchi's saddle.

There they found five dry-cell batteries, a transistorized voltage booster and two thin copper wires. The wires ran down the stirrups. When Barcena pulled a ring hidden under the saddle, 100 volts would crackle into La Muchi's belly through the jockey's spurs. It was a new twist on an old method of improving the breed, but track officials were insulated against it. They disqualified La Muchi. They also arrested Barcena, who confessed all with a certain note of pride.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

• Ohio State Football Coach Woody Hayes, who believes "a boy's single greatest educational experience is the football he plays," has added some thoughts on graceful losing. Said Woody: "People who say 'Aw forget it, boys, you played a good game anyway' I despise. I really hate them. We don't step on that field

to be a fine football team—we step on it to win."

• Houston's major league status seekers have put their slogans on the train to see if they'll get off at Cornville. They will. Executive Secretary George Kirksey says, "Our franchise in the National League is a license to go to work. We are aiming for a world championship, starting now." General Manager Gabe Paul adds, "When I came to work I was told the word 'can't' is not in the vocabulary of the Houston Sports Association."

• After Navy's Joe Bellino won most of the postseason football awards, Blackie Sherrod of the *Dallas Times Herald* commented: "Soon you will read that Bellino has run off with the Frank Merriwell Cup and the Sicilian Athlete of the Year award, and the Vassar seniors will vote him the football player they would most like to get through their guards."

• Tom McAllister, Oregon *Journal* outdoor editor, took his wife on her first deer-hunting trip. McAllister already had his deer when they came face-to-muzzle with a beautiful buck. He waited for his wife to shoot. Nothing happened. The deer finally strolled away, trailed by Barbara McAllister's words: "Oh, you sweet dear little buck."

TRY, TRY AGAIN

It took three days to settle a soccer game between St. Brigid's and Sacred Heart, grammar school teams in Baltimore's CYO league. After four 10-minute quarters on the first day, the schools were tied 1-all. Two five-minute overtime sessions produced no score, and neither did an additional 15-minute "sudden death" period ordered by the referee. Darkness came, and everybody decided to replay the game the next day.

But the second day was almost a carbon of the first—four 10-minute periods, two five-minute overtimes and "sudden death." Result: another standoff. The coaches, worried that the boys were getting tired, but feeling that lasting friendships were being formed, scheduled a third day's competition. A few minutes before the end of the game St. Brigid's Pat Brooks blasted a kick into Sacred Heart's goal, and the test match was ended. The two teams had met three times previously during this season. The scores: 1-0, 0-1, 0-0.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JANIE PINKSTON, 12, eighth grade chess player from Lansing, Mich. who holds state women's amateur title. kept untidy brown hair from her eyes long enough to win five games, draw a sixth, top 26 entrants in elementary school league at Detroit tournament.



BILL ELIAS, ex-Marine, 40-year-old, first year as George Washington football coach. led team from 1-8 in 1938 to four straight victories and 5-3-1 record this season, won overwhelming vote of awesomeness to become Southern Conference coach of year.



LOWELL NORTH, 25-year-old, 1960 Olympic medalist, 1961 world champion, added a fifth place in final race to three firsts, one sixth to score 218 points and win his second straight card third overall in world Star class sailing championship, at Guanabara Bay, Brazil.



KAYE POLLOCK, 15, of Mount Auburn, Iowa, primped pet Hereford, Percy, saw it capture grand prize at Chicago International Livestock exposition, then said in *Strike It Rich* fashion: "Now we can pay the mortgage on the farm and for an operation More seeds."



ARTHUR ASHE, 17-year-old senior boxer student from St. Louis, and sixth-seeded in tournament, outlanded top-seeded Frank Puchong 6-4, 16-11, 9-11, 3-6, 6-1 in four-hour match to become first Negro winner of National Junior Indoor tennis title.



KHALIFA ISMAIL, nephew of Saudi Arabia's King Saud, and successor copation of The Hun School, Princeton, N.J., turned five-foot "turban trick" seven times, set national prep scoring records for single game (eight goals), season (28), four years (103).

Christmas Gift Goofs



wrong color



wrong size



can't use it

**Paper Mate® pens
make
Goof-Proof Gifts!**

GAP®
MARK IV

HOLIDAY

LADY
CAP®

GAP®
MARK III



FROM
\$1.79
TO
\$3.50
RANDOMLY
GIFT-SIZED

always close to my

HART

Metal
SKIS



THERE'S A HART FOR EVERY SKIER!

STANDARD • PROFESSIONAL • COMPETITION • HART J/R.

FROM \$79.50 TO \$899.50.

TAKING LESSONS? BE SURE TO TAKE THEM FROM A CERTIFIED SKI INSTRUCTOR.
MORE AND MORE CERTIFIED INSTRUCTORS ARE USING AND RECOMMENDING HARTS!

THE HART METAL SKI, 2400 ENDICOTT STREET, ST. PAUL 14, MINN.

Canada: Harvey E. Dobb Company, 2274 Moreau Street, Montreal, P.Q.

COMING EVENTS

December 9 to December 15
All times are E.S.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, December 9

- BASKETBALL** (collegiate)
Kansas State at UCLA.
(12:01)
St. Louis vs. Syracuse, Boston vs. Cincinnati
at Boston.

Saturday, December 10

- BASKETBALL** (collegiate)
St. Louis at Iowa.
St. Mary's at California.
(12:01)
Boston at Philadelphia.
Los Angeles at St. Louis.
♦ Syracuse at Detroit, 2 p.m. (NBC).
BOXING
♦ Paet vs. Thompson, welter title bout, 15 rds.,
Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).
FOOTBALL (collegiate)
NAIA Holiday Bowl, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Orange Blossom Classic, Miami.
(12:01)
Drexel at Los Angeles Chargers.
♦ Green Bay at San Francisco (CBS).*

- GOLF**
♦ All-Star Golf series, Rushing vs. Bell, 5 p.m.
in each time zone (ABC).

- HOCKEY**
Chicago at Toronto.
Detroit at Montreal.
New York at Boston.

- HORSE RACING**
The Finto Cup, \$20,000 added, Fintico, Md.

Sunday, December 11

- BASKETBALL** (pro)
Philadelphia at Syracuse.

- GROSS-COUNTRY**
Pacific Area Championship, San Francisco.

- FOOTBALL** (pro)
♦ Baltimore at Los Angeles (CBS-TV, Mutual-
radio).*

- Boston at Dallas Texans.

- Buffalo at Houston.

- Chicago at Cleveland (CBS, Sports Network).*

- Dallas at Detroit (CBS).*

- ♦ New York Giants at Washington (CBS).*

- ♦ New York Titans at Oakland (ABC).*

- ♦ Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (CBS, NBC).*

- HOCKEY**
Boston at New York.

- Montreal at Detroit.

- Toronto at Chicago.

Monday, December 12

- BASKETBALL** (collegiate)
Blue Grass Festival tournament, Louisville (also
Dec. 13)
Drexel at Purdue.
Providence at Santa Clara.
(12:01)
St. Louis at Los Angeles.

- BOWLING**
♦ Jackson Bowling, Oppenheim vs. Johnson, Hol-
lywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Tuesday, December 13

- BASKETBALL** (collegiate)
Kentucky vs. North Carolina at Greensboro, N.C.
Worship at Maquette.
(12:01)
Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Boston
in New York.

- Detroit vs. Philadelphia at University of Mary-
land, College Park, Md.

- GOLF**
Bing & Harg Scotch Mixed Foursome Invita-
tion, \$15,000, Avon Park, Fla. (also Dec. 14)

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

Wednesday, December 14

- BASKETBALL** (pro)
New York at Cincinnati.
Philadelphia at Detroit.
St. Louis at Los Angeles.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago.



CLOCK FROM PALLADIO



LUGGAGE BY GUCCI



PANETTONE CAKE BY MOTTA



GENS FROM BENETTA



PEPPER MILLS FROM BARRA



FUNT E MES,
ONE OF ITALY'S LEADING
APERITIF WINES

FOND OF
THINGS ITALIANO?
TRY A SIP OF
GALLIANO

Add to the list of chic Italian
delights the liquid gold of
Galliano, the legendary liqueur,
"distilled from the rmys of the
sun." There's no taste quite like
it in the world. Try a sip of its
bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—
the fine Italian Liqueur that
conquered America.



80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK & R, 1960



PUT AWAY THE FLOWERS!

Everybody buried Ray Robinson last spring when he lost twice to little-known Paul Pender. But Sugar Ray came alive again Saturday when he battled Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer to a draw

by JAMES MURRAY

WHEN the bell rang ending the 15th and last round of his fight last Saturday night with Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer, Ray Robinson tottered happily into the arms of his handlers and an admirer jumped up onto the ring apron shouting, "Put away the flowers, boys! The man ain't dead yet!"

For a few breathless, exciting seconds, it seemed that the incredible had happened again, that the Lazarus of boxing was once more among the quick. It may well be, centuries from now, that the kind of people who won't believe the stories of Robin Hood, King Arthur, Paul Bunyan or even Wyatt Earp, won't believe the legend of Sugar Ray Robinson either. Yet there were 14,130 boxing fans in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena to attest that not only is there really a Sugar Ray, but that he is truly one of the extraordinary human beings of our day. It was not so much that he was fighting to regain the middleweight championship for

an unbelievable fifth time, and at an age (40) when most men are finding it more and more painful to play a game of catch with their sons—it was that he so very nearly won it. In fact, in the minds of the referee and all but a handful of eyewitnesses (two of them, unhappily, judges of the fight), he did win it.

The three California officials, not uncharacteristically, disagreed violently about the fight. One of them, Referee Tommy Hart, thought Robinson had won it all the way—11 to 4 was his count. A judge, Lee Grossman, presumably looking at the same ring and for the same things, thought Fullmer had an edge, and a big one, 9 to 5. The deciding judge, George Latka, thought it was closer than California's vote in the Nixon-Kennedy match. He called it even, 8-8. This made the fight a draw and Fullmer a kind of half champion.

The decision, an anticlimactic as a handshake from Marilyn Monroe, threw the crowd into shock. Even Fullmer himself stared for a full five seconds before he regained his composure; his manager, Marv Jensen, explained that Gene was surprised because he thought he had won handily. Fullmer said nothing.

For Robinson, the decision had the

effect of letting the air out of his elation. Lazarus had been returned to limbo. Fullmer, retaining his title by a draw for the second time in a year, was still champion. But for Gene Fullmer—to whom retaining his title should have been all that mattered—it was further galling proof that the old champion who has been a taunt to him ever since they first met nearly four years ago still wears no man's yoke and has not yet met his master. For Ray Robinson, it was a triumph in spirit.

Like Fullmer, the gamblers were saved by the decision. They had made the champion a 9-to-5 favorite in fairly heavy action.

The fight was slow in coming to steam. Robinson, who barely made it to the finish line in his two recent gavottes with the taffy-punching Paul Pender, was pacing himself, although ever watchful for the chance to throw one perfect punch as he had when he flattened Fullmer the last time they met, in May 1957.

Except that Fullmer was more cautious and did not leave the field of battle feet first this time, the fight was a reprise of their two earlier meetings. The clumsy, artless mink farmer fought awkwardly, elbows foremost,

continued

MATADOR ROBINSON gets ready to match his skill against another of Fullmer's bull-like but dangerous charges.



GENE'S CROUCH WAS NO GREAT HELP AGAINST ROBINSON



SUGAR RAY DEFTLY SLIPPED THE CHAMPION'S ROUGH CHARGES

SUGAR RAY continued

popping left hands downward like a man driving nails with the flat of his hand. His right was restricted to a futile effort that came flailing out of a crouch and whistling behind the back of Sugar Ray's head.

Sugar Ray's art, as usual, was endless. He fought only one minute of any round but did so with such command and élan that it was enough to establish, if anyone thought it needed establishing, who was the aristocrat of this cruel ordeal and who was the lout. It was even possible to feel pity for Gene Fullmer as he came into the ring, earnest eyes peering out of a lumpy, kindly face. He was met by such a torrent of venomous boos that one might have supposed a poor-box robber had just been introduced. The sportswriters, adoring of Sugar Ray in prefight stories, had published things like "Sugar Ray sat there regally, trim, handsome, unmarked by combat. You looked at this magnificent athlete and were seized by a disquieting feeling. You envisioned him losing to a clobbering brute whose style was an affront to Sugar Ray's art."

Sugar wasn't home

Sugar Ray looked a good deal less reassuring to Champion Fullmer. It was evident that Gene had signed for the fight not only in the hope of redeeming himself for the 1957 knockout, but of avenging a series of slights by Sugar Ray in the intervening

years—little things like not accepting Fullmer's phone calls when Fullmer knew perfectly well he was there, and big ones like hesitating Fullmer to a meager 12½% of the gate and no TV money for their first fight.

Where Gene was quietly determined, Manager Marv Jensen was blustery and cocksure. "Robinson is nothing but an ungrateful, no-good

FIVE-TIME CHAMP

Sugar Ray Robinson failed last week in his effort to become middleweight champion for the sixth time, but his five successful ascents to the title are a vital part of boxing lore.

Feb. 14, 1951. Robinson knocks out Jake LaMotta to win championship.
Sept. 12, 1951. Robinson knocks out Randy Turpin to win back title.
Dec. 9, 1953. Robinson knocks out Bobo Olson to regain title second time.
May 1, 1957. Robinson knocks out Gene Fullmer to win back title again.
March 25, 1958. Robinson defeats Carmen Basilio to recapture championship for fourth time.

bum," he shouted on one occasion during prefight training. "I hope Gene puts him in the hospital for six months."

In the fight, Gene appeared a good deal more concerned with keeping himself out of the hospital. He showed almost too much respect for the Robinson punch. He had heard stories that the Robinson he was meeting was a counterfeit Robinson, a shell of the

man who had upended him with one punch three years before, but it was evident he didn't believe them. Not even with eight-ounce gloves, which California insists that fighters over 147 pounds use instead of the normal six-ouncers, did Fullmer feel safe. He joined the battle with a peekaboo defense that, by comparison, would have made a turtle look recklessly vulnerable. When he finally satisfied himself that Robinson was not going to take him out again with one punch, it was very nearly too late—and might have been too late in any case had it not been for the judges.

Fullmer's strategy was to let Robinson wear himself out in the early rounds and then polish him off in the finale. But the foils of Robinson were magnificent in this duel, and not even Fullmer's water buffalo charges could dent Sugar Ray's splomb. It was hard to believe that the superbly conditioned Robinson could ever have been pressed by a clutcher like Paul Pender, but Manager George Gairford, as usual, had an explanation. Robinson, he said, had not trained as assiduously for Pender as he had for Fullmer. With Fullmer, he took no chances.

Robinson's strategy was simple: get himself in as good condition as possible, fight his fight and trust the memory of the knockout to psyche Fullmer out of really believing in himself. It might very well have worked. In the dressing room after the fight Fullmer, an extremely honest man, readily admitted that he

might have been too cautious. "But he can knock you out if he hits you clean," Fullmer reminded his audience, one of whom then asked, "Did any of his punches hurt you?" "No," answered Fullmer, "but neither did the one he knocked me out with." The memory of waking up on the floor in May 1937, asking "Why did they stop it?" and being told, "Because the count was 11," was still with him.

Sugar Ray, as usual, had come to town with an entourage so large and colorful that the uninformed might have thought a convention was on. Ray admitted that it cost him more than his cut (estimated at \$40,000 before taxes) to feed, transport and house this human menagerie. The usual secretary, manager, barber, masseur, manicurist, golf teacher, golf companion, two assistant trainers, a minister in clerical collar and a camp hostess who called him "Darling," were joined this time by a voice coach, replacing the drama coach he had on his last visit West. During training, before he would do up his hair, get his nails buffed and hold court in bed with the press standing around like hospital visi-

tors, Sugar Ray would favor the folks with a few songs. Not the old standbys of Irving Berlin or Elvis Presley but arias from *Simon Boccanegra*, an opera from the far reaches of Verdi, so far in fact that it is almost never performed in this country—outside of Ray's fight camp.

Real act

Even in the dressing room after the deadly draw, the operatic quality remained. Solicitous handlers applied ice packs and eye drops and made loud vehement comments on the rank robbery of the decision, but Robinson seemed above it, world-weary, eyes brimming with sadness. Ray, in short, seemed too sugary. "I'm sorry I let you down," he whispered apologetically to the clustered press. Would he fight again? "I don't know if I'm interested in boxing anymore." He refused, rolling his eyes toward heaven, to criticize the decision of the judges. "Oh, no," he said reproachfully, "I couldn't do that. Please, fellows, don't ask me to do that."

But just as it seemed that Robinson was going to throw himself wholeheartedly into the role of Cu-

mille, a scene that could only take place in Hollywood suddenly put the fight in its proper aspect as a mere diversion. An Italian movie producer appeared at the dressing room door in the tow of George Gainford, and behind him slithered a pneumatic blonde in silver mink and a black-lace dress cut low enough to make any garage calendar in the country.

Sugar Ray brightened considerably. The ice bag disappeared, the eye dropper was put out of sight, and the cameras began popping. The vision inhaled deeply and blew her bangs out of her false eyelashes. Then she posed with Ray, who grinned idiotically through it all. It appeared that this was show business. Gainford, who speaks a kind of singsong Elizabethan English anyway, except when he is mad, announced, after some conversations in fractured French with the producer, that this was Signorina Rita Giannuzzi who was going to make a movie in Italy with Ray that would be "a drama, not about prizefighters and will have no racial questions."

They just won't believe the Sugar Ray legend a thousand years from today. Why should they? **END**

IN HOLLYWOOD SCENE IN DRESSING ROOM RAY POSES WITH ACTRESS RITA GIANNUZZI, HIS CO-STAR IN FORTHCOMING MOVIE





BELIEQUED COACH DICK VORIS (CENTER) RALLIES LOSING TEAR WHILE ASSISTANT COACHES REFLECT HOPELESSNESS OF IT ALL

NO, VIRGINIA, NO SANTA CLAUS

The hapless Cavaliers, hoping to find a football victory in their stocking after 27 straight defeats, discovered, sadly, that South Carolina lacked the yuletide spirit

by WALTER BINGHAM

THE CAVALIERS of the University of Virginia flew down to Columbia, S.C. last Friday and lost to South Carolina 26-0. It was Virginia's 28th consecutive defeat, and it tied a national record once set by Kansas State. Since Virginia's season mercifully ended with the South Carolina game, the team will have to wait until 1961 to break the record.

For a few moments in the game it looked as if an obstinate South Carolina might prevent Virginia from even tying the record. Carolina fumbled three times in the first period. Virginia displayed a surprisingly stout

defense and by half time the score was only 6-0. But all during the long losing streak Virginia has been a second-half team. Last year against South Carolina, for instance, Virginia was actually ahead at the half before it caught hold of itself and allowed 24 points, enough to be beaten. This time it was much the same. Virginia looked anxious to get it over with and would have been fair game for any aroused high school team.

While Virginia was behind only 6-0 and then 14-0, Coach Dick Voris paced the sidelines, huddled with players and spoke on a phone to an

assistant sitting on top of the press box. But as the score mounted, to 20-0 and finally 26-0, his movements slowed. With two minutes to go and South Carolina threatening once more, Voris stood behind several rows of substitutes, staring at his shoes. Moments later it was over, and Virginia's record was secure.

The doleful streak began with a 26-14 loss to North Carolina State in the third game of the 1958 season. The Cavaliers had lost their first game that year under new Coach Dick Voris, but they came back the next week with a 13-12 win over Duke. There were some who envisioned a glorious season and perhaps an Atlantic Coast Conference title. But then the losses came—eight in 1958, 10 last year and now 10 more.

It was not until the fourth loss this season—against VMI—that a

move to get rid of Coach Voris began. Influential alumni, who always seem to get more excited about such things than the students, began exerting pressure on President Edgar Shannon. Voris was not hanged in effigy—"No one cares *that* much," said one cynic—but he did receive a few early-hour phone calls. "Is this Duffy's Tavern?" began one. "No? Then it must be Coach Voris. Why don't you get the h--- out of town."

Laughs it off

To suggestions like this, Voris has turned the other cheek. "Call me any time," he says, "but better not make it after 3 in the morning. The phone's likely to be busy."

Several weeks ago, shortly after the Maryland game (44-12), President Shannon issued a formal mimeographed statement, declaring that Coach Voris' contract, which runs through next season, would be honored in spite of a group of "deeply interested alumni" who were asking his dismissal. "The University of Virginia does not break its contracts," Shannon concluded.

This action produced a batch of mail, the majority of it endorsing Shannon's decision. "It makes me proud to have attended an institution with such high morals . . ." was a typical attitude. A few letters did start with something like this: "Sir, I have seen my last Virginia football game until Coach Voris . . ."

Dick Voris, the center of this Virginia storm, is a compact, ruddy-looking man of 38. He came to Virginia from Army, where he was line coach under Earl Blaik. His office, which overlooks a few of the playing fields, is sparsely furnished and the walls are almost bare. One small tarnished plaque hangs near his desk. It says "Virginia 15-Duke 12." ("That was his moment," says one student. "We had a rally the night before and Voris stood up on a platform and said, 'What I want to know is, who the hell is Duke.' Everybody yelled his head off and the band played *Dixie*, and sure enough we beat Duke. But that's been a long time.")

Sitting at his desk last week, Dick Voris defended his record. "How are we supposed to compete against the other schools in the ACC? We gave out only 16 scholarships this year. Only 32 last year. The average in this conference is 38. Clemson

was able to give out 50 this year.

"Another thing. We have 30 sophomores on our team, 12 of them on the first two units. That's one reason we've been so bad on defense."

But, as is always the case with losing coaches, there are those who will contradict Voris. Later on I talked to a variety of his critics. An alumnus said, "I'm sick of hearing about sophomores. Everybody's got sophomores. Army has and they do O.K."

In his office Voris continued: "I thought we might win two games this year. Next year I'm sure we'll field a representative team. We'll win four, five, maybe six games."

"He said that," bellowed a university official, rising from his chair. "That's the problem right there. I can show you a piece of paper where he said he'd win five this year. He once said Virginia had a young passer who could throw a football better than Johnny Unitas."

"Dick is a fine coach," said Ralph Harrison, one of his assistants. "Pro coaches are always calling him up asking him about things. [Voris was line coach for the Los Angeles Rams one year.] I've learned a lot from him. I wouldn't stick around if I hadn't."

Virginia is an Atlantic Conference school and would very much like to remain one, first for reasons of prestige, second for money. The school gets a kickback from television coverage of conference football and basketball games. And when a conference team goes to a bowl, as Duke does soon, every school gets a dividend.

Those who seem the least concerned with the small crowds, the losing streaks and ACC headaches are the players themselves. The day the team departed for South Carolina, a rally

at the airport was planned. Later the *Roanoke World-News* headlined, STUDENT BODY GIVES TEAM BIG SENDOFF. Below, it pictured three players with captions such as "got to win it" and "our last chance."

But when the team arrived at the airport, there were no students present, just President Shannon and his wife, a few friends and some alumni. A keg of beer sat neglected on the grass. The players walked out to the two chartered planes and waited. Then the band arrived on a bus and with it a few students. The keg of beer was opened. After a while the band broke out with the alma mater. Then they played a rousing version of *Dixie*.

"They must be getting high," said one player. "One more loss and then we can get drunk."

"I was scared all that beer would go to waste," said another player.

"Beer go to waste around here?" came the answer. "Buddy boy, you just don't know."

"Kansas State has sent us a telegram wishing us luck," said one boy.

"We better not fly over Lynchburg," Coach Voris said. "The alumni are likely to shoot us down."

There are nine seniors at Virginia and after three seasons they have had the joy of playing on a winning team exactly once in 30 games. The players are understandably cynical. Some time ago a Washington paper, as a public service, reprinted an account of the team's last football victory, the 15-12 win over Duke at Scott Stadium on September 27, 1958. After the game Coach Voris said: "It is the most important victory of my career." Unfortunately for poor Dick Voris, it still is. **END**

VIRGINIA'S THREE BLACK YEARS

1958	1959	1960
14-26 N.C. State	0-37 William & Mary	21-41 William & Mary
13-32 Virginia Tech	0-47 Clemson	7-26 N.C. State
6-35 Army	10-55 Florida	7-23 Clemson
6-39 Vanderbilt	12-19 VMI	16-30 VMI
0-33 VMI	14-40 Virginia Tech	6-40 Virginia Tech
0-42 North Carolina	0-33 Vanderbilt	20-28 Wake Forest
14-38 South Carolina	17-34 Wake Forest	6-41 Navy
6-44 Maryland	20-32 South Carolina	12-44 Maryland
	0-41 North Carolina	8-35 North Carolina
	12-55 Maryland	0-25 South Carolina

A LONG, LOUD HUZZAH FOR NASSAU

In its seventh year, Bahamas Speed Week enjoyed its best racing yet. Most responsible for this success is big Red Crise, an American who says: 'I'm not a peaceable man'

by ALFRED WRIGHT

An automobile race in which Stirling Moss drives a car can have one of two endings. Either Moss wins, or Moss breaks down and someone else wins. At the seventh running of the International Nassau Trophy Race last Sunday on the most famous of the Bahama Islands, Moss, who had won in 1956 and 1957 and who had

broken down last year, failed to complete the first lap in the rapid little Lotus sports car which he had only recently driven to victory in two big California races. Once again the mechanical gremlins that have been pursuing Moss these last few years closed in on him.

However, the Lotus name still came through on top as it has so often during the past year. Dan Gurney, the

tall, blond 29-year-old Californian who shared Moss's triumph at Nurburgring last summer, finished first in a new Lotus 19 with a comfortable lead of more than a minute over a front-engined three-liter Ferrari driven by the teen-age Rodriguez brothers from Mexico, Ricardo and Pedro. Although the race had to be cut short by two laps, Gurney's average of 89.544 for 243 miles beat the Lance

COFOUNDER AND DRIVING FORCE BEHIND SPEED WEEK, RED CRISE BELLOW'S INSTRUCTIONS OVER MEGAPHONE BEFORE CUP RACE



Reventlow-Chuck Daigh record by exactly two miles an hour.

The first two-thirds of the race belonged entirely to Ricardo Rodriguez, the younger of the pint-sized, bland-faced Mexicans. The siren whine of Ricardo's car sounded so utterly powerful that it seemed impossible that he could be caught by the comparatively quiet Lotus, which was lying comfortably back in second, 20 to 40 seconds behind. But the big six-cylinder Ferrari gulps gas considerably faster than the lighter four-cylinder Lotus. With roughly an hour of racing left, the Ferrari was forced into the pit for more fuel. Gurney sped into the lead and was never headed after that.

Strictly in terms of racing and speed, this was the most impressive renewal ever of the Nassau Trophy Race. And aside from the racing itself, the event was full of the flavor that has made Bahamas Speed Week just about the most fun there is on the American racing calendar. From as far away as Europe and the Pacific Coast, some of the best cars and drivers in the world showed up for the

eight days of festivities. On the opening Sunday there was a race of just over 100 miles for grand touring cars. Then, after a four-day layoff, there were two more days of minor races for ladies and local residents and Formula Juniors and cars of special makes and sizes, winding up with the Nassau Trophy as Sunday's grand finale. "We like to think it is 50% racing and 50% fun," says big Red Crise, the ebullient American racing promoter who started Bahamas Speed Week back in 1964 and has run it sternly ever since.

Racing in Nassau is almost entirely a participant sport. Across from the starting grid there is a small, ramshackle wooden grandstand. It is hardly large enough to seat the spectators at a Little League baseball game, and it is mostly filled with amiable natives, whooping it up for Stirling Moss, their favorite. The handful of fashionable whites who turn out like to picnic off the tailgates of their station wagons in the field at one of the more exciting curves on the course. "Actually, we don't care if we ever sell a ticket," Promoter Crise

is able to say with satisfaction. The reason is that Nassau's nearly \$30,000 in prize money and all the other expenses of Speed Week are subsidized by the Bahamas government and the local merchants. For eight days the off-season colonial slumber of the town of Nassau is unsettled by the harrooom-harrooom of sports cars growling through the narrow streets. The beards and the beat chicks of the racing set prow through the perfume stores and crowd the tables at Dirty Dicks and Blackbeards Tavern and the Pilot House Club at night. The less dedicated of the crowd go over the hill to the native late spots like Club Crazy.

One constant presence at the track is a tall pretty blonde by the name of Lady Greta Oakes. Her husband, Sir Sydney Oakes, the son of Sir Harry Oakes, was the cofounder of the Bahamas Automobile Club along with Red Crise. Ever since the first Speed Week, Lady Greta, 32-year-old mother of three children, has dutifully driven in the ladies' race on Saturday morning. "You might call it," she

continued on page 83

BEARDED DRIVER ULF NORINDER CONGRATULATES LADY GRETA OAKES AFTER HER THIRD-PLACE FINISH IN SPECIAL WOMEN'S EVENT



Photographs by Bruce McNulty

THE WEST HEADS FOR A SHOWDOWN

Pro football seldom has produced a wilder, more dramatic finish. Three teams are tied for first place and two others are directly behind, but Green Bay, surprisingly, may now be the team to beat

by **TEX MAULE**

By the end of the day so many teams—five to be exact—were in a position to take the NFL's Western Conference championship that the only sure thing about the league's wildest race in years was that Dallas (6-10-1), with a few breaks, might have been challenging for the title,

too. The San Francisco 49ers, again using their double-wing formation, whipped the Los Angeles Rams 23-7 and were in first place. The stumbling Baltimore Colts tripped on the last play of their game with Detroit, lost 20-15 and were in first place. But the most surprising team of all was the Green Bay Packers. Rested and ferocious after a week-and-a-half layoff,

they almost demolished the Chicago Bears, 41-13, and they were in first. The Chicago Bears are a half game behind the leaders, and the Lions, growing stronger by the week, are another half game back. Of all these, only the 49ers, who play the Packers and Colts in successive weeks, have it in their own power to win the title. But after what Green Bay did to Chicago it would be a brave man indeed who picked the 49ers to win.

Coach Vince Lombardi has installed a very sound, powerful offense for the Packers, and it is animated by three of the most violent runners in football: Jim Taylor, Paul Hornung and Tom Moore. Taylor, at fullback, is not big as pro fullbacks go—he weighs some 210 pounds. "But he is a very heavy 210," says Hornung, the old Notre Dame glamour boy who has become a hard-headed, rough pro halfback and who Sunday scored 23 points in an inspired performance, setting a new NFL season mark with two games still to play. "I mean he runs over people." So does Moore, who can go around people too.

The Packer line can be as rough as its runners. Like Taylor, it weighs heavy. "The guards are big enough," Lombardi says, "maybe 245 each. But the tackles only weigh about 250. It's not a big line, but it is a quick one."

It was quick enough to block a Bear punt and recover it for a touchdown, and it was quick enough to open wide avenues through the big Bear line. On behalf of the Bear defense, it must be pointed out that on Sunday it played an inordinately long



SWIFT-CUTTING HORNUNG swings in behind block on way to five-yard gain.

time, because the Bear offense had difficulty holding on to the ball long enough for the defenders to catch their breath.

"Two things I think went wrong," said Bear Defensive Coach Clark Shaughnessy. "The defense was tired going in. They've been playing a long time every Sunday afternoon, and they're tired physically and mentally. And I may have guessed wrong today on the Packers. We expected them to use delays and count-downs—slow-developing plays—and our linemen were waiting. We weren't getting the quick charge you need to put pressure on a passer. Why, against Detroit we threw Ninowski for over a hundred yards' loss on his pass attempts. What did we get on Starr? Nothing."

Packer Quarterback Bart Starr, given this leisure for searching out pass receivers, responded with what may have been the best day in his short career. The Bear defense is a complicated, shifting one, never set until the ball is snapped, and the young Starr waited coolly for it to jell before making his final decision. Once he called a play in the huddle, changed it three times at the line of scrimmage and, at last, sent Hornung skittering outside the overcommitted Bear flank on a 10-yard touchdown run. Again, when the Bears overloaded at the last second to shoot linebackers at Starr from his right flank, he tossed the ball neatly over the charging Bears into the arms of Hornung, who cantered placidly into the end zone.

All in all, Bart Starr called a game worthy of a quarterback far older in battle than he is.

"Bart's calls were nearly perfect," Lombardi said after the game. He was crowded into a corner of the dressing room under the Wrigley Field stands, nervously puffing a cigarette. "You can't send in plays against the Bear defense because you never know what it will be. It is very complicated. The quarterback often has to automatic, and Starr's automatics were perfect. He played a hell of a game."

Lombardi crushed out the cigarette, which he had only just lighted. "What's the final in Baltimore?" he asked. A reporter said the Colts had won it, 15-13, with a minute to go, and Lombardi, a short, stocky man noticeably grayer as a head coach than he was two years ago as a New York Giant assistant, slumped.

"We've still got a chance," he said.

"We played a good game today. The Colts won't win both on the Coast."

Another reporter came in and said that the Lions had scored again and won 20-15.

"You sure?" Lombardi asked. He was sweating now in the steamy heat of the dressing room, and he was very, very nervous. "Don't tell the kids. Don't get them upset. Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," the reporter said, and Lombardi relaxed. He lit another cigarette, leaned back, took a long, luxurious drag on it and smiled.

"Two weeks ago I said we were out of it unless they lost a couple," he said. "Now they have. How about that?"

The Packers left for San Francisco right after the Bear game so they could spend a week in Palo Alto growing accustomed to sunshine and warmth. Lombardi is a meticulous, thoughtful man, and he is overlooking no detail in the last two games.

Last season both the Packers and the Colts swept their two-game series on the Coast, but it was the first time that either club had ever

been able to accomplish this.

"I didn't think we could come back after we lost to the Rams a couple of weeks ago," Lombardi said as he prepared to leave. "We played our guts out and went ahead late in the game, and they came back to whip us in the last few seconds. The team went flat after that. That's when Detroit beat us. We were tired, every way. But we're back now."

In all the uproar in the West, the fact that the Philadelphia Eagles defeated St. Louis to clinch their first conference title since 1949 went almost unnoticed. The Eagles won rather methodically, with Norm Van Brocklin producing his usual quota of touchdown passes and the feeble Eagle running producing merely a threat to make the passes go.

"Van Brocklin's tough," said Lombardi, speculatively, just as he left. He walked through a small crowd of Green Bay fans who had come down on the train for the game and smiled at them. They howled happily back at him, then headed home for the hapolest small town in the U.S. (see next page). **END**

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pct. Comp.
Lions vs. Colts	20	133	169	12-28
Colts	15	54	333	22-40
Packers vs. Bears	41	225	218	17-23
Bears	13	82	239	15-27
Eagles vs. Cardinals	20	54	214	13-27
Cardinals	6	165	25	5-16
Browns vs. Redskins	27	139	187	10-28
Redskins	16	121	53	17-26
Giants vs. Cowboys	31	114	213	13-27
Cowboys	31	76	258	17-35
49ers vs. Rams	23	186	158	11-16
Rams	7	134	129	14-28

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Philadelphia	9	1	0	.900
Cleveland	6	3	1	.675
New York	5	3	2	.625
St. Louis	5	5	1	.500
Pittsburgh	4	5	1	.444
Washington	1	7	2	.125

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Green Bay	6	4	0	.600
Baltimore	6	4	0	.600
San Francisco	6	4	0	.600
Chicago	5	4	1	.556
Oakland	5	5	0	.500
Los Angeles	3	6	1	.333
Dallas	0	10	1	.000

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pct. Comp.
Texans vs. Oilers	24	270	74	8-15
Oilers	0	-27	174	19-33
Titans vs. Broncos	30	269	204	12-23
Broncos	27	29	220	27-47
Bills vs. Patriots	38	133	138	11-37
Patriots	14	29	138	10-33
Chargers vs. Raiders	41	310	289	17-25
Raiders	17	158	251	19-36

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	6	4	0	.667
New York	6	6	0	.500
Buffalo	5	6	1	.455
Boston	5	7	0	.417

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Los Angeles	8	4	0	.667
Dallas	6	6	0	.500
Oakland	5	7	0	.417
Denver	4	7	1	.364

NEW DAY

by BILL FURLONG

GREEN BAY, Wisconsin is a small, industrial midwestern city set in a region of wheat and corn and dairy farms. It is spiritually, if not physically, linked to the America of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*. But, more important, this autumn it is the home of the long-dormant Packers who rose to defeat the world champion Baltimore Colts and surged into contention for the title in the Western Division of the National Football League. Thus, in the view of Green Bay, is the "climax of civilization." That this might happen, one man actually said, "Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters."

"We've survived a long time being the smallest pig in a big barn," says George Whitney Calhoun in less exalted language. Calhoun, sitting alone in his room among his memories of the past, is an aging, arthritic man who more than anybody else (with the exception of Curly Lambeau) was responsible for the early survival of the Packers. "Now," he says with some satisfaction, "we're going to see how loud the other pigs can squeal."

He speaks in the idiom of the people of Green Bay. For 15 years they labored under the brooding fear of losing their identity in an increasingly corporate era. Pro football had come of age, and a few teams—noticeable among them Los Angeles—were reluctant to play in Green Bay. Larger cities (Buffalo, Dallas, Miami, even New York, Chicago, Baltimore and Boston) had lost one pro team or another, and to many in Green Bay it seemed it could be only a matter of time before their community followed suit.

The passing of Green Bay would mean a severance from the romantic yesterdays when the game was the product and the possession of Canton and Massillon, of Muncie and Hammond, of Decatur and Rock Island.



VINCE LOMBARDI, BUNDLED AGAINST SNOW, STANDS BEFORE NEW CITY STADIUM

IN GREEN BAY

For years pro football's last remaining town team lived on its memories while it counted its losses. All is changed now, thanks to a transplanted New York coach, Vince Lombardi

Photographs by Art Bay

Green Bay is the last of the "town teams." It is a link with that time when the dividends of professional football were paid not in cash but in community pride. Whether Green Bay (current population: 64,738) could survive in the high-pressure era of modern sports, seemed, to its own citizens, plausibly doubtful.

The man who turned doubt to affirmation is Vince Lombardi (left), a moody, hoarse-voiced individual of great enthusiasms and lofty contemplations. ("If you're within that circle of people important to him and his team," says a man etching circles on a white tablecloth in the Elks club, "there is nothing, absolutely nothing, he won't do for you. If you're not"—his fingers scratch with an executioner's precision—"he doesn't give a damn about you.") In less

than two years as general manager and coach, Lombardi has taken a team which gave Green Bay its worst record in history (1-10-1 in 1958) and prodded it into distinction. "All these years of lookin' for somethin' and someone," says a man in a service station, "and this New Yorker"—the phrase was almost a profanity—"comes along and does it."

Change of pace

To Vince Lombardi the changes of the last two years have been no less stunning. He has had to adjust from the frenetic impersonal pace of New York City to the more languid, intensely personal pace of Green Bay. "Everything is closer here," he says. "You're just another number in New York."

Green Bay has an acute sense of

status. "We have our symphony and antiquarian society and Newcomers' Club and the Shakespeare Society and the Garden Club," says John Borgenson of the chamber of commerce. ("Sometimes," says John Torinus, president and executive editor of the *Green Bay Press-Gazette*, "people here get the feeling we're the most organized community in the nation.")

Green Bay also has the Packers. "We've been a big-league city for 40 years, and Milwaukee ain't hardly dry behind the ears yet," says a man in a drugstore. It has its own private sense of history—like the time a few years ago when Police Officer Bill King arrested a train for going through town too fast (and fought the case to the state Supreme Court in order to collect a \$10 fine). It tends

continued

PRESENT-DAY PACKERS STROLL BY BROOK'S DRUGSTORE ON EMPTY GREEN BAY STREET WITH PERKY LOCAL BELLE, PAT JOHNSON



to upstage its athletes in highly personal, rather than professional, terms. One man says of Fullback Jim Taylor: "He don't say yes and he don't say no. He lives within himself." Another says of Halfback Paul Hornung: "Some people say he's overbearing, but me, I think he's got an



OLDTIME PLAYER. Dave Zaidmuller, in 1929-31 title teams, is now fire chief.

inferiority complex. You hear some pretty wild stories about him, but listen, I know he's a decent kid. I'd let my daughter go out with him."

Green Bay, as Taylor and Hornung have found, exerts a powerful hold on the people who live there. "When they're first drafted, a lot of college players seem reluctant to come to Green Bay," said the late Jack Vainisi, who for 10 years was chief talent scout for the Packers. "Once they get here most of them don't want to leave." Many of them don't. There are some 30 of the old Packers living

in town and another 20 or so living elsewhere in Wisconsin. Charley Brock runs a drugstore and manages an office building in downtown Green Bay. Ted Fritsch coaches football at Premontre High School. Tony Candeo is a sales executive for a steel-fabricating company. Tubby Bero, one of the 10 members of the original Packers of 1919 who still live in town, is police chief. Dave Zaidmuller, who played on the Packer team that won three consecutive league championships (1929-31), is fire chief. Verne Lewellen—"best kicker ever in pro ball"—took over the business management of the Packers in 1954 and got them out of the red, apparently permanently. Arnie Herber lives in De Pere, just five miles down the road. Don Hutson, his great pass-catching target, has closed his businesses in Green Bay to move to Racine, Wis., but he still comes back for every game.

The presence of the Old Heroes gives Green Bay a certitude about its football and a confidence in its critical faculties. "You just can't spread 30 men of that caliber through a small town and not see the town develop a certain sophistication about football," says Jerry Atkinson, a department store executive who is also a director of the Packers.

The legend they helped to build is supported with a few pleasant fictions. One of the most notable is that half the population turns out for every game in Green Bay. Mathematically, if you limit the figure to the strict city limits, it is true. Actually, there are 163,269 persons living in what is gallantly called the "metropolitan area" of Green Bay, and there are almost 800,000 living within the 75-mile radius that makes up the TV blackout area for the Packers. Moreover, the Packers are an alter ego for the entire region—as well as for the town itself. Season tickets are sold to fans who live some 350 miles from Green Bay, and there is one town of about 2,200, located 200 miles from Green Bay, where half the population regularly buys season tickets. "There's no big college football team up here for a couple of hundred miles," says Tom Maller, the crew-cut, graying publicity chief of the Packers. "This is where the people come for their big football weekends."

In bars, on street corners, in drugstores and department stores, the fans

and stockholders (there are 1,699 of the latter) haul out their "cut lists" in late summer to bet on who'll be with the Packers when the season opens and who'll be cut. Routine practices are attended by as many as 4,000 persons. Some hard members commute 160 miles round trip for the twice-weekly rehearsals, and ushers who are growing old make arrangements to bequeath their jobs to their sons or grandsons. Townspeople love to fight over the Packers—or their quartermasters. "It's like Republicans and Democrats—you can divide this town into Starr men and McHan men," says Bob Houle, a radio newsman and city councilman, referring to Quarterbacks Bart Starr and Lamar McHan. "With Starr in there, I can anticipate 60% of the plays he calls," says John Holzer, a druggist. "If I can do that the other scouts can do it. But with McHan in there, I guess 100% wrong." The single-mindedness about the Packers all but excludes other sports. One fan who considered Frank Howard—the 6-foot-7 Los Angeles Dodger slugger who won Rookie of the Year honors last season—an excellent football prospect could only mutter, "What a wretched waste of pass-catching talent." (Howard played minor league ball for the Class B Green Bay team.)

Today's heroes

Nourishing tradition and feeding the sense of identity are Today's Heroes, who also walk the streets—some of them looking for a place to hide. "If you're a good-off, the people in this town find out about it faster than in any other town in the league," says one Packer player. Green Bay is not exactly puritanical, but it likes to know who's doing what and why. "It doesn't matter what the boys do as long as they're winning," says Lewellen. "But if they're losing, the hue and cry is up, and nobody protects the kids." And, like kids the world over, the players don't know when to get out of the bars when the hue and cry is up. It is the widespread conviction in Green Bay that it was the players who ruined Scooter McLean, coach of the 1958 team—because he was too nice a guy to lead them back to the paths of virtue. Vince Lombardi, who inspires awe, not love, not only got the thirstier of his players out of the bars, but impressed Green Bay enormously with

his personal habits. "He goes to Mass every day," says one official of the club. "And a half dozen of the players are following his example," says a fan.

The nearness of the people of Green Bay to their heroes who, unlike most professional athletes, are flesh-and-blood human beings visible daily on Pine or Walnut or Maple streets has prevented the city from institutionalizing them. Not long ago in the lobby of the Hotel Northland, an old friend encountered the sometimes expatriate, Curly Lambeau, who spends part of the summer and autumn in a cottage north of Green Bay. "The same old Curly," laughed the friend a little later. "You can't tell whether he has 50c or 50 grand in his pocket."

Today Lambeau is no god in town, though it was Lambeau who made the Packers synonymous with Green Bay. In 1919 he organized the team with the help of the then *Press-Gazette* reporter George Calhoun. Lambeau outfitted the team with \$500 given him by a long-defunct company that lives only in the sobriquet of the football team—the Indian Packing Company. In that first season the 21-year-old Lambeau guided Green Bay to 10 wins before it lost to the Fairbanks-Morse team from Beloit (a team inappropriately called the Fairies). He split up the season's income with the team—each man got \$16.75—and tackled, with Calhoun, the problem of keeping the team going. In the next few years various men held the Green Bay franchise, and the National Football League once reclaimed it because Green Bay was using college players. At one point Lambeau persuaded a friend to sell his cream-colored Marmon so that Lambeau could buy the franchise back. At another, the late Andy Turnbull, editor of the *Press-Gazette* (and Calhoun's boss), stepped in with four other men to put up \$1,600 to meet the Packers' overdue bills and set up the first Packer corporation.

The first whiff of grandeur came in 1929 when Green Bay defeated the New York Giants 20-6 to win the NFL championship. The Packers won again in 1930 and 1931 and established a 15-year tradition that saw them win six league titles by 1944. But even this period was punctuated by fiscal problems. In 1933 the Packers were thrown into receivership when a spectator who had fallen from a

grandstand in old City Stadium won a damage suit for \$5,000. The Packers were rescued through the characteristic blend of formal financing, public subscription and individual action.

In the years after World War II the Packers were caught in the war between the NFL and the All-America Conference. "One prominent coach from the other league came to Green Bay and offered to double the salary of every player," says Lambeau indignantly. By 1949 the people of Green Bay were scurrying about, trying to sell tickets to a special Thanksgiving Day intrasquad game to help meet the payroll. They raised \$50,000—and postponed disaster. But the following February, Lambeau quit, after 31 years of leading the Packers, to become head coach of the Chicago Cardinals. Another plan to refinance the Packers was conceived. "There was no crisis," says Lambeau smoothly. "There were always men of affluence who were ready to step in and help the club." The trouble came because some of the people of Green Bay thought those men of affluence were from out of town and that their conception of saving the Packers meant taking it out of Green Bay. "That," says one of the club's directors, "was what was behind Curly's leaving."

The people's team

To keep the Packers alive and at home, another sale of stock was held. Each share was pegged at \$25, and nobody could buy more than 200 shares. "Most of our 1,699 stockholders own only one share," says Dominic Olejniczak, a real estate man who is currently president of the Packers (and who owns one share). In effect, buying a \$25 share meant giving \$25 to the Packers. "Everybody knows there's never been a dividend and probably never will be," says President Olejniczak. The stockholders and the 39-man executive committee and the officers don't even get free tickets, according to Olejniczak. "That's the way it has to be in a small town," he says.

The refinancing didn't end the Packers' problems. In the next nine years they ran through three coaches—Gene Ronzani, Lisle Blackbourn and McLean. Attendance continued to fall off, and clubs began to refuse to play in Green Bay. "The Giants used to offer us 50% of the gate [instead of the customary 40%] if we'd

play them in New York," says Lambeau. By 1955 the Packers were drawing more for the three "home games" they played in Milwaukee every year than for their games in Green Bay. Published figures reported that the Packers were averaging about 22,000 a game at home, but the Packer books show that average paid attend-



OLD-TIME SPONSOR. George Calhoun, looks over mementos of early Packers.

ance was actually 11,051 in 1955 and 12,117 in 1956. "They had to sit mighty loose out there in City Stadium to make the place look filled," says one newsman dryly.

The ultimate solution demanded a risk: abandoning the old wooden City Stadium, hard on the side of a high school, in favor of a new stadium. The city passed a bond issue—"this was when we had a losing team, not a winning team," says Lewellen—and the new million-dollar stadium was opened on the outskirts of town in 1957. Attendance doubled (to 23,064

continued on page 54

BASKETBALL

The New Season

THE COACHES SEND THEIR TALL TROOPS INTO COMBAT

Basketball players are getting higher and higher. Coaches are getting more and more determined. The result: the kind of urgency and excitement shown here as Wake Forest Coach Bones McKinney thrusts one of his men into battle at the Carolina Dixie Classic. On the following pages: more on the Classic, which attracts some of the nation's top teams; Scouting Reports on 182 schools; and De Paul Coach Ray Meyer's fundamentals of offense

Photographs by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





Flailing arms of typically exuberant Dixie Classic crowd frame view of final game



between North Carolina and Wake Forest



Jubilant Wake Forest Assistant Coach Al DePorter rips down victory souvenir



SCOUTING REPORTS

A 40-PAGE SECTION ANALYZING THE TOP CONFERENCES AND PLAYERS

by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**
and **ARLIE WELLS SCHARDT**

YANKEE	36
IVY	37
MID-ATLANTIC	38
SOUTHERN	41
SOUTHEASTERN	42
ATLANTIC COAST	44
SOUTHWEST	45
OHIO VALLEY	46
MISSOURI VALLEY	49
MID-AMERICAN	50
BIG TEN	52
BIG EIGHT	58
BORDER	59
SKYLINE	62
ROCKY MOUNTAIN	64
WEST COAST	65
PACIFIC GROUP	66
INDEPENDENTS	68





YANKEE

Early last season, after losing two of its first five league games, **CONNECTICUT** seemed almost certain to lose the title it had held for nine straight years. But the UConn swept their last five games and won the Yankee Conference championship again. This year victory will come even harder, if it comes at all. Gone are three top scorers and two leading rebounders. Of six lettermen, only Guard George Uhl, who averaged a steady 8.2 points per game, is dependable. Coach Hugh Greer will be relying on replacements who are not up to UConn standards. Sophomores Gerry Manning (6 feet 5) and Bob Haines (6 feet 7) are the tallest, but little Dale Comey probably will be the only starter among the newcomers. The team most likely to exploit the UConn's lack of size and experience is **MAINE**, which won 14 straight last year and tied for second. Coach Brian McCall welcomes back every one of

his first five, including the best backcourt in the conference—Tom (Skip) Chappelle and Wayne Champeon. Chappelle averaged 20.7 points per game and Champeon hit for 10.8. Up front Maine has Larry Schiner and Don Sturgeon, who averaged 27 between them, and Center Jon Ingalls, a strong rebounder (9.7 per game). Four players from the undefeated (14-0) freshman team move up to the varsity. Dave Pound, only 6 feet, is a 19-point scorer. The others are Pud Robertson (16.6), Mike Burnham and Laddie Deemer. Maine has every ingredient necessary for a championship club—experience, depth, rebounding and shooting skill. The official nickname at **RHODE ISLAND** is "Rams," but for some time its teams have been called the Rhode Island Reds because of a tendency to run around like chickens. This year's team is the best in Coach Ernie Calverley's brief career at his alma mater, should certainly go over the .500 mark and may challenge the leaders. Four starters return from the crew that scored more points last season than any other in the Yankee Conference. Charlie Lee, who dropped out of school last year, is one of the brightest forward prospects in Rhode history. He was the top scorer and rebounder on his freshman team. As usual, this club will operate with a fast break and a five-man weave. Gary Koenig, Dave Ricoeto and Ronald Stenhouse average about 6 feet 4, which is fair size up front. Lee is also 6 feet 4 and may replace Mike Weiss as a first-line guard. The other

will come from among Barry Multer, Don Lamb and Jack Anderson. If Lee survives first semester exams, Calverley will have a winner. Matt Zanic is in his second year as head coach at **MASSACHUSETTS** and has good reason to expect improvement on last season's fair record, though serious defensive flaws still are evident. Last year the Redmen committed an average of 22 personal fouls a game and it cost them many a victory. Four starters are among the nine returning players and they include Forward Doug Grutchfield (6 feet 4), who needs only 331 points to become the highest scorer in the school's history. Charlie Fohlin can shuttle between forward and center, depending on how

LAST SEASON

	Conf.		Season	
	W	L	W	L
CONNECTICUT	8	5	17	9
MAINE	8	4	10	4
MASSACHUSETTS	8	4	14	10
RHODE ISLAND	8	4	10	14
VERMONT	2	6	8	15
NEW HAMPSHIRE	5	6	5	14

6-foot-8, 230-pound Don Black does in his first varsity year. Kirk Leslie, a forward, and Guards Mike Mole, Don Tremblay, Jim Laughnane and Dick Green all have game experience. **VERMONT** has lost its three top scorers from a team which won only two of 10 conference games. Three lettermen are back and are about equal in scoring—Ray Kelsey (8.8), Pete Beck (7.3) and Harry Zing (6.6). Fuzzy Evans, UV's coach, once again is sadly in need of height and experience. Transfer student Paul Flinn can supply neither but will get a chance to play underneath. Sophomores Dick Ader and Benny Beeton may get a chance as starters. Call it a rebuilding year here. **NEW HAMPSHIRE** has not had a winning season in the Yankee Conference in 10 years (total record: 18 won, 74 lost). Five starters are gone, and not much can be expected from last season's freshmen, whose 19-1 record was compiled against so-so opposition. Coach Bill Olson is left with only two small guards, Jack Couture (5 feet 8) and Marty Fischer (5 feet 11), and Forward John MacEachern, who is a better rebounder than scorer. Sophomores Nick Mandrevalis, Jim Rich and Bruce Hooker will be at pivot and in the corners.

THESE MAINE MEN, shown with Coach Brian McCall, have a good chance of upsetting longtime Yankee champion Connecticut, thanks to poise and experience.



IVY



Four teams have a good chance to win, and though all their coaches politely decline the role of favorite, **PRINCETON** is the logical choice. Four returning starters are led by junior Pete Campbell, the Ivy's top scorer last season with a 20.9 average. The others are 6-foot-4 Center Al Kaemmerlen, Forward Don Swan, a 13-point scorer and the league's second-best rebounder, and senior Mike Burton. Campbell's partner at guard will be Art Hyland, a sophomore who has the job of replacing sparkplug Jim Brangan. Coach Cappy Cappon's squad is deep for a change, but lacks size and speed. Reserves include Tom Adams, Larry Brennan, Andy Higgins, John Pasalis and Drew Hyland. One asset is the consistent man-to-man defense. **PENNSYLVANIA** has 6-foot-4 Bob Mikvy, who scored 19 a game and is rated the Ivy's best forward, and a lot of above-average sophomores who won 18 of 21 games as freshmen. One of them, Guard John Wideman, is being hailed as another Ernie Beck. He will start in the backcourt with classmate Sid Amira, while 6-foot-3 Bob Purdy joins Mikvy and the experienced Stew Greenleaf up front. Coach Jack McCloskey's first five has speed, good size and aggressiveness. The tall sophs are J. D. Graham, Dick Kauffman and Dick Biberosch; shorter reserves are Dave Kweit, John Canzano and John Gamba. **DARTMOUTH** is rebuilding and has some good material to work with. Doggie Julian, the Indians' ebullient coach, will do a lot of experimenting, but it will be based on a front line drawn between two fixed points. These are Center George Ramming, a 6-foot-5 rebounder with a 14-point scoring average, and 6-foot-6 Forward Dan Berry, another good rebounder. The long line of applicants for the other corner consists of junior Bill Shanahan and sophomores Sam Barton, Stephen Swirsky,

Pete Davis and Walt Zwick. Because Ramming is easily injured, a 6-foot-7½ sophomore named Jim Bell may find himself starting. Two young guards, both fine shots and potential starters, are Barry Elson and Bob West. Guard Bob Brower is the top reserve. **BROWN**'s steady climb toward a title may be slowed by the graduation of four three-year lettermen, but Coach Stan Ward has his two top scorers back: all-Ivy Guard Mike Cingser (16.8) and 6-foot-5 Center Greg Heath (12.1). A sophomore center, 6-foot-7 Gene Barth, should find a place up front, helping to solve last year's rebounding problem. Guard Dave Brockway and Forward Forrest Broman will get first chance to move up from last year's reserves. Another replacement is 6-foot-5 Ted Gottfried. The Bruins have the most height in the Ivy, are fast but need work on ball handling. Although **HARVARD** lost three of last year's four best scorers, Coach Floyd Wilson's most serious problems are rebounding and defense. The Crimson offense is in the competent care of Forwards Pete Kelley, up from the freshman team with a 21.6 average, and junior Gary Borchard, a 14-point man last year. They form a solid corner combination that is bolstered by good-shooting newcomer Denny Lynch. At center is Bill Danner. The guards are Joe Deering, Bob Bowditch and Gene Augustine. At **YALE** Guard Bill Madden is the only double-figure scorer (14) in a group of seven returning lettermen that includes starting Center Jim Hanson

and Forward John Dowd. Coach Joe Vanceisin has more speed and better shooting than last year but a very shallow squad. Forward Chip Oldt appears to be the only sophomore ready for regular duty, so the others will come from last year's reserves: Bill Polinsky, Marquis Landrum, Chuck Vachris, Bob Higgs and Dick Evans. The tallest team **COLUMBIA** has ever had will abandon the weave and try the fast break, to make full use of its great increase in rebounding. A 6-foot-7 sophomore, Indulis Brilmanis, moves in at center next to one of the Ivy's best forwards, Ed Auzenberg. Another 6-foot-7 soph, Jim Brogan, is contesting the other

LAST SEASON

	CONF.		SEASON	
	W	L	W	L
PRINCETON	11	3	16	8
DARTMOUTH	10	4	14	8
CORNELL	8	6	12	10
PENNSYLVANIA	8	6	14	11
BROWN	6	6	13	12
HARVARD	2	8	12	11
YALE	5	11	6	17
COLUMBIA	2	12	6	14

corner with transfer Marc Laguardia. Guard Marty Erdheim and sophs Fred Portney and Bill Martin are the other regulars. **CORNELL** will improve with age. All-Ivy Center George Farley is gone, but his running mates, Forwards John Petry and Bill Baugh, return. The rest is up to sophomores Roger Seidel, Dick Crone and Jerry Stachara. If they can't do the job, veterans Don Shaffer, Stu Levin and Ron Ivkovich will step in.

TIPPING IN SHOT in scrimmage against St. Joseph's, Penn's Bob Mikvy shows fine spring that makes him the team's best rebounder as well as its leading scorer.





Strongest in the East, this conference is rich in first-rank returning players. **ST. JOSEPH'S** has plenty of depth, speed and rebounding. Coach Jack Ramsay's big and experienced front line is paced by 6-foot-5 Jack Egan, the league's most dangerous player. Center Vince Kempton, 6 feet 8, and Forward Frank Majewski will again start, while the backcourt may be filled by sophomores: Jim Lynam and high-scoring Billy Hoy. Lettermen Guards Harry Booth and Paul Westhead are also in contention, as is soph Forward Tom Wynn. **LA-SALLE'S** wonderful pessimist, Duddy Moore, is the only coach in the conference who doesn't have at least three returning starters. But he does have 6-foot-5 Forward George Friedrich and a 6-foot-4 sophomore, Bill Raftery, who averaged more than

26 points on his freshman team. Other newcomers are tall Curt Fromal, Vince Berry, Ed Bowler and Guard Tony Abbott. Bob McAteer and Joe Carey are reserves who scored well last year. **TEMPLE** and Coach Harry Litwak have a serious contender despite the graduation of all-East Guard Bill Kennedy. Center Russ Gordon, who is only 6 feet 4½, but averaged nearly 13 rebounds last year, returns with starting Forwards Ed Devery and Earl Proctor. Speedy Guard Bruce Drysdale will have sophomore Gary Kasmer opposite him. The squad needs height to go with the good speed, shooting and the above-average depth supplied by reserves Bernie Ivens, John Koskinen, Mike Gold and four strong sophomores. **GETTYSBURG** was fourth last season without one experienced starter. Now Coach Bob Halton has five of them. The scoring comes from two junior guards: Ron Warner, who led the league at 23.1, and Bob Parker, who averaged 16. Center Bill Fiske, Forwards George Barnett, Bill Hensling and Bruce Simpson, and reserves George Roberts, John Fleming compose a squad of excellent shooters. A tough early schedule awaits **RUTGERS**. Coach Tony Kault's veteran first-stringers are led by speedy Guard Doug Patton and experienced front-liners Lee Ammerman, Karol Strelceki and Joe Osofsky, and Guard Al Ammerman, who have dependable reserve help in Sam Hellings, Fred Homer and sops Vince Ciaglia and Don Peterson. Joe

Steiner leads a two-deep forecourt at **BUCKNELL** that averages over 6 feet 4 and includes veterans Don Lampus, Dave Evans, Bruce Babich and Mike Padden. Guard Dick Kniffen, a service returnee, joins Coach Ben Kribbs, starter Kevin Cooney and experienced reserves Larry Roman and Mike Kasniek. **LAFAYETTE** can run with anybody, but a weak bench may slow them down. Coach George Davidson has two good forwards back in 6-foot-5 Chip Landy and Morris Boyer. Guard Pete Pavin will be joined by either Bob Kauffman or Dan George, but Davidson needs a center. Sophomores Andy

LAST SEASON

	Conf	Season		
	W	L	W	L
ST. JOSEPH'S	7	1	26	7
LA SALLE	6	1	26	6
TEMPLE	6	5	17	9
GETTYSBURG	7	2	15	11
BUCKNELL	6	5	15	11
RUTGERS	4	5	14	14
LAFAYETTE	6	7	12	13
LEHIGH	4	10	5	16
MUHLENBERG	2	15	6	16
DELAWARE	1	15	7	16

Cook, Mike McHale and Gene Denahan are leading reserves. **LEHIGH** has shooting, speed and experienced help for the nation's 12th-best scorer, jump shooter Norm Brandl, who averaged 24.8 last season. All of Brandl's starting mates are back, including Bob Happ, Ross Culligan, John Palfi and Ken Weaver. Coach Tony Packer has two new men, Jay Anglada and Bill Dosodlo, who may move one of the starters aside. **MUHLENBERG** has a new coach, Ken Moyer, and the same old problem—academic ineligibility. Center Dick Hunt and Guard Al Downing will sit it out this winter. On the brighter side, 26 points' worth of scoring is back in the persons of Ron Druckenmiller and George Giffilan, while Chris Hiotis should add at least 10 more. Reserve Center Herb Loeffler is 6 feet 8, while Guards John Superka and Ron Hoffman, a sophomore, add depth. **DELAWARE** three guards, Jack Baly, Tom Schomauer and John Barry, and two cornermen, Tom Adams and Bill Wagamon, have starting experience. But Coach Irv Wisniewski's ace in the hole is bright prospect Nate Cloud, a good 6-foot-5 sophomore center.



TWO BIG REASONS why Coach Jack Ramsay is smiling about St. Joe's chances of retaining the title are 6-foot-8 Vince Kempton (50) and 6-foot-5 Jack Egan (44).



Momentary—when the clan gathers around the clock at midnight on New Year's Eve and toasts the coming year.

My name is Chivas Regal ...what is my secret?

We asked Mr. Crichton about it as we walked with him through the highland glens where *Chivas Regal* Scotch Whisky is made. He told us that perhaps the secret dwells in the Scots' great respect for customs and tradition.

For instance, the *Chivas Regal* people insist on storage casks that have aged Spain's finest sherries. Mr. Crichton, who

selects casks for *Chivas Regal*, believes these sherry-touched casks gentle the whisky as it ages 12 full years.

Do these casks truly round the taste of premium *Chivas Regal* Scotch Whisky? Nobody is sure. But some such thing accounts for the fact that *Chivas Regal*, Scotland's Prince of Whiskies, is the land's most wanted Scotch.



*By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen,
Patroness of Portraits
and Scotch Whisky,
CHIVAS REGAL LTD.,
of Aberdeen, Scotland,
Established since 1801.*

12
Years Old



Give the amazing "Shave Anywhere" invention

Who needs sinks or sockets to shave? Not the man who uses the new Cordless Remington® Lektronic Shaver. This remarkable new invention contains its own self-generating power supply—it needs no wires . . . no water . . . no sockets . . . no soap! Yes, the new Remington Lektronic Shaver needs nothing but whiskers!



Avoid the morning bathroom jam-ups. Shave without a cord at work, on trips.



No batteries to replace. Each charge stores power for up to two weeks of shaves. Any AC voltage 90 to 250 recharges it. Exclusive comb-like rollers adjust to any beard and skin. This Christmas eliminate gift problems with the shaver that eliminates the cord—the Lektronic.

NEW CORDLESS REMINGTON LEKTRONIC SHAVER

SOUTHERN



The Southern Conference, like the Atlantic Coast, uses its regular-season results only as a basis for pairings in its own postseason tournament. The winner of this elimination represents the league in the NCAA playoffs, on the theory that it has proved itself in the tension of tournament play. Thus, **WEST VIRGINIA** won the championship last year for the sixth straight time. To do it, they beat Virginia Tech, whom they did not meet during the regular season. New Coach George King has starters Lee Patrone and Jim Ritchie, key reserves Nick Viscie, Paul Miller and Joe Posch, and many talented sophomores, including a good big man. He is 6-foot-8 Dave Shuck, who moves up from the undefeated (16-0) fresh, with the all-round star of that team, 6-foot-4 Rod Thorn. Guard Jim McCormick is another soph likely to start, and there is ample depth in reserves Ed Bode, Kenny Ward and Dick Dubois. **VIRGINIA TECH** is again the chief challenger. Chris Smith, at 6 feet 6, is the best center in the league; he averaged 22 points and 19 rebounds last year. Forward Bob Ayersman scored 18 per game, and Guard Bucky Keller had 15. Coach Chuck Noe has a fourth returning starter in Forward Dave Demarest, and two regular reserves, John Fleischman and Dean Blake. Two promising sophomores are Lee Melear and Ed Corcoran. Tech's main concern is to develop a floor leader to replace graduated Lew Mills. **WILLIAM AND MARY** had its best season in 10 years last winter. Energetic Coach Bill Chambers now has a genuine contender, led by 6-foot-7 Jeff Cohen, who averaged 24 points and 18 rebounds. Forward Bev Vaughan, 6 feet 5 and a 17-point scorer, and sophomore Kirk Gooding, 6 feet 6, join Cohen in an impressive front

line. Guard Ken Roberts has no partner yet, but sophomores Dan Dickerson and Roger Berger may help. Lack of depth and 17 road games are the handicaps. **GEORGE WASHINGTON** has four starters back. Three of them are fairly tall—Forwards Ralph Kunze and Gar Schweickhardt are 6 feet 4, and Center Dick Markowitz is 6 feet 5—but the star, Jon Feldman, who averaged 21 points last year, is only 5 feet 9. His running mate at guard is sophomore Bill Norton. Reserves are plentiful: Mike Heron, Larry Usiskin, Dick Wickline, Dave Lockman and 6-foot-9 Bill Ingram. **THE CITADEL** has a new coach, Mel Thompson, a fine rebounder, Gary Daniels, and a fine ball handler, Dick Jones. But graduation took the scorers, and Thompson must look to reserves: Forwards Dan Howe, George Wehrmiester and Kip Ormerod, Centers Keith Stowers and Bob Elliott and Guards Jerry Buchanan and Dennis Rehber. A 6-foot-9 sophomore, Dick Meade, moves up. Inexperience is the drawback. **VMI** has a small, explosive, inconsistent bunch of juniors who are sure to annoy the established favorites—but only now and then. Norm Halberstadt, Joe Gedro and Gene Lazarooff are all double-figure point-makers, with Halberstadt the leader at 18.6. Getting the ball is again the problem, although 6-foot-6 soph John Yurachek should help. Sophomore Guard Bob Byrd completes a fast first five. **FURMAN** is rebuilding. Three sophomores move into Coach

Lyles Alley's starting lineup to join veterans Tom Conard, who averaged 16 points at center, and Guard Bobby Pinson. Gerald Glur, Jerry Smith and Charles Jennings are the newcomers. All, however, lack size. **RICHMOND**'s chief asset is height, but Coach Les Hooker needs some shooters. Starters Tom Booker and Lee O'Bryan, and sophomores Danny Higgins, Mac Dirom and George Grodzicki provide good rebounding but not enough points. At **DAVIDSON** Coach Charlie

LAST SEASON

	CONF.	W	L	W	L
VIRGINIA TECH		10	1	25	0
WEST VIRGINIA		6	3	25	5
CITADEL		6	4	33	0
WM. & MARY		10	8	13	11
G. WASHINGTON		7	8	16	10
FURMAN		6	7	8	16
VMI		5	11	4	16
RICHMOND		3	12	7	18
DAVIDSON		6	10	5	16

*League representatives in NCAA Tournament

Driesell hopes that 6-foot-7 Bill Jarman will provide scoring punch. Bill Shinn, Joe Markee, Al Millar, Jerry Russell are likely starters.

Year after year, another school in this area, **TENNESSEE A & I**, produces outstanding teams. Coach Harold Hunter's crew won the Midwest Athletic Association title again, and nine veterans are back. George Finley, a 7-foot center, joins starters Porter Meriwether, Mel Davis, Rossie Johnson and Bob Clark.



HOPEFUL CHALLENGER for West Virginia's title is a seasoned Virginia Tech crew coached by dapper, peppery Chuck Noe (left). Tech has speed, shooting and savvy.



SOUTHEASTERN

After missing out for two straight years, **KENTUCKY** should be back on top this season. For one thing, the Wildcats play their key conference games at home. Adolph Rupp's best newcomers are two junior-college All-Americans, 6-foot-5 Vince Del Negro and 6-foot-2 Doug Peadygraft. Then there is Roger Newman, a senior who has never played varsity ball because of ineptibility. Billy Lickert apparently has recovered completely from his leg operation and he leads 10 returning lettermen, including Guards Dick Parsons and Larry Pursiful, and front-court men Ned Jennings (6 feet 9), Allen Feldhaus and Harry Hurd, both 6 feet 5. Rupp also has plenty of good sophomores. **AUBURN**, the nation's best-shooting team last year (52%), was also one of the smallest. This season, Auburn has some help in the rebounding department: sophomores Layton Johns (6 feet 7) and Jim Leonard (6 feet 6), Porter Gilbert, Ray Groover, Jimmy Fibbe and Dave Vaughn bring back heavy varsity experience. Billy Tinker, another soph, can be used at either for-

ward or guard. Auburn is well grounded in the fundamentals by Coach Joel E.ves. At **GEORGIA TECH** Whack Hyder is set for another good year. In Roger Kaiser he has one of the best players in the nation. Tech also has the most depth it has had in nine years. Wayne Richards, Josh Powell (both 6 feet 7) and Bill Poteet (6 feet 3) are strong up front. John Gher and sophomores Frank Landry and Keith Weekly complete a fine backcourt. At **VANDERBILT** Coach Bob Polk has a club with enough experience to put it in the running for the championship. Center Bill Depp is one of the better big men in the league. Bobby Bland and Bill Johnson give Vandy good ball control, and Forwards Larry Banks and Ray Clark are fine rebounders. **TENNESSEE** starts its second season under Coach John Sines. Four forwards (Eddie Test, John Martin, Howie Moss and Bob Perigo) return, as do two guards (Glenn Campbell and Bobby Carter) and two centers (6-foot-6 Dick Fisher and 6-foot-5 Bill Gilley). **MISSISSIPPI** has Jack Waters, their leading scorer last season (19.5), and Sterling Ainsworth, 6 feet 6½, up front. At the other forward post is Bill White, while Larry Wagster, Tommy Farley and Danny Caldwell divide the backcourt positions. Four sophomores are being brought up to the varsity. **TULANE**'s Coach Cliff Wells looks for a great year from 6-foot-8 Center Jack Ardon, who was named the outstanding sophomore in the SEC last season. Forward Gus Wensel and Guards Bob

March and Rex Krider, all used as starters last year, all return. Jim Kerwin, a 6-foot-3 guard, probably will make the starting lineup. **MISSISSIPPI STATE** switches from a controlled offense to a fast break this season, and Coach Babe McCarthy has brought up the nucleus of a 21-0 freshman team. All-SEC Forward Jerry Graves (6 feet 6) leads eight returnees. Forward Dave Glasgow and Guard Jack Berkshire were starters last year and both are back. The starting freshman team completes a tall, fast, deep squad that may develop into one of the SEC's best. **GEORGIA** will be helped by 10

LAST SEASON

	Conf.	Season
	W L	W L
AUBURN	12 3	16 6
GEORGIA TECH	15 2	22 6
KENTUCKY	10 4	16 7
MISSISSIPPI	8 2	15 6
TULANE	2 2	13 11
VANDERBILT	7 7	14 6
TENNESSEE	7 7	12 11
GEORGIA	8 8	13 13
MISS. STATE	2 0	12 16
ALABAMA	4 10	7 17
FLORIDA	0 11	0 16
LOU.	0 11	0 16

home games this season. Coach Red Lawson is counting heavily upon his 10 lettermen. John Johnson, Don Keiser, Pat Casey, Phillip Simpson, Ken Taylor and W. S. Booth are all 6 feet 4 or over. Allen Johnson, Frank Clark and Gordon Darrah are best in the backcourt. Charles Adamek, 6 feet 5, is one of the league's top sophomore prospects. **ALABAMA** has a new coach, Hayden Riley, but needs height and defense. Bob Gavin, Larry Pennington and Henry Hoskins are the three returning starters. Larry Back, a guard, and Hinton Butler, a forward, are the only two sophomores with a chance of making the first five. **LOUISIANA STATE** will be helped by more speed and better defense. Four low-scoring starters—Tom Conklin, George Nattin, Ray Lewis and John Hudson—are back. Six sophomores will get the chance to play, and 6-foot-7 Maury Drummond will be the starting center. At **FLORIDA** Norm Sloan, moving from The Citadel, finds a good shooter, Bobby Shiver, and not much more. George Jung, Paul Mooney and Cliff Layk are back, and Lou Merchant, who played well in service, may help.



HIGH-FLYING Roger Kaiser of Georgia Tech demonstrates potent jump shot that makes him one of the outstanding players in a league well stocked with scorers.



Nothing shaves like a blade— that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades in this great new Shavemaster shaver

The new Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that gives you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before. This new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades.

Three real blades—locked inside its rounded head—give you a shave so close, it has to be compared with the re-

sults you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade. No matter how you hold it, you don't feel the slightest pull or irritation. For your convenience, it has a sideburn trimmer, flip-open shaving head and on-off switch.

A handsome presentation case makes the Shavemaster perfect for Christmas giving! See it at dealers now.

NEW SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 56, IL, Canada: Toronto 15. *Sunbeam, Shavemaster

ELECTRIC SHAVERS

ATLANTIC COAST



In his first year as coach at **DUKE**, Vic Bubas led the Blue Devils to a fourth-place conference finish. More importantly, Duke won the league's three-day March tournament to earn its way to the NCAA tournament. Eleven players return, and not a single important man is missing. Art Heyman, who scored 30 points a game with the freshmen, looks like the ACC's outstanding sophomore. Doug Kistler, 6 feet 9, was the most improved player in the conference last season and should be even better this year. Center Carroll Youngkin averaged 13.4 points, the same as Guard Howard Hurt. Senior John Frye and Junior Jack Mullen give Bubas a strong option for the other guard position. In the five-day period December 13-17 **NORTH CAROLINA** plays Kentucky, Kansas and Kansas State. On the morning of the 18th, the Tar Heels should be high among the nation's top 20 for the sixth consecutive season. Dapper, affable Coach Frank McGuire has two of the outstanding players in the ACC—Doug Moe (16.8) and Yock Larese

(15.7). Dick Kopley, out most of last year with a broken ankle, will be the starting center. Hugh Donohue and Jim Hudock are 6 feet 8 and 6 feet 7 and supply added rebounding strength. Don Walsh and George Po-teest are capable guards. Everett Case did not enjoy his first losing season in 41 years of coaching last year, and you can bet that **NORTH CAROLINA STATE** will come out fighting this time. Bruce Hoadley and Russ Marvel return up front. Bob DiStefano (12.7) was the club's high scorer and center last year and should continue in both departments. Sophomores Jon Speaks and Ken Rohloff and veteran Anton Muehlbauer give Case an adequate backcourt. **WAKE FOREST** has 6-foot-8 Len Chappel on the inside and 5-foot-11 Billy Paeker on the outside, and Coach Bones McKinney is looking for three good men to go with them. Chappel finished last year with a 17.4 average, but a torn ligament in his right knee will certainly slow him down at the start of the season. Bob Wollard, 6 feet 10, has impressed McKinney, as has Guard Dave Wiedeman. Wollard, however, has an injured wrist. Jerry Steele, 6 feet 8, Bill Fennell, 6 feet 5, and Tom McCoy, 6 feet 3, give the Deacons height, and Alley Hart, together with Paeker, will make the ball move quickly. **MARYLAND** Coach Bud Millikan needs a center if the Terps are to equal their third-place finish of last year. Bruce Kelleher (10.5) and Paul Jehas (12.1) are the high-scoring veterans. Bob Wilson, 6 feet 10, is a

center prospect but may give way to 6-foot-6 Jerry Greenspan, who had 20 rebounds a game with a frosh team that was 14-3. Bill Staniulstia, who scored 18.2 a game with the frosh, and Bob Eiche, 14.9, will be starters. Ted Marshall, Mike Nofsinger, Dave Schroeder and Steve Alport are all experienced reserves. "Remember," says Coach Bob Stevens of **SOUTH CAROLINA**, "it isn't always the size of the dog in the fight that counts." Stevens goes into the ACC race with a group of pups, not one of whom is over 6 feet 4. Last year, however, the Gamecocks beat North Carolina and N.C. State on successive nights with a running game, and that is what

LAST SEASON

	Cent.	Scoring
W L	W L	
WAKE FOREST	12 3	21 7
NORTH CAROLINA	12 3	18 6
MARYLAND	6	8 10 8
DUKE	7	7 17 11
SOUTH CAROLINA	6	8 10 10
N. C. STATE	5	5 11 10
CLEMSON	4	10 10 10
VIRGINIA	1	13 8 10

*Conference representation in NCAA Tournament

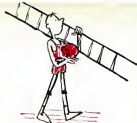
they will employ this year. Forward Art Whisnant is the tallest player on the team and its best scorer (17 points per game). It's the sopho, however, who will carry South Carolina. Scotti Ward averaged 22 points as a freshman and made 100 of 103 free throws. Bob Haney and Jim Collins move up to the varsity to join Bud Cronin, Adolph Grabenstetter, Ron Johnson, Bob Rebhan and Bob Robinson. Bill McCann has two of his five top scorers returning at **VIRGINIA** but lacks height. Walt Densmore, the tallest veteran, is 6 feet 5 and averaged 8.3, while Tony Laquintano, the shortest, averaged 11.5. Lou Farina, Ron Miller and Bill Jackey are other hold-overs, while Steve Jarvis, Gene Flamm and Gene Engel appear to be the top new prospects. The 3-and-2 give-and-go offense at **CLEMSON** will be run by nine varsity returnees and four sophomores brought up by Coach Pross Maravich. Choppy Patterson, a guard, scored 16.4 points a game last year and is an outstanding dribbler. Ed Krijack plays opposite him, 6-foot-7 Tommy Mahaffey is at center, and Bill Warren, Dave Wallace and Earle Maxwell are used up front. The Tigers, however, need more depth.



DIRECTING PLAY, Duke's Vic Bubas shows his white-shirted defenders Jack Mullen (20), Carroll Youngkin and Art Heyman (25) how to screen out the opposition.

SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference has not produced a genuine All-America since Slater Martin in 1949. But the level of play has improved greatly and basketball has grown a great deal in interest in what is normally considered football territory. At **TEXAS** there is a strong belief that Hal Bradley is a wonder-worker after he brought this team from last place two years ago into first place in 1959-60. Back are Forward Albert Almanza, who averaged 10.8 points and seven rebounds in 26 games, and Donnie Lasiter, who



LAST SEASON

	CONF.		SWCONF.	
	W	L	W	L
TEXAS	11	8	10	8
SMU	10	4	17	7
TEXAS A&M	10	4	10	6
ARKANSAS	7	7	10	11
TEXAS TECH	7	7	10	14
BAYLOR	6	8	10	12
TCU	4	10	7	17
RICE	1	12	4	20

averaged 11.2. Wayne Clark, 6 feet 11 and Jimmy Brown, 6 feet 7, will split the starting assignment at center. Jerry Graham and Butch Skeete are also varsity trained. Any of four sophomores could become starters. Ball control and strong defense will again be the features of **TEXAS A&M's** game. Four starters return here. The flashy Stanley twins, Don and Pat, are both 6 feet 3 and they can feed Carrell Broussard, who is a strong rebounder and a good scorer (17.9 average). Elliott Craig and Tommy Smith are experienced backcourt prospects. Jerry Windham, 6 feet 6, Charlie Minor, 5 feet 10, and Lewis Qualls, at 7 feet, are the sophomores most likely to play. **ARKANSAS's** big men do have experience. Coach Glen Rose has his entire starting lineup returning. The shooting is good but lack of speed often hurts on defense. Clyde Rhodes, a unanimous all-Southwest forward selection (16.2 average), and Ronnie Garner (10 rebounds a game), at center, will lead this team. Jerry Carlton and Pat Foster will be the guards, while Alan Morrison will assist Rhodes as the other forward. The Razorbacks, including sophomore Forwards Tommy Boyer and Larry Wofford,

average 6 feet 5. **TEXAS TECH** will rely on its sophomores and juniors. Six sophs, topped by Bobby Gindorf, Tommy Clark and Tom Patty, are being brought up to the varsity by Coach Polk Robinson and none is under 6 feet 4. Lefty Del Ray Mounts, who led the Raiders in scoring and stood first among the conference's point producers (16.4 average), will be the floor leader. Harold Hudgens, a 6-foot-9 center who didn't play last year because of scholastic ineligibility, should be outstanding. Mac Percival, Roger Hennig, Don Perkins and Dwayne Key are the other veterans. The outstanding sophomore in the Southwest should be Alton Adams of **TEXAS CHRISTIAN**. Coach Buster Brannon says flatly, "Adams is one of the finest prospects I've ever had." Last year as a freshman this 6-foot-9, 225-pound center averaged 18.5 points. Don Kosick, 6 feet 7, 220 pounds, also moves up to join two starters from last year's team—Jerry Cobb and Jerry Pope. Guards Phil Reynolds and Ronald Mayberry and Forwards David Warnell and Billy

Simmons should also help. Captain Steve Strange is the only returning starter at **SOUTHERN METHODIST**, where Doc Hayes will be relying heavily on sophomores. Jan Loudermilk, Jim Hammond, Jon Larsen, Bobby Smith, Win Knickerbocker and Steve Jordan are back, but among them they averaged only 2.3 points per game. Strange (17.2) is also a top rebounder (10.8), and he will have support from James Thompson and 6-foot-7 Dave Siegmund, both up from the frosh. Four of the five top scorers have departed the **BAYLOR** campus, where Coach Bill Henderson now has three junior-college hopefuls, Harold Hensen, Tom Garrison and Bert McLain. Baylor will use a zone defense more than in the past because of its size and spread. Richard Tinsley, a 6-foot-4 forward, brings back an 11.2 scoring average. Sophomore Bill Moore, also 6 feet 4, will be used as a spot player, with John West at center and John Hoggard in reserve. George Graves and McLain will direct the controlled offense. Johnnie Frankis is in his second year as coach at **RICE** where the first (4-20) was hardly anything to write home about. Eight returning lettermen should help the Owls this year but the prospects still are dim. The team's only big man is 6-foot-7 Center Mike Maroney, who hit for 11.2 points per game. Ollie Shipley, Steve Smith and Dick Park will be in the front court, and Guards Roger McQuarry and Orville Welch direct the single-post attack. A lack of height is the problem.



CHALK TALK by second-year Texas Coach Hal Bradley prepares his tall, rugged squad for defense of the title won by Longhorns in Bradley's first year at Austin.

Taste **BOLS** Pousse Cafe



We're pouring blushing Creme de Noyaux, one of the delicious Liqueurs in this "drink-of-the-year"—Bols Pousse Cafe. You can discover the taste delight of this liquid rainbow by merely asking for it at your special tavern or club, or make Bols Pousse Cafe at home. Just pick up four of the Bols original "HOTT SIZE" bottles and the easy to follow recipe booklet at your liquor store. To help you become a real Bols Pousse Cafe expert, get an exclusive Bols Magfloat server (shown above) by sending 25¢ to: Bols Magfloat, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., P.O. Box 5000-D, Spring Park, Minn.

Remember—only with Bols is the Pousse Cafe perfect!



© 1980, ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. 60 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

OHIO VALLEY

This conference is 13 years old, and no one has yet convinced the membership that there really are other sports besides basketball. At **WESTERN KENTUCKY** almost everyone is back from the team that gave national champion Ohio State real trouble in the NCAA tournament, yet the Hill-toppers are only shadow-thin favorites to retain their title. Three lettermen who accounted for over 47 points a game last year are the reasons why Coach Ed Diddle may continue as the winningest coach in basketball. Center Charlie Osborne, whose .512 field-goal average earned him all-conference recognition, returns with 6-foot-8 Forward Harry Todd and Guard Bobby Rascoe. Guard Panny Sarakatsannis hopes to regain the starting position he held two years ago. Sophomores Bobby Jackson (28-point average on the freshman team) and Jimmy Dunn will also start. Diddle's only worry is that his entire reserve group consists of sophomores, the best of whom are 6-foot-7 Warner Caines and 22-point-scorer Larry Castle. Like most teams in this offense-minded league, **EASTERN KENTUCKY** has a lot of old hands on hand—including four starters. Best of the lot is speedy Guard Carl Cole, the most highly regarded player in the conference. Other double-figure scorers are Guard Phil Estep, Center Ralph



Richardson and Forward Jack Upchurch. Forward Roland Wierwille is another returning starter. Two experienced juniors, Ray Gardner and Larry Parks, are the key reserves. Coach Paul McBrayer's team possesses exceptional speed and shooting and balanced rebounding strength, but is uniformly shorter than its chief opponents. **MURRAY STATE** returns all six starters, including alternating senior Guards Larry Bale and Harold Wilkins. Coach Cal Luther's "double rolling post" has also been mastered by high-scoring seniors Gene Herndon and Mike O'Riordan, who play inside. Guard Jarrell Graham and Forward Ron Greene, the only junior starter. One sophomore, Dick Masters, has a chance to start. Other veterans are Forwards Frank Smikoski and John West and a 6-foot-11 center, Ken Peterson. **MOREHEAD STATE** may be an unexpected giant. With three starters



FAST-BREAK FINISH at Tennessee Tech practice session sets up Guard Don Gorin (left) for shot. A flock of tall Tech sophomores are bidding for varsity jobs.

*Don't let spots or
stains dim the luster
of your evening*



fabric protected with

SYL-MER®

SILICONE FINISH

resists rain and static clings dirt
washing longer with less care

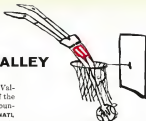
DOW CORNING CORPORATION

Choose evening clothes with Syl-mer®, the luxury finish. It not only gives built-in protection from water-borne spots and stains, wrinkling and sudden showers, but also adds luster and richness of touch to fine fabrics. Syl-mer is invisible but you can always recognize it by the name on the hangtag. Keep your eye out for it when you shop.

DOW CORNING CORPORATION, MIDLAND, MICHIGAN.

After Six by Rudolph. Bon Fance® tuxedos, shawl-collared styles in Pacific Mills blend of wool, Dacron® polyester, and mohair. The Continental... with distinctive brand touches on collars, cuffs and trousers, about \$29.50. With black satin collar, about \$75. At better stores

MISSOURI VALLEY



Oscar Robertson is gone but the Valley still will be exhibiting some of the most exciting basketball in the country. At Oscar's school, **CINCINNATI**, there is no replacement for him, naturally, but new Coach Ed Jucker has a nucleus of returning starters, a flock of experienced reserves and one hot-shot sophomore who may be the most valuable asset of all. He is Tom

LAST SEASON

	CONF		NATION	
	W	L	W	L
CINCINNATI	19	1	28	3
BRADLEY	13	2	27	2
ST. LOUIS	8	8	19	6
WICHITA	8	8	14	12
HOUSTON	6	8	10	18
TULSA	5	8	8	17
ORANGE	4	10	11	14
NORTH TEXAS STATE	5	13	7	19

Thacker, a versatile 6-foot-3 performer who is occasionally billed as another Oscar. He will be feeding Paul Hogue, a 6-foot-9 junior center who averaged 12 points and 11 rebounds a game last year. He is not quick, but he is strong. The other two veteran starters are Bob Wiesenbahn up front and Carl Bouldin in the backcourt. Among the reserves, Sandy Pomerantz has shown the most promise as a front-court starter. Backcourt alternates are Jim Calhoun and Tom Sizer. **BRADLEY**, whose coach, Chuck Orsborn, is pretty sick of Cincinnati's dominance, has the material to challenge the best in the nation. Back with him is Chet Walker, 6 feet 6, who averaged 22 points a game last year. If Orsborn can teach him some deception he will be an All-America. Also returning are Al Saunders, Mack Herndon and Ed Wodka. As usual, Bradley had an outstanding (13-2) freshman team last year, and Center (6 feet 9) Walt Gerard and Forward Tim Robinson bring averages of 23 and 21 points up to the varsity. The Billikens of **ST. LOUIS** face as tough a schedule as any school in the nation (Kentucky, Ohio State, Louisville and St. John's, in addition to the rest of the MVC). Fortunately, Coach

John Benington has most of last year's starters back, including Bob Nordmann, who stands 6 feet 10, Bob's brother Bill, a mere 6 feet 7, is coming up to the varsity, along with Donnell Reid and Dave Harris. Also available are returnees Glenn Mankowski and George Latinovich in the backcourt, Tom Kleffer and Gordon Hartweger up front. **WICHITA** has been 14-12 in four of the past five years but this season will do far better. Coach Ralph Miller's high-scoring guards, Ron Heller and Lanny Van Eman (13.7 and 13.5 points respectively last season), are two of eight lettermen returning. Heller will move up front this season to work with either 6-foot-7 Wayne Durham or 6-foot-5 John Gales. But the key man is Gene Wiley, who was out much of last season with leg injuries. He is 6 feet 10, could become an outstanding post man. Competing for the other guard spot are veterans Virgil Brady and John Cleveland and newcomers Jerry Kittiko and Ernie Moore. Since joining the league in

1956, **ORANGE** has been over the .500 mark only once, and may not make it this time either. Coach Maurice John has a first-rate guard in Jim Guydon and high hopes for junior-college transfers Marvin Torrence and Jerry Foster. Elsewhere there are problems, possibly to be solved by starting Forward Harold Ayers and newcomers Bill Hahn and Dave Reed. Torrence was a 33-point scorer last year at Grand View in Des Moines.

TULSA is also in for a difficult season even though three experienced starters are available to new Coach Joe Swank. Dave Voss, at 6 feet 5½, is the tallest man on the squad. Adam Popielarchek, Gene Estes, Jerry Malloy, Floyd Huffnes and Bill Lucas are the lettermen and James King and Gary Hevelone the best from a freshman team with an 11-2 record. Five junior-college transfers may help **NORTH TEXAS STATE** and second-year Coach Charles Johnson. Bill McLaughlin and Tommy Grissom are the only two lettermen returning. The rest of the squad are either freshmen moving up or transfers moving in. Dwaine Riney, Bill Magers and Zack Hayes lead the sophomores, and Art Fiste, Artie Dixon, Larry Cruise the transfers. **HOUSTON**, which dropped out of the conference and plays as an independent this season, has two potential All-Americans in 6-foot-3 Guard Gary Phillips and 6-foot-6 Forward Ted Luckenbill. Coach Guy Lewis plays a basic MVC schedule and must rely on a sophomore at center, 6-foot-8 Lyle Harger.



BEERY REBOUNDER Walt Gerard (35) gives Bradley Coach Chuck Orsborn (right) added power and scoring punch under the backboards, perhaps enough to win title.



MID-AMERICAN

Coach Jim Snyder is not exaggerating when he says his **OHIO UNIVERSITY** team "could have been a fine one, but the loss of Howard Joliff to the pros cost us that opportunity." When Joliff, a 6-foot-7 rebounder, chose to sign a no-cut contract with the Los Angeles Lakers, Ohio became just one of six teams deserving championship consideration. Thus, after winning their first title in the 14-year-old conference, the Bobcats now face 1961 as a team with serious problems. Chief of these is whether a 6-foot-8 sophomore, Stacy Buntun, can discharge his responsibility as key man in a single-pivot offense. Snyder can rely on three of last year's four top shooters, Forwards Bunk Adams and Larry Kruger and Guard Bill Whaley, to provide plenty of speed and scoring. But there is a lack of height and reserves, the best of whom are Loren Wilcox, Dave Katz and Mike Schu-

ler. Of the five teams equipped to wrest Ohio's crown, **TOLEDO** is most likely to succeed. Coach Eddie Melvin produced a powerhouse last winter, and things look even better this time. Four starters return, led by Center George Patterson. The others are Guards Bob Pawlak and Jim Miller and Forward Jerry Galicki. The fifth starter, Larry Jones, averaged 27.6 points per game as a freshman. Ralph Lewis and Paul Macy are the other lettermen on a team lacking experienced reserves. **WESTERN MICHIGAN** is the most improved team in the league. Third-year Coach Don Boven has 10 lettermen, including the entire starting lineup, back from last winter, the school's first winning season in four years. Center Bob Bolton, 6 feet 9, tall Forwards Ron Robinson and Ron Emerick and Guards Sam Key, Earl McNeil and Tom Woodruff are returning starters. There is ample size among the reserves, supplied by Steve Holmes, Keith Sterk, Ernie Scott and Tom Dreier. Another rugged crew is **MARSHALL**, which failed last year to reach the .500 level for the first time in a quarter century. But four returning starters, five other lettermen, two transfer students and some fine sophomores make the Big Green a genuine contender. Driving the run-and-shoot offense is 5-foot-9 Guard Lou Mott, who will be passing in to 6-foot-8 Center Bob Burgess, senior Forwards Tex Williams and Bruce Moody or soph Phil Carter, who replaces the graduated John Milhoan. Coach Jule

Rivlin has a team of lettermen on the bench, including Jim Gallion, Ron Lambert, Charlie Moore, Dave Pugh and Harry Roberts. Transfers Gene Slater and Mckey Sydenstricker bolster an inexperienced team which has speed and a balanced offense. **BOWLING GREEN** has lost All-American Guard Jimmy Darrow and his 29-point average. Although starters Jim Routson, Bob Dawson and Dennis Reed are back, Coach Harold Anderson will look to sophomores for most of his lineup. Several of them are good enough to make the Bee Gees a title contender. Nate Thurmond, at 6 feet 10, will be the key to the single-pivot fast break, aided by soph Guards Elijah Chatman and Pat Haley. Two

LAST SEASON

	Points		Rebounds	
	W	L	W	L
OHIO U	10	2	16	8
TOLEDO	6	3	15	5
BOWLING GREEN	6	6	16	15
MIAMI (O.)	6	6	8	16
WESTERN MICHIGAN	6	7	13	11
MARSHALL	4	6	16	13
KENT STATE	3	10	6	15

springy newcomers who become eligible at midyear are Wavy Junior and Bob Carbaugh. Five others from last year's freshman team which won 15 of 18 games, plus veteran Jim Zak, give Bowling Green a strong bench. **MIAMI** maintains an ambitious nonconference schedule. Coach Dick Shrider had a much better team than the 8-16 mark of last year indicated, and a strong returning nucleus is anxious to prove it. Forward Vern Lawson, a 16-point scorer, is back in the starting lineup with Guard Dave Zeller and Center Ted Garrison. Returning reserves Dave Mack and Lavern Benson averaged 13 points between them last year, and some sophomores should help. Lack of size is the Redskins' chief problem. **KENT STATE** has been crippled by the loss of all-conference Forward Oliver Wallace and high-scoring Guard Charlie Boykin, both of whom dropped out of school last spring. Coach Bill Bertka retains starters Chet Thomas and Hal Estis, plus regular Jim Maddox, Pete Baltic and Harvey Hunt. Sophomores Jerry Cleland, Tom Simmons and Dennis Klug are top candidates in the search for a new scoring combination on this big but inexperienced team.



STRESSING DEFENSE. Toledo Coach Eddie Melvin runs squad through one-on-one drill that emphasizes quick shifting of body weight to counter offensive moves.



AT LAST, IT'S EASY TO TAKE GREAT MOVIES INDOORS

GIVE THE NEW SYLVANIA

DOES AWAY WITH BULKY BAR LIGHTS FOREVER

Got a movie camera owner on your list? Then here's the gift to thrill him. The compact new Sylvania SUN GUN does the work of a bulky multiple-light bar, and does it easier and better! SUN GUN brightens the scene like the sun — gives truer colors, eliminates "hot spots" and double shadows. And actors can look close to the camera without squinting. Get a gift-wrapped SUN GUN at your nearest camera counter today. Sylvania Lighting Products, Division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

SUN
GUN
MOVIE LIGHT

Only \$24⁹⁵*



*Manufacturer's suggested list

SYLVANIA

Subsidiary of **GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS**



BIG TEN



The national championship team and three outstanding members of the victorious U.S. Olympic basketball squad add special interest to this conference race. **OHIO STATE** has four starters back from last year's NCAA winner. Coach Fred Taylor has lost only starting Forward Joe Roberts and top reserve Dick Furry. This is essentially the same crew that led the nation in scoring and was third in rebounding. All-America Center Jerry Lucas averaged more than 26 points as a sophomore, making an astonishing 64% of his field goals. Two all-conference players in their own right are Forward John Havlicek, a relentless competitor, and Larry Siegfried, a guard who excels in high lead passes to Lucas. Junior Guard Mel Nowell, with a 13-point average, is the fourth starter, and the other forward slot goes to 6-foot-4 veteran Bobby Knight. Top reserves at guard are Gary Gearhart and Richie Hoyt,

while two sophomores, Doug McDonald and Dick Reasbeck, contribute to a bench that is not as deep or as tall as last year's. Only **INDIANA**, which beat Ohio State once last year, appears to have a strong chance of taking the conference crown away. Walt Bellamy, 6 feet 11, is back to lead the Hoosiers. Remarkably agile for his size, Bellamy has improved so each year that his return compensates in large measure for the loss of three starters. Junior Forward Charlie Hall and senior Guard Gary Long also ease the transition, but the real cause for high hopes here is a bunch of five sophomores, two of whom will start. Forward Tom Bolyard, 6 feet 4, plays a fast, rugged floor game, while thin Jimmie Rayl is the best shooter to arrive on campus in years. A third newcomer, Guard Ray Pavy, also has an imposing collection of shots. Another prominent figure in Coach Branch McCracken's plans is Gordon Mickey, 6-foot-7 junior forward. Three more very perpendicular sophomores are Center Winston Fairfield, 6 feet 10, Forward David Granger, 6 feet 7, and Forward David Porter, 6 feet 4. Indiana is still on probation and thus ineligible for the NCAA tournament, but could take Big Ten honors. **PURDUE** has its entire starting five back, plus two top reserves. Hub of the team is lean 6-foot-6 junior Center Terry Dischinger, who as a sophomore won the Big Ten scoring title with a 27.4 average, was a consensus All-America. The scrappy Dischinger has tremendous spring and maneuver-

ability. Two more juniors, 6-foot-5 Darrell McQuitty and 6-foot-4 Jerry Berkshire, provide reasonably competitive height in the corners, while the guard posts are manned by the only two seniors, Bob Orrill and Dick Mitchell. The Boilermakers need more height and more scoring from their guards to go with their chief assets—speed, experience and Dischinger. **ILLINOIS** has been at once hard hit by graduation, losing 34 points a game with the departure of Governor Vaughn and Mannie Jackson, and pleasantly invaded by three gifted sophomores. Bill Burwell, 6 feet 8, 243 pounds, should be the Big Ten's top soph. Dave Downey, a fast and clever forward, and 6-foot-2 Guard Bill Small also start their varsity careers with rave billings. Coach Harry Combes' only returning starter is 6-foot-7 Center John Wessels, who will now alternate at forward and center, as will 6-foot-5 letterman Ed Searey, a junior. Two junior guards, Jerry Colangelo and Doug Mills, return from last year's reserves. Illinois is tall, fast and composed of good shooters. Their weakness, if any, must be lumped under the category "inexperience." Of the three other teams contending seriously for a first-division finish, **MINNESOTA** shows the best balance. Coach Johnny Kundla has many fine young players, three of whom are likely starters as sophomores. Although the new men give the team more depth and speed than it has had in years, the Gophers will use a pattern offense until they find a big, dependable rebounder to trigger the fast break. Tallest of the three sophomores is high-scoring center Tom McGrann, 6 feet 7, who will start with classmates Eric Magdan, a 6-foot-6 forward, and Guard Bob Kammerer. Senior co-captains Dick Erickson, a 6-foot-5 forward, and Guard Paul Lehman, who recently had a cartilage removed to cure an old knee injury, will steady the sophomores. Front-courtmen Jerry Butler and Tom Skadeland are back, and so are reserve Forward Norm Grow and Guard Bob Griggs. The anticipated return of 6-foot-6 Ray Cronk will help. Currently out because of scholastic troubles, Cronk may be eligible at the start of the winter quarter. **NORTHWESTERN** has lost three top scorers for the second year in a row, but the return of both starting guards and a multitude of big, strong sophomores add up to



DRIVING THROUGH or around special defenses is normal chore for slender Purdue All-America Center Terry Dischinger, an extremely fast and deceptive floor man.

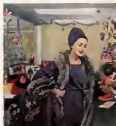
continued



Sharon Ritchie, former Miss America. Cost by Donnie Chablin.

This Christmas bowl 'em over with Accessories by AMF

Say Merry Christmas with years of bowling fun. Give a gift from the striking AMF *Fashion Line* of Bowlers' Accessories. Available in a complete range of prices and styles, AMF *Fashion Line* Bowlers' Accessories make striking Christmas gifts...are perfect to give...*perfect to get!* See them now at your "Magic Triangle" bowling center! And buy from the man who knows your game...your friendly AMF bowling proprietor.





(NIGHT VIEW)



 **Lighted Dial Travel Alarm.** Styled like pocket radio. Lights up at night for easy reading. Cord compartment. Trip-Alert.



🔔 **Miniature Lighted Dial Alarm.** Small, graceful. Lights up at night, can be read near or far. Pink, beige. Vign-ette.

 **Automatic Blanket.** Keeps you warm all over at any room temperature. Light, soft Rayon-Cotton fabric. Washable. Smart colors.



• **Home Hair Dryer.** With teach-in bonnet. Hear, walk, talk as hair dries. Portable dryer attaches to shoulder or waist strap.

General Electric Company
Housewares and Commercial Equipment Division,
Radio Receiver Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

..NEW-FASHIONED GIFTS WITH OLD-FASHIONED SENTIMENT

A General Electric gift lightens every day in many ways. It wakes you to music, perks your coffee to order, takes the care out of floor care, does all your roasting and broiling, shows the time of night from afar, keeps you warm while you sleep.



New Miniature Treasister Radio. With earphone, carrying case, battery in back—some jewelry box.



New FM-AM Clock-Radio. Tunes the FM full in power of comparable sets. AFC prevents drift. Superb Monophonic P-tone.



Cord Reel Cleaner. Touch of toe reels up cord. "Piggy-back" attachment caddy. Double-Action rug and floor tool.



Floor Polisher. Does all floors. Scrubs, waxes, polishes. Even cleans rugs. Includes all attachments. Splash guard.



Rotisserie. Use it for roasts or "open-air broiling" of steaks and chops. 3 hour timer and push-button controls.



Deluxe Coffee Maker. Perks 2 to 9 cups and keeps them hot, automatically! Reboils without re-perking. Stainless steel.



Automatic Can Opener. At a touch, opens cans cleanly. Removes or lugs lid. Safety lock. Optional wall mounting.



Fast-Rise™. Toasts all favorites—bread, buns, muffins, rolls, sandwiches below. Browns to order. Oven also toasts.



Spray, Steam and Dry Iron. Irons all fabrics safely, even wash 'n' wear. Low-temperature steam. Sprinkles. Dry more.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



PUT ON A SHOW WITH THIS SMIRNOFF HOLIDAY PUNCH!

This year, stage a surprise at your holiday party! Serve a bowl of delicious Smirnoff® Fruit Punch. Lighter and less filling than the normal Nog, it will delight your guests, and leave them *breathless*. Follow our easy recipe, or invent your own Fruit Punch, using Smirnoff Vodka with other fruit juices. Remember—smooth Smirnoff *loses itself* in just about anything that pours!

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA



SMIRNOFF® FRUIT PUNCH

Combine 2 quarts
of orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
1 quart Smirnoff®
Add orange and
lemon slices, 12 to
14 frozen strawberries.
Chill in refrigerator.
Just before serving,
add 1 quart chilled
sparkling water
and 2 trays of ice.
Serves 30 drinks.

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF, FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN. SMARTLY GIFT-WRAPPED

a team capable of doing real damage late in the season. The two speedy backcourt men, juniors Ralph Wells and Bill Cacciatore, drive a towering forward wall led by 6-foot-9 sophomore Center Bill Wolslaw. Sophomores John Miller and Ken Lutgens, both 6 feet 5, and Dave Bone, 6 feet 6, are most likely to succeed up front. Sophomore Guard Bill Gibbs will make the old hands work for their

LAST SEASON

	Conf.	W	L	W	L
OHIO STATE	12	1	25	2	25
INDIANA	11	2	20	4	24
ILLINOIS	8	4	16	7	21
MINNESOTA	8	5	10	12	19
NORTHWESTERN	6	6	16	12	18
IOWA	6	6	14	10	18
PURDUE	5	6	11	12	19
MICHIGAN STATE	5	5	10	11	19
WISCONSIN	4	10	8	16	18
MICHIGAN	1	12	4	20	10

jobs in the backcourt, too. Reserves include Brad Snyder, Ed Radtke and Warren Kauber. The squad is tall, fast and probably a year away. IOWA will be fast and unpredictable again. Sharm Scheurman, the crafty young towhead who starts his third year as coach, has some speedy little guards and clever, short forwards. With eight lettermen gone, the heart of the team is 6-foot-5 junior Forward Don Nelson, a 16-point scorer who is one of the best in the Midwest. Nelson may operate a double post with Frank Allen, a 6-foot-6 sophomore who will start at center. Reserves Bob Carpenter, Dennis Bunge and Mike Woods, and 6-foot-6 sophomores Tom Harris and Dick Shaw are scrambling for the other corner. At guard Ron Zagar runs with either Dave Maher or sophomore Matt Skykowny. Reserves include Gary Lorenz and Joel Novak, and sophomores Joe Cahalan, Joe Reddington and Tom Purcell. MICHIGAN STATE was hard hit by graduation. Six of eight lettermen, including Horace Walker, the best rebounder in Big Ten history, are gone. The Spartans are bursting with sophomores: there are 13 of them on the squad. Coach Fordy Anderson, refreshingly optimistic in a profession crowded with tight-lipped craphangers, is pleased with his team. Once again the Spartan attack will

rely more on quickness and balance of attack than sheer speed. Anchoring the offense are last year's starting guards, 5-foot-9 Dave Fabs and 6-foot-1 Art Schwarm. Up front, they're all brand-new. Jack Lamers, Dick Hall and Lonnie Sanders, one of the most talented athletes ever to come to MSU, average 6 feet 3 at forward, while 6-foot-7 Ted Williams gets the nod at center over classmate Ron Sabo. Returning reserve Bob Sparvero and sophomore Duane Kilbride complete the nine-man nucleus.

WISCONSIN's second-year Coach Johnny Erickson installed a fast break that lifted the youthful Badgers out of the doldrums last year. He is now looking for an aggressive big man (who isn't?) to join starting Guards Marty Gharrity and Jack Ullwelling and starting Forward Tom Hughbanks. Several promising newcomers flunked out of school, but two big sophomores, Center Tom Gwyn and playmaking Guard Ken Siebel, are good enough to start. A 6-foot-10 soph, Tom Black, is learning fast at center, and rebounding depth will be added if 6-foot-5 Pat Richter, star football end, recovers quickly from a broken collarbone. Lettermen Jim Biggs, Bob Powers and Dave Vandermeulen, and five more tall sophomores provide a good bench. Stronger rebounding and scoring make Wisconsin a decidedly better team this year, but it will have trouble moving up in rank against generally improved rivals. MICHIGAN's hopes of recovering from the worst season in history depend on a handsome, 6-foot-3 senior forward, John Tidwell, who averaged nearly 22 points last winter and is still improving. Coach Dave Strack replaces Bill Perigo, whose final season was marred by injuries and ineligibilities. Strack is grooming three sophomores for starting roles: Forwards Don Petroff and Tom Cole, and Guard Tom Eveland. Seven reserves are back, but two of the most important ones, Center Bob Brown and Forward Scott Maenta, are football ends and so have missed almost all of the preseason practices. Guard Jon Hall and Forward Charles Higgs were regular reserves who will play even more this season. Steve Schoenherr, Dick Clark and Rich Donley are other returning reserves. The Wolverines have good speed and shooting but are sorely lacking in height, depth and experience.

WHAT EVER YOU GIVE...



JAGUAR XK 150

GIVE THE BEST!



Sportsman
THE FINEST IN MEN'S TOILETRIES



SPORTSMAN DUET SET—
Shave Lotion, Cologne.
Matched scent. 3.3 oz.
\$1, \$2.25, \$3.75

© 1960 Sportsman



SPORTSMAN TRAVELER—
leather-like kit with
Shave Lotion, Cologne,
Deodorant. \$4.95

All prices plus tax

BIG EIGHT

The team that represents the Big Eight in the NCAA playoffs early next spring may well be the second best in this tough, well-balanced conference. During the last week in October the University of **KANSAS** was declared indigible for postseason tournaments for the next two seasons. One of its former scholars, Wilt Chamberlain, had apparently been given an automobile by a Jayhawk alumnus (Chamberlain has called the charge "ridiculous," and in fact says "the whole NCAA is ridiculous"). Last season Kansas finished in a tie with Kansas State for the Big Eight title and later beat K-State 84-82 in a playoff game to advance to the Midwest Regional finals. Still, Kansas and Coach Dick Harp, one of the nicest guys and smartest strategists in the business, will have a lot to say this year about the Big Eight championship and a lot to say to some other schools seeking national ranking. In the first month of play Kansas meets St. John's, San Francisco and North Carolina. Forward Wayne Hightower, at 6 feet 8, was the leading scorer in the conference last season with a 21.8 average, and Center Bill Bridges, at 6 feet 5, was the league's best rebounder with 14 a game. Both are back. Guard Jerry Gardner is the third first-stringer, and there are eight other players on



the roster with game experience. Butch Ellison and Dee Ketchum will split the other backcourt position, and sophomore Nolen Ellison may earn a starting guard assignment before midseason. Kansas has plenty of depth and good shooting but may be somewhat slower than usual. The knowledge that they will not be able to compete in the playoffs may affect this group's attitude on court, and this is surely Coach Harp's big problem. At **KANSAS STATE**, where Tex Winter has coached four Big Eight champions in the last five seasons, things are once again looking up. One big reason is Roger Suttner who, at 7 feet, is the tallest player in K-State history. Nine others are moving up with Suttner from the Wildcats' undefeated freshman team of 1959-60. These sophs average 6 feet 3 and should blend well with the eight lettermen, who average 6 feet 4. State will interchange its post to get the most effective movement out of junior Mike Wroblewski, 6 feet 8, and

Cedric Price, 6 feet 6, the only senior on the team. Forwards Larry Comley and Pat McKenzie were starters at one time or another last season, but they will have to hustle to keep ahead of sophs Gary Marriott and Dave Nelson. All four of these possible starting forwards are 6 feet 5. Tex Winter's only serious problem is to develop a floor leader—often far more difficult than it appears. In any event, State has the height to get the ball from any team in the country. Coach Glen Anderson at **IOWA STATE** says, "We could be better this year due to added depth and experience but the other teams in our league will also be better. It will be hard to improve on our fourth-place finish of last year." Considering that the Cyclones were fundamentally a sophomore team and lost only one man (Guard Larry Fie), Anderson is certainly safe on the experience angle. Of the seven league games Iowa State lost last season, four were lost by a total of only 12 points. The 1960-61 crew includes nine players 6 feet 4 or over, topped by 6-foot-11 Terry Roberts, who will alternate with Bob Stoy in the single post. Neither has shown sufficient scoring ability, but Forward Vince Brewer, last year's top scorer (15.3), should be worth even more points with a year of play behind him. Anderson plans to give two veterans, Gary Wheeler and John Ptacek, first chance at the starting guard spots. Forward Henry Whitney, at 6 feet 7, is one of the highest jumpers in the Big Eight and, hopefully, will provide the rebounding to trigger Anderson's fast break. Iowa State is a conservative team and plays a lot of pattern basketball. The month of December should give a clear indication of State's potential, for early in that month the schedule shows Wisconsin, Wichita and Washington twice. **OKLAHOMA STATE** was the second-best defensive team in the nation last year, with 52.2 points per game to California's 49.5. Second best never satisfied Coach Hank Iba, and he expects improvement this time around. Last year was only the third losing season in Iba's 31 years of coaching, but much of the time was spent planning for 1961. OSU still lacks good inside shooting and consistent big men but there is good speed and excellent outside shooting. Five of Iba's lettermen were lost;



FLASHY FORWARD Wilky Gilmore of Colorado, shown driving in for a layup, is sure to be among the league leaders in scoring and rebounding in his second year.

five return, including his son Moe, a guard with a fine right-handed jump shot. Young Iba, however, is still recovering from a recent knee operation and probably will not play until the end of December. Some height moves up from last season's frosh team, including 6-foot-10 Center Lyle Kelly and 6-foot-8 Max Shuck, who can play either at forward or center. Don Linsenmeyer, a guard, and Ivan Wiley, a forward, will also stick with the varsity. Eddie Bunch, Cecil Epperley and David Miller will be used up front. This crew controls the ball very well, and in young Iba they have a genuine floor leader. They could jump from a tie for last place to the first division. **OKLAHOMA** was seventh in defense last season, giving up an average of 56.8 points per game. Unfortunately for the Sooners, however, their offensive output was hardly much better—59.7. Of the team's four top scorers only the leader, Brian Etheridge (10.4 points per game), is back. Etheridge, 6 feet 8, Connie McGuire and Darrell Hobmann, both 6 feet 7, give Oklahoma plenty of size, but

spell Evans. A bad start (four conference losses in their first eight league games) hurt the Sooners last year, but they were playing fine ball near the end of the season, winning five of their last six. Before this season began, **COLORADO** lost its third-leading scorer and leading floor man, Guard Stan Williams, because of scholastic deficiencies. Meanwhile, senior Roger Voss (6 feet 7) is hitting the books hard to avoid ineligibility again. Junior Wilky Gilmore led the Buffaloes in scoring last year (13.9) and in rebounding (10.6), and is looked to for leadership once more. Gene Zyada moved in to play center when Voss failed to keep up his studies, but Zyada is not a strong rebounder. Ken Charlton, Eric Lee, Milt Mueller and Ossie Carlson are sophomores who may earn starting positions. Coach Russell (Sox) Walseth's summation of his team has the ring of Madison Avenue. "We could make a real run at the championship or could finish way down the line on account of the balance league-wise." **MISSOURI** will be improved this year but probably not enough to challenge the leaders. Coach Sparky Stalcup has two outstanding scorers in Center Charles Henke, 6 feet 7, and Joe Scott, a 6-foot-4 guard. They averaged 37.7 points between them last year but the Tigers could win only five of 14 league games. Jackie Gilbert started some early-season games at center but fell into scholastic difficulties which were corrected during summer school. Jim Lockett and Ken Doughty, a soph, will be fighting for the privilege of playing the backcourt with Scott. Defense is the big problem here. Last season **NEBRASKA's** team was involved in 10 games in which the margin of victory was five points or less. The Cornhuskers somehow managed to lose nine of them. Seven players from that team are returning, including Al Buuck, good rebounder and scorer and at 6 feet 8 the tallest player on the squad. Bernt Elle, Jim Kowalko and Jan Wall will be the forwards, unless Ivan Grupe, a soph, can make the lineup. Tommy Russell, a 6-foot-7 junior-college transfer from Independence, Kans., may help up front. At guard are Al Roots and Rex Swett. Coach Jerry Bush's team lacks experience and strength underneath but does have good outside shooting.

LAST SEASON

	CONF.	W	L	PCT.
*KANSAS	10	4	16	5
KANSAS STATE	10	4	16	5
OKLAHOMA	9	6	14	11
OWA STATE	7	7	15	5
*COLORADO	7	7	13	11
MISSOURI	6	9	13	12
NEBRASKA	4	10	7	17
OKLA. STATE	4	10	12	10

*Was playoff for NCAA Tournament berth
**Perfect game by Iowa State

only Etheridge is a capable scorer. In limited play as reserves last year McGuire averaged just 2.8 points and Hohmann only 1.6. The big noise at Norman this year will be sophomore Guard Eddie Evans, who will be the smallest starter this year in the Big Eight. Only 5 feet 9, he was an outstanding freshman with a game average of 17 points. Coach Doyle Parrack believes Evans was the equal of any of his varsity starters last season. Even if Parrack is right, however, Oklahoma doesn't seem capable of improving on last year's third-place finish. Donald Riggan, a 6-foot-9½ center, and Stan Morrison, a 6-foot-7 front-court man, give added bench strength. George Kernek and Phil Leonard are first-rate guards, but one will have to



BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

the imported
English Gin that
doubles your
martini pleasure



Beefeater—symbol
of integrity in
British tradition
and in the finest
English Gin.

Unequaled
since 1820

BEEFEATER GIN

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
KOBRAND CORPORATION • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

BORDER



Seldom is a team so heavy a favorite to win its conference title as **NEW MEXICO STATE**. The outlook was summed up by Arizona Coach Fred Enke when he was asked to name the top players in his area. His answer: "The New Mexico State starting lineup." The heart of that lineup is a lofty trio of veterans: 6-foot-8 Forward George Knighton, who dropped in 52% of his field goals for a 21-point average last year and is a fine offensive rebounder; 6-foot-9 Center Billy Joe Price, who keyed State's excellent defense and scored 12 points a game; and Guard Vincent Knight, who built a 13-point average with outside shots. Coach Presley Askew has three sophomores who may start, including tall Forwards Russell Mathews and Dave Kilburn and Guard Dave Brown. Four good junior-college transfers are on tap, led by 6-foot-8 Bob Rogers. At rival **ARIZONA STATE**, Coach Ned Wulke is rebuilding the team that finished fifth in the nation in offense by scoring 84 points a game. Wulke's igniter is 5-foot-9 Guard Larry Armstrong, who whipped in 15 points a game as a sophomore, and works well with his forwards, powerful Ollie Payne and 6-foot-6 Bill Pryor. Three junior-college products, Jerry Hahn, Jerry Daugherty and Joe Pesavento, add strength, as do four sophomores (all over 6 feet 4). Of these, Forward Tony Cerkven-

ik has the best chance to start. This offense-minded team lost four regulars but has good shooting and speed. **TEXAS WESTERN** has two prize junior-college transfers. One is sophomore Nolan Richardson, a jump shooter good enough to break all the Border scoring records, and the other is 6-foot-9 Larry Smith. Al Tolien and Don Burgess, who averaged 20.3 and 10.6 points and are fine rebounders, both return. More height is supplied by 6-foot-8 sophomore Ted Sterrett. Coach Harold Davis has scoring power and good ball handlers to run his single-post attack. Reserve strength consists of more transfers: Paul Hines, Jerry Ray, Fred Smith and Gordon Hines. **ARIZONA** Coach Fred Enke starts his 36th year with the Wildcats. Five lettermen are back, but the graduation of conference scoring champ, Center Ernie McCray, will hurt. Enke will alternate between a double-post offense and one with no post at all. Forwards Marv Dutt and Kirk

Young return, while sophomore Wes Flynn joins Bill Weese in the backcourt. Art LaZar and JC All-America Joe Skaisgir add to the team's good speed and shooting. Another newcomer, 6-foot-6 Monte Clausen, a fine rebounder, has to sharpen his shooting eye, but bravely moves into McCray's spot. **HARDIN-SIMMONS** must develop a new starting center, but Coach Bill Scott is a bit more fortunate than most of his colleagues. His top candidate, 6-foot-8 Bob Taylor, acquired plenty of experience last year as a reserve. Guards Milt Martin and Dave Kissinger, who averaged 16 and 15 points respectively, return with reserves Dallas Christian,

LAST SEASON

	Conf.	W	L
NEW MEX. STATE	6	3	20
ARIZONA STATE	7	3	10
WEST TEXAS STATE	7	3	11
ARIZONA	4	9	20
HARDIN-SIMMONS	3	7	6
TEXAS WESTERN	1	0	6

Lynn Mendenhall and Paul Hinds, but the team lacks depth. **WEST TEXAS STATE** lost not one but two centers, including all-conference front-court man Milt Pitts. So 6-foot-8 Jim Conner, who was injured last season, will step up for his turn and can count on experienced help from Guards Keith Blair and Jim Cutsinger. The team's rapid improvement under Coach Metz LaFollette may continue if sophomores, 6-foot-6 Bob Grace and Guard Sonny Blankenship, are effective. Forwards Henry Hardaway, Jerry Bell and Frank Castleberry add some needed depth.

POST POSITION and controlling ball in the handoff are explained in practice to all-conference Forward George Knighton by New Mexico State Coach Presley Askew.



Some of the Negro colleges in the area again have powerhouse teams. Best of the group is **GRAMBLING**, where Coach Fred Hobdy's career record (105-19) soon will be even more remarkable. Hobdy has small-college All-America Forwards Rex Tippitt and Charlie Hardnett, the pair that helped the NAIA All-Stars defeat Ohio State in the Olympic trials last March, plus high-scoring Hershell West and 6-foot-9 Tom Bowens. Traditionally strong **TEXAS SOUTHERN** is rebuilding, so Grambling's only threats come from **JACKSON STATE** and **PRAIRIE VIEW**, which compiled records of 22-4 and 21-5, respectively, last season.

TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT! IN FOUR CONVENIENT SIZES

While all celebratable occasions are equal in our eyes, some are more equal than others and we have bottled accordingly.

If you can sleep late in the morning or are a show-off, we recommend the Jeroboam. It is the largest; it holds four bottles of Champagne. The Magnum holds two bottles; the Bottle holds a bottle (or one fifth) and the Half-Bottle holds a half-bottle.

There is much to say about each of these beauties, showing them to you has left us far too little space to say it here. Enough for now to know that you may buy them filled with any one of four Paul Masson California Champagnes: Brut, Extra Dry, Pink or Sparkling Burgundy.

If you thirst after information and must have more, we will be pleased to send you an attractive booklet if you write us at Saratoga, California. It is loaded with lore but then so are we; 108 this year.



© PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY

Oh la la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



OH LA LA Perfume, \$40.00 to \$75.00
Parfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentrate,
Bath Powder, each \$5.00, plus tax.

PARFUMS

CIRO



SKYLINE

The championship of the Skyline Conference has eluded **UTAH STATE** for 22 years, but this season it appears that the Aggies, with a little bit of luck, will win at last. Coach Cecil Baker has more depth, which will help, although Baker is a man who likes to stick with his starters. Three of the four top scorers from a 1959-60 team good enough to receive a National Invitational Tournament bid have returned—Cornell Green, Tyler Wilbon and Max Perry. Green and Wilbon (each is 6 feet 4) will function at forward (Wilbon was the Skyline's shortest center last year), and the slick and speedy Perry again will be the floor general. Aside from being the highest scorer in the Skyline (21.2 average), Green was also its second best rebounder (13.9 average). Transfers Charlie Walker and Darnel Haney, 6 feet 5 and 6 feet 8 respectively, both averaged 21 points a game in junior college and one will start at pivot. Letterman Gilbert Walker and sophomore Don Holman are each capable of playing the other backcourt position. **UTAH**'s chances of winning an unprecedented third straight title were severely hurt by the automobile accident in August which caused a compound fracture of Allen Holmes' right leg. He is a fine playmaker. Dapper Coach Jack Gardner must rely heavily on Billy McGill, the 6-foot-9 center who averaged 15.5 points a game last season as a sophomore. McGill, though erratic, has the potential to be one of the best players in the nation, and he worked hard during the summer on his books and pivots. But Rich Ruffell, Joe Morton and Jim Rhoad are going to have to shoot often and well to make up for the loss of Holmes. The Redskins rolled up an offensive average of 83.5 points per game last year and were one of three teams able to beat top-ranked Ohio State. However, Utah did not

have a strong freshman team, and 6-foot-6 Larry Arrick and 6-foot-2 Bob Cosby appear to be the only sophs who will play regularly. Ed Rowe and Bo Crane, a pair of 6-foot-2 junior-college transfers, will take turns in Holmes' vacant spot up front. **WYOMING** Coach Bill Strannigan's first year as head man at his old alma mater was hardly a success. Bob Steckman and Bill Nelson have returned, but the first unit this year will be composed of four transfer students and a sophomore. Center Alan Eastland is 6 feet 8 and led the fresh team with a 21-point average; Forwards Ron Bostick, 6 feet 3, and Maynard Lang, 6 feet 4, are both fast;

LAST SEASON

	Conf.	Points			
		W	L	W	L
UTAH	10	1	28	6	
UTAH STATE	12	3	24	6	
COLORADO STATE U.	10	4	23	16	
DERBY	9	6	12	11	
BRIGHAM YOUNG	9	6	6	17	
MONTANA	2	11	7	17	
NEW MEXICO	3	11	8	16	
WYOMING	3	12	8	16	

Guards Earl Nau and Curtis Jimerson are good dribblers and outside shooters. Wyoming will use the new talent to make its fast break even speedier. Steckman and Nelson, the holdovers from 1959-60, will be used as spot players. **BRIGHAM YOUNG** and Coach Stan Watts spent most of last season rebuilding, and only Gary Earnest and hook-shooting Dave Eastis are sure starters. The two averaged 32.7 points a game between them and grabbed half of BYU's rebounds. Timo Lampen, a Finn who sat out last season, will be a starting forward. Gary Batchelor and Ron Steinke are good guards. Bruce Burton and Bob Inglis have the height (6 feet 5 and 6 feet 11) but still need experience. There is one thing decidedly against the Cougars and that is one of the heaviest schedules in a single month that any school will play. Ten games plus a tournament are lined up for the month of December. **COLORADO STATE** Coach Jim Williams is building an entire new front line because of the departure of Chuck Newcomb, Larry Hoffner and Tony Reales. Sophomore Bill Green (6 feet 5) will help Lyle Hunsaker, Ollie Watts and Jack Omdahl in the

front court. The Aggies are set at the guard positions, with Manny Lawrence (9.3 average) and Jim Turner (7.0 average), and they have fond hopes for several sophomores. **MONTANA**'s three returning starters, four experienced reserves and seven sophomores give Coach Forrest Cox a solid nucleus this year. The club has improved rebounding with Duane Ruessegger and Daniel Sullivan, both 6 feet 6, and Center Steve Lowry, 6 feet 7. It will be up to these three to provide aggressive board strength, and if they do Montana should be able to work its way into the middle of the Skyline tangle. Ray Lucien, at 5 feet 10, is a fine shooter, pairs at guard with vet Ron Quilling. **NEW MEXICO** has its entire starting team back, led by the Skyline's leading rebounder, 6-foot-3 Tom King, and its third-leading scorer, Francis Grant. Coach Bob Sweeney is high on junior-college transfer Ben Brooks, a 6-foot-5 forward or center. Lanny Winters and Bernie Brunameli give New Mexico an ample backcourt. The team could jump to fourth place this season. **DENVER** Coach Hoyt Bawner believes his team will perk up once his six sophomores gain experience. Bob Moe, Rick Barrett and Boh Grinstead, out most of last season with injuries, are the best of six returning. Grinstead, at 6 feet 7, is the equal of any pivot man in the conference except McGill. Tim Vezie and Dennis Hodge, both sophs, will also start.



HOOK-SHOOTING Billy McGill leads Utah's drive for a third straight title.



What's a holiday without HENNESSY



The giving and sharing of France's finest cognac is a holiday tradition. In fact, Americans choose Hennessy over all other cognacs combined. You show supreme taste when your gift has that unmistakable Hennessy Supremacy.

HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

★★★/V S O P /Bres O'Dr/X.O./Extra • 80 & 84 proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

There is only one certainty in the conference this year: **IDaho STATE**, after eight successive championships, will not win a ninth. Conference members have voted that a team must play a minimum of 12 league games to be eligible for the title, and State, enlarging its nonconference schedule, plays only six. Coach Johnny Evans starts his second year at Idaho State with a roster that does not seem to be on a par with recent Bengal teams, but there is more to his lineup than meets the eye. In addition to all-conference Guard Frank Swopes, Evans has starter Ray Griffith, a 6-foot-4 forward, and six junior-college transfers. Two of them, 6-foot-8 Al Rolf and 6-foot-5 Charlie Bearup, are red-shirts who will start in the front line, although both have to beat out 6-foot-5 Goose Crumby. Guard Jack Wombolt is another transfer likely to start. Letterman Dennis Moulton, Bob Blum and Larry Knackstedt and transfers Ron Olson and Bob Dye should help. **COLORADO STATE** emerges as the leader in a free-for-all for the title. Coach John Bunn has depth and if he can develop a rebounder to replace Jim Hrunka his three returning starters will run the free-lance fast break. Two candidates have applied for the job: Leon Johnson, a 6-foot-5 reserve, and 6-foot-6 Rod Holst, a sophomore with no previous basket-



ball experience. Guard Theo Holland, from last year's all-conference team, paces the returning starters with a 17-point average. Holland's running mate, 5-foot-9 Frank Carbajal, gives the squad the best backcourt in the conference. Starting Forward Bob Ruffin has his corner insured, while the other goes to sophomore Ted Wright, who beat out Roy Betz and Wellington Williams and sophomore Gary Burkgren. Jim Blewett is again the No. 1 reserve at guard, backed up by sophomores Jim Gilbert and Jerry Ratliff. Last year Bunn opened the season against tough outside teams but this year's nonconference games involve less imposing opposition. Coach Willard Pederson has been building patiently and steadily at **COLORADO WESTERN**, and now has six starters ready to move the team from a long residence in the second division. Western's scoring punch is in the backcourt. Guard Jim Bevers led the league with a 21.6-point average last year, and Ken Barone was not far behind until he was sidelined by a con-

cussion. Gale Fillmore missed last season after breaking his leg in football. Starting Forwards Don Allen, Dave Braugham and Richard Buck are all back. The obvious problem is to find a center. Pederson is turning hopefully to two transfer students, 6-foot-5 Phil Coulter and 6-foot-4 Maurice Warren. Reserve Forward Jim Horney and sophomores Ralph Beckerman and Ron Anderson give the not-very-tall Mountaineers plenty of depth and speed to go with a good scoring punch. Championship hopes at **COLORADO COLLEGE** are pinned on the ability of a couple of junior-college transfers to take over the vacated

LAST SEASON

	CONF.		SEASON	
	W	L	W	L
IDAH0 STATE	8	2	24	8
COLORADO COLLEGE	18	3	17	8
COLORADO STATE	52	8	14	11
COLORADO WESTERN	8	12	7	17
COLORADO MINES	4	14	5	28
ADAMS STATE	5	18	5	28

guard spots. Dan Wright and Farrell Thompson, along with reserve Tony Sellitto, will run behind the most experienced front line of any of the teams eligible for the crown. Coach Leon Eastlack can count on good shooting and strong rebounding from returning starters Art Ackerman, a 6-foot-5 center, and Forwards Jim Hanks and Jim Wexels. Another transfer, 6-foot-5 Center Dave Krell, joins reserve Forward Paul Mott and sophomore Farrell Howell to form the second line up front. Look out for **ADAMS STATE** this year. New Coach Jack Cotton has 6-foot-4 Fred Sims, a hot transfer from New Mexico, and four returning starters. Center John Friem, Forward Jim Davenport and Guards John Blatnick and Garland Osborne complete the first five. At 6 feet 6, reserve Forward Jack Horn is the tallest player in school, but soph Bob Pigford, two inches shorter, has the best chance to displace a starter. **COLORADO MINES** is the only team that is not stronger this year. Two starters, Guard Jerry Cronen and Forward George Clausen, are back with reserves Rip Van Sickle, a 6-foot-5 center, Guards Bill Fleener and Leroy Wretling and Forwards Brent Beer and Chuck Strain. Coach Jim Darden faces a rough winter due to lack of height.

COMPLETE CONTROL of offensive rebounding is displayed by the all-veteran front line at Colorado College as Forward Jim Hanks (34) goes high for a tip-in attempt.



WEST COAST

It is hard to imagine a closer race than the one here last year, when four teams were in contention with only two games to play. Once again four squads are of championship caliber, with **LOYOLA** likely the strongest. The Lions tied for the title last year with a group of sophomores, and are determined to prove it was no fluke. Coach Bill Donovan will start four men—juniors Ed Bento, Jerry Grote and Tony Krallman and senior Tom Ryan—who were double-figure scorers in this ball-control, deliberate-offense league. Grote was chosen most



for the front line in Coach Bob Feerick's five-man weave offense are sophomores Gene Shields, 6 feet 8, Joe Weiss, 6 feet 7, and Leroy Jackson, 6 feet 6, who join the team's only returning starter, Ron McGee, a mere 6 feet 5. Barry Christina and Pete Lillevand were active reserves at guard, but help will be needed here from the sophomores. **SAN FRANCISCO** was understandably disorganized after the unexpected departure of star Fred LaCour and Coach Phil Woolpert at the start of last season. Two fine shooters, Guard Bob Gailhard and Forward Bob Ralls, plus clever Forward Charley Range and Guard Frank Nolan, give new Coach Pete Peletta four returning starters. Tall reserves, Bill Gallagher and Hal Urban, return at forward, as do Guards Glen Wilson and Bill Connelly. Peletta's one big need is a tall center. **PEPPERDINE** graduated three of four top scorers, yet may develop into a better team than the one which lost the title in the last game of the season. Starting Guards Bobby Blue

and Rex Hughes, with sophomores Lee Tinsley and Noel Smith, form a fast, accurate-shooting nucleus but one which lacks size. Coach Duck Dowell will again employ the only fast-break offense in the conference. He has tall reserves in Tim Tift, Bob Hultz and sophomore Dick Leroy, while reserves Dave Hanzcock and Gary Dixon return at guard. **SAN JOSE STATE**'s new Coach Stu Inman plans to install a new set of patterns, and must test them with last year's reserves, since Guard Gary Ryan is the only returning starter. The other guard, 5-foot-11 Vance Barnes, has high-jumped 6 feet 10 inches, while a 6-foot-7 USC transfer, Joe Braun, should be a happy solution to the center problem. Reserves Art Dalbey, Vic Corl and Norm Bostock, and sophomores Bill Robertson, Rolf Dahl and Bill Yonge all have a chance to start. **COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC** Coach Van Sweet has no illusions—inadequate speed, defense and rebounding ability cannot all be overcome by good shooting, the one asset the squad does possess. One of the best scorers in the area will be Ken Stanley, and the other gunners are veterans Sandy Bleer and Lew Leonard and sophs Ivar Kent and Rollo Parsons. There is no one to take the place of two-time national champion rebounder Leroy Wright, and the two big men, 6-foot-8 Brent Leonard and 6-foot-6 John Nicholls, are very inexperienced. Guard Gary Brinck and reserve Forward Sam Cardinale add limited depth.

LAST SEASON

	Conf.		Season	
	W	L	W	L
*SANTA CLARA	6	3	31	9
LOYOLA	6	3	32	8
PEPPERDINE	6	4	34	10
ST. MARY'S	7	3	35	11
SAN FRANCISCO	6	7	26	17
COL. PACIFIC	2	16	6	17
SAN JOSE ST.	2	16	6	16

* Defeated Loyola in playoff for NCAA Tournament berth.

valuable player in the conference, and Ryan set a school record of 362 rebounds. They will be joined by Bill Wagner, an all-conference center in 1958-59, out last year with a bad knee. Sophomore Brian Quinn and reserves Bernard Bowler and Jim Senske are the nucleus of a talented but shallow bench. **ST. MARY'S** is always strong, and this year is no exception despite the recent loss of 6-foot-9 Center Al Claiborne because of a shoulder injury. The Gaels have two outstanding starters in 6-foot-6 Forward Tom Meschery and Guard Gene Womack. Up from a freshman team with an 18-1 record are high-scoring Steve Gray, who will start at forward, and Guards Vurdell Newsome and Tom Sheridan, one of whom will start alongside Womack. Plenty of depth at guard is provided by Greg Johnston and Jerry Corker, but Hamilton Holmes is the only adequate reserve at forward. Coach Jim Weaver's main worries are a recurrence of Meschery's injuries, finding a substitute for Claiborne and the fact that St. Mary's plays no league games at home. **SANTA CLARA** has lost eight seniors, but gains a towering group of sophomores, who won 20 of 22 games as freshmen. Available



PASSING DRILL at Loyola is directed by Coach Bill Donovan, who finished in tie for first with green team last year, should win title with the same bunch this time.

PACIFIC GROUP

Only five teams from the old Pacific Coast Conference play anything resembling a league schedule, but all nine are included here because they are still measured against each other in deciding Pacific Coast ratings. At **CALIFORNIA**, new Coach Rene Herrera is continuing Pete Newell's full-court defensive tactics. Newell, after building a 119 won, 44 lost record at Cal in six seasons, has become athletic director. Since there is a good nucleus of lettermen, Cal again will be among the best in the nation on defense. Bill McClintock, a fine rebounder, is up front with Dave Stafford, Stan Morrison is at the post and the backcourt is manned by veterans Bob Wendell and Earl Shultz. **UCLA** Coach John Wooden has fair balance and depth but still needs a floor leader and some scoring punch at center. Veteran John Green and soph Ron Lawson will form the backcourt, with either John Berberich, 6 feet 8, or newcomer Mel Proffit, 6 feet 5, at the post. Gary Cunningham and Bill Ellis were alternate starters last year, are permanent now. **WASHINGTON**, which lost its first five league games in 1959-60 by a total of eight points, has four starters returning, plus a flock of promising transfer students and some tall sophs moving up. Bill Hanson and Roger Niva give the Huskies a powerful front line, and



Earl Irvine, out last year because of academic deficiencies, adds rebounding strength. Veterans Clint Names and Lyle Bakken, sophs Ed Correll and Porter LaMoine and transfers Keith Brown, John Mack and Bill Hansen round out an excellent, balanced squad. If there is one shortcoming at Washington, it is a lack of experienced seniors. **STANFORD** has its tallest team ever and should get a lot of mileage out of Dick Hosley and John Postius, both of whom sat out last season with injuries. Co-captains John Hendry and Bub Bowling return, along with 6-foot-8 John Windsor and Phil Kelly. Stanford has depth, size and good defense but is inexperienced at guard and center and needs stronger shooting. At **OREGON STATE** Coach Sluts Gill welcomes 11 experienced players. Karl Anderson, Jay Carty and Steve Flynn are up front, Bill Wald and Jim Woodland are the guards. Steve Pauly, a 6-foot-4 sophomore, helps with the rebounding, as do veterans Bob Jacobson and Ernie Johnson. The squad has size,

speed and depth, lacks a consistent outside shooter. **WASHINGTON STATE** has lost six players for scholastic reasons, but Charlie Setts, Dwight Damon and Terry Ball are back. Neil Dirom, Bill McKenzie, Ernie Wood and Nick August are experienced reserves, but State needs rebounders. Gill also lacks a consistent scorer and a dependable second forward. **OREGON** plays a stronger schedule than last year but Dennis Strickland, Glen Moore and Charlie Warren, all skilled lettermen, are ready for it. Bill Simmons, a 6-foot-4 forward, also started some games last year, and Verlund Kimp-ton, Wally Knecht and Leon Hayes

LAST SEASON

	CONF		NATION	
	W	L	W	L
CALIFORNIA	11	1	25	2
UCLA	7	5	14	12
USC	5	7	19	11
STANFORD	4	7	11	14
WASHINGTON	2	9	10	18
OREGON	—	—	10	10
OREGON STATE	—	—	10	11
WASHINGTON STATE	—	—	12	12
IDAHO	—	—	21	25

will help as alternates. Oregon will have improved outside shooting, fair speed and height but needs a replacement for graduated floor leader Chuck Rask. The **IDAHO** Vandals have a new coach, Joe Cipriano, and three seasoned starters, but are still a year away from contention. Ken Mares, 6-foot-7 center, and Rollie Williams and Dale James are sure first-stringers. Rich Porter is one of three sophs moving up to the varsity and has the best chance to play regularly. John Fleming, Tom Gwilliam, Chuck Lange and Gary Floon round out a tall, speedy but shallow squad. **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**'s Coach Forrest Twogood has a lot of young material that will take time to develop. One returning starter, 6-foot-6 John Rudometkin, and regulars Chris Appel and Ken Stanley form a strong nucleus, to which a pair of 6-foot-7 sophmores, Gordon Martin and Bob Benedetti, can be added. Dan Weir, Pete Hillman and Wells Stoniger also move up. Neil Edwards and Vern Ashby are reserve alternates. Inexperience will hinder USC early in the season, but there is better size than last year and some good shooting. Since there is not one senior on the squad, this bunch may be the Coast's best next winter.

POPPING FROM OUTSIDE, UCLA's Gary Cunningham tries corner jumper. One of very few Coast teams to use fast break, Bruins need take-charge man to make it go.



Now Schick harnesses the world's mightiest head
to the most powerful motor in shaving history



that's why you get faster, closer, more comfortable shaves...or your money back!

This Christmas give him the big change in electric shaving!



1-2-3 SPEEDS! Only Schick lets a man shift the speed to suit his beard and skin. He picks the speed or combination of speeds right for his whiskers!



WORLD'S BIGGEST HEAD with 1,066 slots (41% more than any other razor). Fully adjustable to let a man shave close as he wants without irritating.



GREAT SHAVES! What else could he expect from the mightiest shaving head on any razor? And for extra comfort, head is curved to fit the contours of his face.

© 1966, Schick Incorporated. Also available in Canada.

14-DAY MONEY-BACK HOME TRIAL at most dealers! Buy the 1066 now... free trial starts Christmas day. If it doesn't outshave any razor he's ever used...you get your money back!

ALL NEW
1066
SCHICK
3 SPEED RAZOR

WORLD'S MIGHTIEST SHAVING INSTRUMENT

Schick Incorporated - Inventors of Electric Shaving

INDEPENDENTS



EAST: For the past three seasons the Friars of **PROVIDENCE** have been among the seven top defensive teams in the country and they are again a ball-hawking, shot-blocking group this year. Len Wilkens is gone, but Jim Hadnot, a superb rebounder, and the spectacular John Egan are back. So are Tim Moyanahan, Dennis Guimares, Richard Holzheimer, Richard Leonard and Thomas Nyire. Sophomores—four excellent ones—are also going to help tremendously. Vinnie Ernst, George Zalucki, Carl Spencer and Ray Flynn all averaged 11 points or better on a frosh team that had an 18-1 record. For the past two years **ST. JOHN'S** has produced rumbles of thunder but very little lightning. The personnel seemed far superior to performance. This season Coach Joe Lapchick's Redmen get an early chance for national honors, meeting Kansas first and then Providence in the opening round of the Holiday Festival. All-America Tony Jackson (21.2 average) should get more help this year from Willie Hall, LeRoy Ellis and Ivan Kovacs, all of whom were erratic last winter. Kevin Loughery, a Boston College transfer, and Donny Burka, who averaged 24.2 points a game for the frosh, should help. **ST. BONAVENTURE** has lost playmaker Sam Stith but retains his sharpshoot-

er brother Tom, the first All-America in Bonnie history. Last season he was the country's second-leading scorer, with a 31.5-point average. Fred Crawford, a 6-foot-4 sophomore, is Coach Ed Donovan's candidate to replace Sam Stith. Crawford broke all of the school's frosh scoring records last year with a 32-point average. Whitey Martin, Oerie Jirele and Tom Hanson are the strongest returnees. If Bob McCully, a 6-foot-9 center, comes through, Stith will be able to work from a corner. At **SETON HALL** new Coach Richie Regan will concentrate on establishing screens to set up his outside shooters. Hank Gunter, who hit on 57% of his attempts last year, Art Hicks, the club's top scorer with 393 points, and Ken Walker should put this program into action. Jim Burkhardt and Don Klein, both ineligible in 1959-60, might break into the starting lineup. Bill Brooks and Mike Murray are fine outside shooters. The Pirates have their toughest schedule ever, meet Ohio State in the opening round of the Holiday Festi-

val. **VILLANOVA** jumped off to a 17-1 record last year but sputtered near the end of the season. Hubie White again will lead them and probably improve on his 19-point average. Jim Huggard, Dick Kaminski and newcomer Tom Calia should all do well if 6-foot-9 soph Center Tom Hoover can get the ball off the backboards. Coach Al Severance believes Calia has the best offensive potential of any member of the squad. Bob Liberatori, Tom Samulewicz, Dave Severance and Joe Walsh are the other vets. At **HOLY CROSS** Jack Foley (591 points last year) has a good chance of joining the exclusive 1,000-point club, whose membership is limited to Tom Heinsohn, Bob Cousy, Togo Palazzi, George Kaftan and Earle Markey. The Crusaders need height and brawn under the boards, probably are the best-shooting team in New England. Co-Captains and Guards George Blaney and Tim Shea were second and third in team scoring, and both are back. So are Spencer Thompson, John Connors and Dave Slattery. Pete O'Connor, Tom Palace, Bob Foley, Anthony Capo and John Hennessey move up from a frosh club with a so-so 13-6 record. At **NYU** no less than four players—Al Barden, Al Filardi, Frank Turpin and Bobby Williams—are trying to earn the pivot position that Tom Sanders held last season. The Violets take on the best this year—Southern Cal and UCLA in California, and five teams ranked in the top 20. Led by flashy Ray Paprocky and coached by clever Lou Rossini, they should be among the best themselves. Turpin, Williams and Tom Boose come from a frosh team whose record was 18-0. **ARMY** probably has its best team in the last three years. The two top scorers are Stu Sherard, a guard with a 19.1 average who hit with 45.9% of his shots, and Lee Sager, a forward who had 18.6 and 255 rebounds in 23 games. Bob Foley moves up from the plebes, where he averaged 29 a game. Lee Anderson and Bob Strauss, both 6 feet 6, alternate at center. Ron Hannon, who missed half of last season with a shoulder separation, is at the other guard, with speedy junior Al De Jardin and plebe Gordon Arbogast in reserve. **BOSTON COLLEGE** will surprise some of its opponents this year. Lacking a really big man, B.C. still has balance, speed, experience and depth. Bill Donovan

continued



PRACTICING FAST BREAK is highly rated St. John's lineup which includes Ivan Kovacs (33), Kevin Loughery (4), LeRoy Ellis (25), Willie Hall (29), Tony Jackson.



BOB WILKINSON'S PHOTO ENLARGED OF THE ASSIGNING MAGNETISM OF THE "GOLDEN GATE" AT THE CLUB NAUTICO IN SAN JUAN

"Here's a new rum drink that brings husbands home early"

—writes San Franciscan Connie Field, who discovered the "Golden Gate" in Puerto Rico.

AN UNKNOWN man from my home town invented the "Golden Gate." Let him step forward. He is a genius.

The "Golden Gate" has been called a *rum* martini. Preposterous! The only thing it has in common with the martini is its *dryness*. And thus it really has. The dryness of pale sherry plus the dryness of white Puerto Rican rum.

My husband, who had got into a martini rut, suddenly looked at the cocktail

hour with new interest when he discovered the "Golden Gate." In Puerto Rico, it would even bring him back from fishing early. See photograph.

Since Puerto Rico, Palmer regards himself as an expert on all rum drinks. "Always see that the bottle is labeled Puerto Rican Rum," goes his sermon. "It is extra dry because it is distilled at high proof. And every drop has to be aged. That's a law in Puerto Rico."



GOLDEN GATE

1 part pale, dry sherry,
5 parts dry, white Puerto
Rican rum. Stir extra
well with cracked ice.
Strain into chilled glass.
Add twist of lemon peel.

FREE! New 25-page Rum Recipe Book
in color. Write Rumco of Puerto Rico, Dept.
E2-C, 466 Fifth Ave., New York 15, N. Y.



THE "SOUNDEST" GIFT OF ALL...

for you and your recorder! with "Scotch" BRAND Tartan Series Magnetic Tapes you capture the traditional sounds of the season in true stereo quality... at a price so economical that you can tape a whole hour of sound for less than \$3! This Christmas you'll want to record your children opening their presents... the beauty of carolers' songs... the gaiety and fun of holiday parties... maybe even send Living Letters and "talking Christmas cards" to faraway friends. New high potency oxides give Tartan Tapes a wide dynamic range—mountain high, valley low—for all recording situations... from fine monaural to 4-track stereo. And only "Scotch" BRAND features exclusive Silicone lubrication to reduce head wear and eliminate squeal. Ask for Tartan Tapes, in your choice of four different series, at your retail dealers.



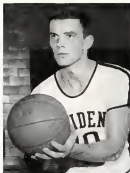
No. 140, Extra Play—Plastic Backing, 600'—\$2.50, 1800'—\$5.25; No. 141, Standard Play—Plastic Backing, 600'—\$1.75, 1200'—\$2.55, No. 142, Extra Play—Polyester Super-Strength Backing, 900'—\$2.85, 1800'—\$4.50, No. 144, Double Play—Double Strength Tensile Polyester Backing, 1200'—\$4.50, 2400'—\$7.95. **FREE!** Packed in each box of Tartan Series Tape—a handy new out-of-cool tape clip that prevents spillage in mailing or storage!

MONROVIA MONROVIA AND MONROVIA MONROVIA COMPANY
... WHEN ORDERED IN ONE DAY TO ORDER



"Scotch" and the Plaid Design are Registered Trademarks of the 3M Company. ©1980 3M Co.

and Bill Foley are a proved backcourt combination, while Frank Quinn and Jim Hooley are scrappers under the boards. Gerry Ward and Jerry Power are the best of the sophs, and Charlie Chevalier returns after a year's absence. Dave Reynolds, a 6-foot-6-sophomore, may develop into a topflight rebounder by midseason. **MANHATTAN** will present a pattern offense with the emphasis on speed, a quantity that Coach Ken Norton has not been blessed with in the past few campaigns. The top four scorers have departed, and much depends on returning Center Tom Leder, who has a fine (48%) field-goal average. Other returnees are Larry Byrnes, Alex Oso-wick, Kevin Haggerty, John O'Connor and Doug Rutnik. Ron Petro, John Powers and Paul Costello will be the sophs moving forward, but none are expected to start. **PENN STATE** has only eight home games, with 11 on the road, not including the Charlotte and Evansville tournaments, both in December. Mark Du-Mars, the 5-foot-10 guard, is the highest-scoring little man in State history, averaging 16.8 as a soph and 21.3 as a junior. Jack Trueblood, Gene Harris and John Phillips are returning starters, and soph John Mitchell, a forward, may be a front-lineer. **NIAGARA** functioned without Coach Taps Gallagher, who returns this year after recuperating from an operation. Al Butler was sixth-best scorer in the nation last season with a 28.6 average. Newcomer Joe Maddrey, only 6 feet 4, is the pivot man. Don Jones and Len Whelan start again, along with either Ed Ladley or soph Kenneth Glenn. There is no really big man, but the average size is fair. **CANISUS** needs plenty of backboard help from sophomores Bill O'Connor and Tom Chester to meet a difficult schedule. Captain Larry Sarafinas is the tallest member of the club at 6 feet 6. With him as starters are Joe Leturco and Richard McCann. There are five other experienced players, but the sophs will have to make Canisius go. **FORDHAM** was jolted when Frank Cipriani took a \$35,000 bonus from the Kansas City Athletics. Pleasant, talented Coach Johnny Bach may not get his team organized until well after the middle of the season, when lithe Syl-vester Conlmon becomes eligible. Dee Maynard and the top scorer and re-



JOHN EGAN IS PROVIDENCE PLAYMAKER

bounder from the freshman team, Bob Melvin, are up front, while Bill Sheridan and Ray McGovern are the guards. John Conlmon, 6 feet 4, is at center. Joe Dempsey, who started well last year, also will see a lot of action. **BOSTON UNIVERSITY** probably will be the underdog in three-fourths of its games. A weak freshman team yielded only starter Mike Cotton. Dick O'Connell plays either the post or a corner, while Larry Isenburg is most effective at corner position. Tom Chamberlain, a 5-foot-8 guard, is the third returning starter. Dawes Hamill and John Capavella give re-

serve strength in the backcourt, while Paul Power and John Reardon back up the forwards. **DUQUESNE** will carry only an eight-man squad this year and two of the eight, Paul Benec and Bill Stromple, play with injuries. Benec has knee trouble, Stromple has back trouble and Coach John Manning has speed and depth troubles. Soph Mike Rice should help Ned Twyman, Clyde Arnold and soph Terry Malloy. **PITTSBURGH** has John Fridley and Dick Fakenski, who led the scorers in 14 of 25 games, but the Panthers still need a big man. Bob Sankey, Bob Lazor and Don Steinbart have game experience, and Ben Jinks, a 6-foot-3 guard, may help this club's fast break. There is ample speed here and some good defensive players but not enough rebounding strength. **SYRACUSE**'s hopes for a .500 season rest with high scorer Pete Chudy (15.5) and soph Loren James, a good boardman at 6 feet 5. Steve Berkenfeld, Sandy Sala, Fred Machemer, Steve Dodge and Terrence Quigley also are back. **ST. FRANCIS** of Loretto, Pa. is switching from a give-and-go offense this season to a more controlled attack—due to lack of height. Ed Winters, Cal Fowler and Tom Muri-cek are all under 6 feet 3. Bob Hall, a 6-foot-7 junior-college transfer, sophomores Mike Ferriek and Chris Carey, plus Frank Libonati, Tom Connors and Paul Martin, all experi-

continued

LAST SEASON'S RECORDS

	W	L		W	L
AM. PONGE	12	10	MARQUETTE	10	12
ARMY	16	8	MEMPHIS STATE	10	8
BOSTON COLLEGE	11	14	MIAMI (FLA.)	23	4
BOSTON U.	14	10	MONTANA ST. COLLEGE	11	14
BUTLER	16	10	NAVY	10	8
CANISUS	16	10	NYU	20	4
COLGATE	11	10	NIAGARA	13	13
DAYTON	21	7	NOTRE DAME	17	4
DE PAUL	17	7	OKLAHOMA CITY	12	10
DETROIT	26	7	PENN. STATE	21	11
DUQUESNE	8	18	PITTSBURGH	10	14
FLORIDA STATE	12	10	PORTLAND	10	10
FORDHAM	6	18	PROVIDENCE	24	6
FRESNO STATE	18	10	ST. BONAVENTURE	21	6
GEORGETOWN	11	12	ST. FRANCIS (PA.)	16	6
HOUSATON	16	12	ST. JOHN'S	17	8
HOLY CROSS	20	8	SEATTLE	16	10
LOUISVILLE	16	11	SETON HALL	16	7
LOYOLA (ILL.)	16	12	SYRACUSE	10	8
LOYOLA (I.A.)	19	10	VILLANOVA	16	8
MANHATTAN	10	11	XAVIER (OHIO)	17	8

SPLURGE!

EXPENSIVE? PERHAPS. But these Taylor Instruments make gifts to be remembered...



THE "STATSMAN" PENDANT barometer by Taylor complements the good taste of the giver. It combines traditional charm with traditional Taylor accuracy and dependability. Solid mahogany case with polished brass trim. Relative humidity indicator and recessed thermometer are part of this truly distinctive gift. #2496, \$25.00.



UNIQUE WEATHER WIZARD... Taylor's deluxe Indoor-Outdoor Maximum-Minimum thermometer also indicates the highest and lowest outdoor temperature since last setting. Nothing else like it. Mahogany back with brass trim. #5373, \$19.95. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ontario.

Taylor Instruments



\$5.95

The perfect Christmas gift for your duck-hunting friends, available through record stores or from Cornell University Records, a division of Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N.Y.

Kill POISON IVY - Easy!

With Rik Aero Weed Whip. Quick, safe, ready to use AEROSOL can. Also kills poison oak, many other pesky broad-leaved weeds. See your dealer or write: **195 READER-SERVICE CORP.** Box 209, Jacksonville, Ark.



INDEPENDENTS confused

need, should help but probably not enough to pick up the slack under the boards. **GOLGATE's** six returning regulars promise a return to winning ways if the team's good offense can compensate for an inconsistent defense. Bob Duffy, a 21-plus scorer, and John Doyle return at guard. Ken Norum, Bill Salisbury and Mel Watkins open in front; sophs Jack Brown and Danny Raabe are reserves.

SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST: The University of **MIAMI** was the second-best offensive team in the country last year, with 89.9 points a game. However, the Hurricanes yielded 81.2 at the same time, and not all of the competition was major-college caliber. The school is in the Florida Intercollegiate Conference but is included here because that is still a small-college league. Five starters return: small (5 feet 6) but potent (22.1 average) Dick Hickox, Julie Cohen, Harry Manushaw, Ron Godfrey and Bruce Applegate. Two lanky sophomores also move up: 7-foot-4 Mike McCoy and 6-foot-9 Lou Alix.

GEORGETOWN, weak on defense last year, should improve, if only because of experience. The probable starting lineup of Puddy Sheehan, Tom Matan, Bob Sharpenter and Paul Tagliabue also has adequate height and speed. Jim Carrino, Vince Wolfington, Ray Ohlmuller, John Kraljic and Don Slattery provide good reserve strength. New Coach Tom O'Keefe has yet to settle on an offensive pattern, will experiment for a few games. At the University of **LOUISVILLE** Coach Peck Hickman is moving towering Fred Sawyer out to a corner to increase the scoring potential. This is largely a veteran crew and should improve on last year's disappointing record. Roger Tieman, Bud Olsen, Ron Ruhenstein, John Turner and Buddy Leathers are back. Sophomore Guards Dick Peloff and Jackie Frazier will help. At **OKLAHOMA CITY** Abe Lemons relies heavily on newcomer Gary Hill, a 20-point man with the fresh last year. Up front are veterans Harry Yates and Fred Moses; at guard is Larry Jones. Two junior-college transfers, Gary Duncan and Gary Karr, have a good chance of sticking, and there is better than average height in reserve. **NAVY** lacks experience, height



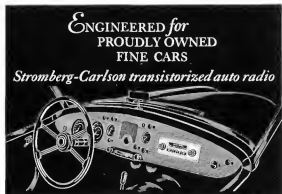
DAVE DEBUSSCHERE STARS FOR DETROIT

and depth but Coach Ben Carnevale always gets his team into top physical condition and condition can win ball games. Only Guards Allan Hughes and Dave Tremaine return as starters, and the 1959-60 plebe squad was weak. Tom White and Tony Lazzarotti, the latter 6 feet 5, are the other holdovers. **FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY** has had fine freshman squads in the past two years and Coach Bud Kennedy is ready to cash in. David Fedor, Jack Davis and Ray Swain are returning starters, and Charles Long, Dale Ricketts and Clyde Eads the promising sophs. **LOYOLA OF NEW ORLEANS** hopes for better defense and more aggressive rebounding from Larry Trunk, Jack Flynn and Jim Monahan. Len Nalty, Darryl Tschirn and Bob Weber are the backcourt possibilities. **MEMPHIS STATE** has a tough early-season schedule on the road, but four starters from the NIT team return. Skip Wolfe and Gene Wilfong are in the backcourt, Lowery Kirk and Frank Snyder up front. Center is the problem. If 6-foot-8 Wayne Yates doesn't come through, sophomore Jim Ingold is ready to try.

MINWEST: One of college sport's most versatile athletes is Dave DeBusschere of **DETROIT**, who shoots good in the 70s, pitches well enough to have

nearly every major league club after him and whose scoring and rebounding this season should make Detroit one of the most powerful teams in the nation. Ninth in the country in scoring (25.6) and second in rebounding (20), DeBusschere works with Charlie North (19.8 points and 14.2 rebounds) to give the Titans a fine one-two punch up front. In addition, junior-college transfer John Morgan is an excellent rebounder and shooter. Coach Bob Calihan also has his starting guards back, Frank Chickowski and Larry Hughes. Three other veterans—John Parker, Russ Schoenherr and Bob Wright—give Detroit adequate bench strength. At **DAYTON** Coach Tom Blackburn welcomes four returning starters and has an 11-player roster that averages over 6 feet 4. Garry Roggenbuck, newcomers Ron Anello and Bill Westerkamp, and Guards Stan Greenberg and Tom Hatton will start. The Flyers seem to have everything but a floor leader to take Frank Case's place. Hopes are also high at **KAVIER** where the entire first five returns with a 17-9 record. Five of those losses were to four teams good enough to win postseason tournament invitations. The five first-stringers had a composite .436 shooting average, and they are backed up by the best reserves that Coach Jim McCafferty has ever had. Jack Thobe is the pivot, Jim Halfner and Ron Nicolai are the forwards, Bill Kirvin and Jim Enright the guards. In reserve are 6-foot-10 Center Peter Schmeling and Forwards Frank Pinchback and Ed Tepe. Last season at **MARQUETTE** Coach Eddie Hickey spent a good deal of his time watching the freshmen and wishing they were his varsity. There were eight players 6 feet 5 or over, and some of them will get the chance to start this year with returning high scorer Don Kojis (6 feet 5), who needs only 430 points to set a new school record. Best of the newcomers are Leonard Jefferson, Bob Hornak, Ron Glasser, Dick Nixon and Lee Borowski. Veterans include Ed Carter, Joe Scanlon, Pat Below and Jerry Keidel. Inexperience may hurt Marquette early in the season. At **DE PAUL**, for the first time in quite a while, Coach Ray Meyer has some height and some bench strength. Guards Howie Carl and Bill Haig are both excellent scorers and ball han-

—continued



Here's an auto radio that's precision-engineered to match the technical craftsmanship of the finest automobiles, created particularly for imports, compacts and sports cars.

It's a triumph of fine-feature design. Seven tuned circuits, including RF stage, for beyond-the-call-of-duty sensitivity. Bug-voted, 2-watt power. Push-button and manual tuning. Full-range-frequency tone control. Completely hand-

word for rugged service. Installation—quick. Service—no. Pleasure—always.

Drive into your imported car dealer or auto radio dealer soon... cruise away to glorious Stromberg-Carlson sound. Universal or custom models—great for your boat and your family car, too. For detailed information write to: Stromberg-Carlson, 1437-1212 North Goodman Street, Rochester 3, New York.

STROMBERG-CARLSON
A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS



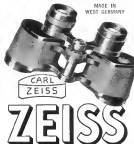
A good vermouth should mind its own business

Cora is the *quiet* vermouth, the oldest and most famous of Italian imports, that *never* interferes with the crisp delicacy of the fine liquors you use for martinis or manhattans. Sweet or dry, Cora adds just the right note of discretion and good taste.

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Scheffelin & Co., New York

A Gift of Distinction

MADE IN
WEST GERMANY



World's most advanced binoculars

UNIQUE OPTICS give a big bright view, superbly sharp to the very edge.

COMPACT DESIGN—easy to carry and hold.

RUGGED—withstand hard service on land or sea, and under all climatic conditions.

Models from 6x to 15x magnification.

Also 8x30B and 8x50B models designed especially for **EYEGLASS WEARERS**. See Zeiss Binoculars—at leading dealers.

● Write for Zeiss Binocular booklet

CARL ZEISS, INC., 485 Fifth Ave., New York 17

Perfect gift for the Outdoor Man!



DEPEND ON
WESTCLOX®

Give the watch that's
rugged as all out-
doors! Waterproof*.

Dustproof* Wrist Ben has all the
features an active man wants. Lux-
urious chrome case;
luminous dial. Un-
breakable main-
spring! Shock-resistant. Stainless
steel back. Handsome leather strap.



*Frustrated original not replaced when serviced

\$10.95
PLUS TAX

SEE "THE TAB HUNTER SHOW"
SUNDAY EVENINGS ON NBC-TV

INDEPENDENTS continued

diens. The key to success, however, is the development of 6-foot-9 sophomore Center Bill Debes. Jim Fleming returns as a starting forward, but sophomores M. C. Thompson and Dick Cook will be pressing him all year. **NOTRE DAME** may forget some of its football woes if another tall sophomore, 6-foot-8 Bill Kurr, comes through for Johnny Jordan, best tenor in the coaching profession. Jordan also has his third-leading scorer from last year, John Dearnie, Guards Bill Crosby and Eddie Schnurr, and reserves Bill Noonan, Armand Reo and John Tully. **BUTLER** lacks size and experience. The only front-line veterans are Ken Freeman (6 feet 1) and Dick Haslam (5 feet 9). Don Kaufman, Larry Ramey, Jess Blackwell and Bob Botteroff return but newcomers Tom Bowman, Gerald Williams and Mike Blue will see a lot of action. **LOYOLA OF CHICAGO** faces a heavy schedule that includes Ohio State, Detroit, St. John's and Xavier. Coach George Ireland has two returning starters, Guard James Mini and Center Clarence Red, will play two sophomores at forward, Jerald Harkness and Jim Beardon. Either Mike Gavin or Jerry Verwey will get the other backcourt position alongside Mini. The **AIR FORCE ACADEMY**, which was bumped out of the opening round of the NCAA playoffs last season, has a much tougher schedule this time. Five of last year's six top scorers return to Coach (Major) Bob Spear. John Stover, Jim Ulm, Bob Schaumburg, Terry Norris and Butch Vioello are back. Three fine sophomores—Roger Zeller, Ray Lundquist and Jim Dißendorfer—add to the Falcons' already strong defense and good height.

FAR WEST: SEATTLE Coach Vin Cazetta has a deep, speedy squad of hot shooters who look like the class of the Coast. Dave Mills, a 6-foot-5 forward, averages 17.7; Eddie Miles moves up from the fresh; Sy Blye, who played for the New York Tuck Tapers last season, gives Seattle 6 feet 5 of heft under the boards. Ray Butler, a junior-college transfer, and Richie Brennan, a red-shirt, both are tall and capable, and 6-foot-7 John Tresvant becomes eligible in January. Tom Shaules and Dan Stautz are experienced guards. **GONZAGA's** Frank

Burgess was the fifth-leading scorer in the nation last year with a 28.9 average, and he has nine lettermen back with him. John Gambee and John Rickman are 6-foot-4 forwards, sophomores Hans Albertson (6 feet 8) and George Trontzas (7 feet) are battling over the center post with 6-foot-5 transfer student Bob Hunt. There is plenty of backcourt material, led by Dan Hansen, Mike Kelly, Gene Bolt and Bob Rodriguez. The Pilots of **PORTLAND** move into the 13,000-seat Memorial Coliseum for 13 of their 25 games. Coach Al Negratti



DAVE MILLS TOPS SEATTLE REBOUNDERS

has nine returnees and plenty of height. Bill Garner (6 feet 9), Jim Altenhofen (6 feet 5), Art Easterly (6 feet 6) and Chuck Rogers (6 feet 7) provide the rebounding. Guards Mike Doherty, Frank Bosone, Gary Gray and Doug Stewart will run the give-and-go offense. At **MONTANA STATE COLLEGE**, Coach Dobbe Lambert relies on inexperienced transfer students to blend with his known resources. John Bryant, Gordon Haugen, Jim Murphy and Tom Sawyer were all starters last year. **FRESNO STATE's** new Coach Harry Miller has a lot of catching up to do. He didn't get his job until August, thus lost valuable recruiting time. Mike McPerson, the team's leading scorer with a 12.7 average, and Vern Crissman, its top rebounder, return with Ray McCarty and George Sarantos. Two sophomore guards—Carl Wallace and Forbes Lapp—are being brought up to the varsity. **END**

For 125 holiday seasons it has been traditional
to give and serve **OLD CROW**



*Give **OLD CROW** — the bourbon more
people buy for themselves than any other*

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

Classic beauty in a smart new size

*Lincoln Continental for 1961...ideal
in size...styled in the Continental tradition
...engineered for unprecedented reliability*

Today, Lincoln Continental presents a new concept in fine cars...a full six-passenger luxury automobile with the fundamental convenience of rational size...a car that is designed to handle, turn and park with superb ease.

The 1961 Lincoln Continental is built to unprecedented standards of quality and reliability—standards shared with no other car in America.

Extraordinary reliability

A trouble-free car is the essential foundation of true motoring satisfaction. That is why every single car is given a 12-mile road test (and the inspection list has 189 check points!). Why parking brake conduits are laced with nylon so cables cannot rust and stick. Why front suspension points that formerly required lubrication every 2,000 miles now have a sealed lubrication system that needs attention only at 30,000-mile intervals. Why, in fact, we insist on several thousand extra operations that we could eliminate without any visible change in the car. All these extra operations are performed on every 1961 Lincoln Continental to make it as trouble-free as possible.

As a result, your Lincoln Continental dealer is extending his warranty on 1961 Lincoln Continentals to 24,000 miles or two full years, whichever comes first. See him to obtain full information. He will be glad to show you a copy of his new warranty.

Other specific features contribute to the comfort and convenience of the 1961 Lincoln Continental: The only center-opening doors on any American automobile—counterbalanced for a wonderful new ease of entrance,

and all safety-locked at a flick of the driver's fingers. Seats cushioned in nearly three times the amount of foam rubber used on other luxury automobiles. And the 1961 Lincoln Continental has been so thoughtfully engineered and so carefully built that maintenance servicing, including oil changes, is necessary only at 6,000-mile intervals—just twice a year under normal driving conditions.

The merit of ideal size

Interior space is astonishing in so sleek a vehicle (front seat hip room is virtually the same, even though the car is narrower; the driver's leg room is increased, though the car is 14 inches shorter over-all). Equipment is so complete that power brakes, power steering, even power window lifts are standard. And, particularly noteworthy, the line includes America's only four-door convertible.

Enduring Continental styling

Here is the modern convenience of sensible size brilliantly set forth in the enduring beauty of a new concept of Continental styling. This classic design makes possible an authentic luxury car that is not one inch longer than it absolutely must be to convey six passengers in deep-cushioned ease and superlative smoothness.

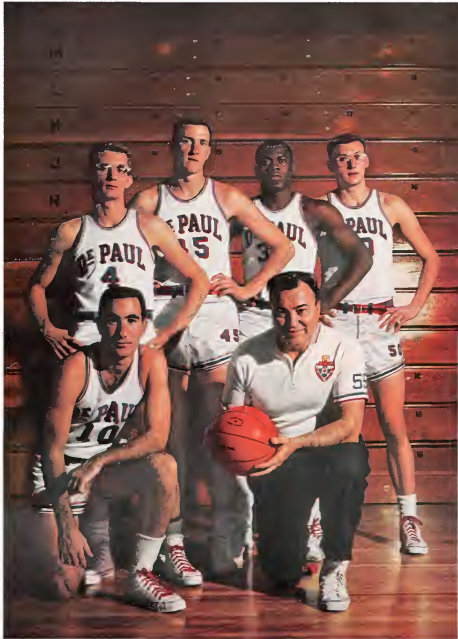
Frankly, if you love beautiful machinery, you owe yourself an hour at the wheel of the new Lincoln Continental. For only those who have driven it can begin to know how completely it outshines everything that has gone before it. Lincoln-Mercury Division Ford Motor Company.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

America's first ideally sized fine car





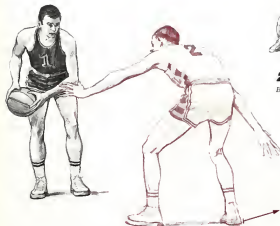


THE SECRET OF A GREAT OFFENSE

The offense is DePaul's, and the secret is the way Coach Ray Meyer teaches the fundamentals. Each year, with little-known players who come to him from Chicago high schools, he turns out teams that compete with the best

Ray Meyer, the 46-year-old athletic director and basketball coach at Chicago's DePaul University, is known through the coaching fraternity for easy good humor. He is also respected among his colleagues for his habit of beating them regularly with material many of them would scorn. Meyer does this without recourse to fancy gimmicks but simply by concentrating on precise execution of certain basic moves, many of which are described on the following pages. In Meyer's 19 years at DePaul, his teams have been invited eight times to the NCAA or NIT tournaments; for 16 years he has been invited to coach the College All-Stars on their cross-country tours; four times the Chicago Basketball Writers have named him Coach of the Year; and in 1959 he was basketball chairman of the Pan American Games. During his playing days, Meyer was captain of the Notre Dame teams that won 40 of 46 games during the 1937 and 1938 seasons. He received the Byron Kennelly Award "for proficiency in scholastics and athletics." On the next six pages, Artist Shelley Fink and William Leggett describe the practice drills and game formations that Ray Meyer teaches and uses so successfully at DePaul.

Coach Meyer and this year's starting lineup are shown in front of the temporary, fold-back seats at DePaul's Alumni Hall. Players are (top row, left to right) Bill Hoag, Jim Flemming, M. C. Thompson, Bill Debes and (kneeling) Houie Carl.



1 Player protects ball while he decides which maneuver will best deceive the defender and open the way toward the basket.



2 Head-and-shoulder fake to left causes defensive man to slide to his own right. Ball is held low in order to begin the dribble.



3 Offensive player starts to drive off his right foot as the defender, fooled by the fake, is off balance, cannot recover in time.

One-on-one

All DePaul practice sessions start with this drill, in which one offensive man tries to outmaneuver one defensive man. The one-on-one is particularly valuable at the beginning of a season because it allows the coach to spot several important things about the offensive player—his ability to keep the ball away from the opponent, his strong or weak points in head and body fakes. If there are weaknesses they can be corrected so that later—under game conditions—he will be able to free himself from the enemy defender to drive for the basket or to feed a pass to a teammate. In the demonstration here and on subsequent pages the offensive men are in black uniforms and the defensive men are in red uniforms.



4 Driving player has his left hand and shoulder protecting the ball and is already a half step beyond the recovering defender.

One-on-one with pivot

This teaches players how to run the defender into a block (also called a pick) that renders him helpless. At right, on offense, are a forward and a pivot man. Their aim is to take the forward's defender out of the play. Note that the pivot man does not move once he has the ball. This opportunity arises many times during a game, and two smart offensive players can execute the maneuver quickly and work a man loose for a basket before the defender knows what is happening to him.



1 To begin this maneuver, the forward loops a pass in to the pivot man, who comes out to meet the ball and stands fast.



2 The forward fakes to his left, then goes to his right as the defender backs up, trying to anticipate the direction of the play.



3 The pivot man protects the ball as the forward moves toward it. The defender is forced into the block, is unable to follow.

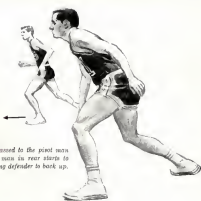


4 The pivot man hands off to the cutting forward, who is now free, as the defender cannot get around the block in time.

CONTINUED



1 Ball has been passed to the pivot man (left). Offensive man in rear starts to move (arrow), forcing defender to back up.



2 As soon as the defender starts backing up, the other offensive man begins cutting in toward the pivot, who fakes a pass.

Combating the 'stick'

There are only two things an individual defender can do to combat a block or pick. One is to stick with the offensive man and follow him no matter where he goes. The alternative is to switch guarding assignments when the man he is defending runs him into a block. In the situation shown on this page the defense tries to stick, but the offense still maneuvers it out of position.



3 Defensive man No. 2 tries to stick with the cutter, who now stops, setting up the block for his waiting teammate (No. 5).



4 Cutter's teammate (No. 5) now comes around block easily, having gotten a step ahead of his defender with fake (above).



5 Pivot man hands the ball off to teammate No. 5, who is now completely free as his defender is blocked out of the play.



1 Pivot man takes pass and waits for his teammates to cross in front. Offensive man in rear fakes defender toward basket.



2 Defender No. 2 moves with offensive man No. 1 and bumps into pivot, while offensive man No. 5 swings defender wide.



3 Blocked out, No. 2 calls "switch," but wide arc of offensive man No. 5 makes the defense switch very difficult to execute.



4 Although the defenders have switched their assignments, No. 4 has been taken out of play and offensive man No. 1 is free.

Combating the 'switch'

The defensive players often try to avoid being blocked out by switching their guarding assignments. In the situation on this page the defenders switch assignments but the offense maneuvers them into a mistake with the help of the pivot man. The maneuver looks simple but must be executed swiftly and accurately to be successful.

CONTINUED



1 One offensive guard dribbles in front of other, and the two exchange sides of court as the defense switches assignments.



2 One guard (No. 5) continues toward near side of the court (foreground), thus forcing the defense to spread itself wide.



4 The offense's left forward rises up from the corner to take pass and, the instant it is thrown, No. 5 starts to cut toward



basket. Defender No. 2, who has kept one eye on strong side, is trapped. He cannot intercept or recover in time to catch No. 5.



6 Defender No. 2, realizing that he is trapped, tries to back up fast enough to block the forward's pass he knows is coming.



7 No. 2 cannot block the pass, and none of his defensive teammates can help him because they are all on the strong side.



- 3** As man with ball prepares to pass, defender No. 2 watches him (for possible interception) but also keeps eye on No. 5.



- 5** As soon as the forward has received the pass, he whirls toward No. 5 who is cutting down the weak side of court at top speed.



- 8** The guard goes in for an easy layup as other offensive teammates meet in for rebound just in case the shot is missed.

Weak-side play

All of the fundamental maneuvers shown on the previous pages are combined in DePaul's weak-side play, so-called because that side of the court on which the offense concentrates most of its men is known as the strong side. The key to the play's effectiveness lies in fooling defensive man No. 2 long enough for offensive man No. 5 to get a step ahead of him on the weak side. This clears him for a pass and a drive-in for an easy layup. The play begins with the offensive team's two guards bringing the ball downcourt. Pick it up at drawing No. 1.

END

Return of the prodigious native

After five years' racing on the international circuit, Bud Werner comes home to study—and to ski



SLAMMING THROUGH SLALOM GATE, WERNER TESTS INJURED LEG UNDER

When he is traveling down a mountain with a pair of skis strapped to his feet, Buddy Werner is the fastest man in America. But in overland travel of the more conventional type he has set one record notable for its slowness: 24 years to negotiate the 87 miles from Steamboat Springs to Boulder, Colo. This is not because Buddy, who was born and raised in Steamboat Springs, had an uncommon urge to stay home. Quite the opposite; he has spent the past five years in a spectacular winter carnival that took him to the leading ski palaces of the world—St. Moritz, Bad Gastein, Kitzbühel, Aspen, Portillo. Now, back from the grand tour, Buddy has finally turned up in Boulder—as a sophomore on the University of Colorado ski team.

"I decided it was essential to finish college," says Werner. "I've had a lot of tempting offers to go into business, but I've turned them down. Right now my name means something, but if the day comes when it doesn't, I'll need something to fall back on. Besides, my parents would like to see me do it. They never said anything while I skied all over Europe and had a good time. I'd like to do it for them."

Whatever joy he brings his parents by studying will be at least equaled by the joy he brings the university by skiing. For the past two years the

Colorado ski team has won the national intercollegiate championship. And now, with six of the eight members of last year's title-winning squad already back in school, Colorado finds itself blessed with Werner, probably the most accomplished sophomore athlete ever to appear on any college team.

In fact, Werner's appearance is a double blessing at Boulder: not only is he skiing for Colorado but, equally important, he is not skiing for Denver University.

Until the emergence of Colorado, Denver, under the coaching of Willy Schaeffler, was the No. 1 power in college skiing; and it was at Denver that Buddy Werner first enrolled as a freshman. That was in 1954; but he left in the middle of his freshman year to go on the international racing circuit. When he decided to go back to college, a number of people, not the least of whom was Schaeffler, thought he would naturally go back to Denver. But Buddy switched colleges out of friendship for Colorado's 28-year-old coach, Bob Beattie, under whose supervision Werner had trained during his last season on the circuit.

Pleased as Beattie is to have Werner on this year's team, he feels that it could create a number of problems. One of them is morale. "Our team is made up of young American boys

from small towns," says Beattie, aware of the Europeans and Canadians—some as old as 30—who abound on rival teams. "We treat everybody the same. We train hard. No smoking, no drinking. We push pride and spirit. Much of our success in the last two years has been due to discipline."

"Now, along comes Werner. Most people don't realize it, but in Europe he's a celebrity. He can't walk down the street without getting mobbed by autograph hounds. Since coming here he's received a lot of attention. Having someone of Buddy's stature on the team could wreck our system. But it won't," says Beattie, firmly. "It won't because of the way Buddy is. He may have been around the world, but he's still just a kid from Steamboat Springs."

How are the girls?

Of course, Buddy is not just a kid from Steamboat Springs. He is no longer Der Bashful Skiboy von Colorado, as a German sportswriter once described him. He is poised, quite worldly and will never be just one of the troops on the Colorado squad. True, the other skiers kid him a lot—the ancient cliché of acceptance on an athletic team—but they also never seem to tire of asking him questions: how old he was when he competed for his first world championship (17),



ANXIOUS EYE OF COACH BOB BEATTIE

does he get his ski equipment free (yes) and how the girls are in Europe (pretty).

"Buddy has been sort of an idol to us all," says Larry Simoneau, one of the team's best jumpers. "He's a real hard worker and that sets a good example for the rest of us. It's great to have him on the team."

Another question mark about Werner has been the condition of his right leg, which he broke while preparing for the Olympics a year ago, thus forfeiting an odds-on chance for anywhere from one to three gold medals. Werner was skiing a practice slalom at Aspen when the tip of one ski crossed the other. As he fell he heard a loud pop and he recalls thinking rather casually, "Oh, hell, I broke my leg." Then he felt the pain.

The bone below his right knee had twisted and shredded apart. It was an ugly break to repair, and had to be set twice before it was perfect. Five screws were inserted into the bone to keep it in place. When the screws were finally removed not long ago, Buddy took them home in a bottle, a souvenir of disaster.

During the summer he took long hikes through the mountains to strengthen his leg. He also got a job with a power-line company near his home, climbing telephone poles. When the fall term began, his leg was strong again, although he still feels

an occasional ache after a workout.

If Werner uses any caution at all, the leg should hold up. But Buddy has never been a cautious skier. In fact, he is regarded as a daredevil, and though his daring has made him the only American ever to win a major European ski title, it has also cost him a number of major championships that a more cautious skier might have won. When he broke his leg, Austria's top skiers, Anderl Molterer and Karl Schranz, said, "The trouble with Buddy is that he risks too much. If we were to take all the chances he takes, we'd probably be five seconds faster. But taking all the chances is not the best way to ski in a race."

Werner himself concedes he takes a lot of chances, but says that because he has generally been America's lone contender in Europe his spills have been more noticeable. In most meets it was Werner against dozens of Austrians, Germans, French and Swiss. When one of them fell, there were always others. When Werner fell, America fell, too.

Werner thinks things will be easier skiing in college. "Chances won't need to be taken," he says. "At least, not as many. In Europe the top five skiers in a meet are likely to be the top five skiers in the world. That won't be a problem in college skiing."

Assuming that he can overcome his fame, his bad leg and his tendency to take spectacular spills, Buddy faces yet another challenge. In college ski meets a team's final score is figured by the point totals accumulated in four events: slalom, downhill, jumping and cross-country. Beattie hopes that Werner will be able to score in all four. This is a little like asking Herb Elliott to run the mile and half mile, then go out and throw the javelin and put the shot. The slalom and downhill are Werner's money events. Against college competition he will win both in almost every meet. But Werner hasn't jumped since he left high school, and he has almost never tried cross-country. Still, there is the possibility that in any given meet he could win three events and, before he is through, perhaps even four.

"I'm certain he'll be able to jump," says Beattie. "He was good at that when he was a kid. As for cross-country, right now he doesn't look good. But I'd hate to bet against him. Anybody with his talent and his desire to win can't be ruled out."

END

How to play Santa for \$5⁰⁰

Give the fountain pen that never goes near an ink bottle! Sheaffer's cartridge fountain pen refills cleanly and quickly with drop-in cartridges of *Sheaf* writing fluid. Writes free and easy—has a precision-ground tapered, wrap-around point. Choice of colors and print gradations. The pen is \$5, hand-somely boxed set with matching pencil is priced at \$8.75.

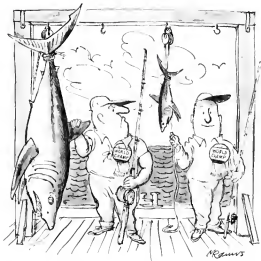


SHEAFFER'S

© 1981, W. L. Sheaffer & Co., Inc., All rights reserved.

Look, Joe, I'm the champ

An eight-ounce tarpon makes
the record book under new
rules for light-tackle fishing



Most fishermen have twitched in their sleep at one time or another, dreaming of a record fish. But until recently, dreaming of these things was all most fishermen could afford. To make a record which would be officially recognized by the International Game Fish Association it was necessary to catch a black marlin weighing not less than 158 pounds, a tiger shark of 341 pounds or a tarpon weighing 144. And the prospect of taking such fish as these has been remote indeed in our thoroughly combed waters. In fact, in some record categories, the only anglers with a real chance were those who could afford the enormous expense of money and time for travel to the distant corners of Peru, Mexico and Australia, where really big game fish can be found.

But, in the past couple of years, there have been some changes made. Now anyone can be a world champion, even with fish taken in his home waters. And records have been falling like confetti on a Wall Street ticker-tape parade. This new opportunity came with the establishment in 1959 of the International Spin Fishing Association. For the fishermen of the world, the ISFA created six new record classifications, all in ultralight

test lines for salt- and fresh-water fish. The new records start with 12-pound test and continue downward—10, 8, 6, 4, all the way to a spider web of a two-pound monofilament.

Until the ISFA came along, the fresh-water record keepers failed to mention line test altogether, and the salt-water statisticians of the IGFA worked upward from a base category of 12-pound test on to the so-called all-tackle records, in which the line could be only a little less sturdy than a Manila hawser. Furthermore, all these records merely noted that the fish had been subdued on rod and reel (never mind what kind), and, in the case of salt-water fish, recorded the sex of the fisherman. It made no difference in the books if you took a big fish on a fly rod, a bait rod, a spinning rod, a boat rod or a telegraph pole. And in the trout and salmon records there was no technical difference between a master angler who used delicate terminal tackle and a man who dragged in his record on the end of a braided-wire leader.

By insisting on standardized equipment, the ISFA is admittedly favoring the tackle that its founders, a group of 12 spin fishermen from Englewood, Calif., happen to like. But it is also providing a constant meas-

uring stick by which one catch can fairly be judged against another. And with the new line-test categories, it has created world records that may easily be surpassed in any afternoon of ordinary good fishing. In fact, so new and relatively little known is the ISFA that many of its record brackets are still blank.

In the association's latest listing (through June 30, 1960) there were 104 records still vacant for salt-water fish and 40 in the fresh-water division. The only listed record for Dolly Varden trout, for instance, was a two-pound eight-ounce fish taken on two-pound test line. No records were listed for Dolly Vardens on four-, six-, eight-, 10- and 12-pound lines. If you took a sockeye salmon of any size on anything under eight-pound test line you would have an automatic record. The same was true for mako shark under 12-pound test. And so on.

Besides these open brackets, there are many records filled by fish of unimpressive size. Some of them have even been absurd. A couple of years ago Alan Kaplan of Miami Beach took an eight-ounce tarpon on a two-pound test line in Biscayne Bay. That was a world record, and Kaplan is now an immortal. John H. Irwin of Vero Beach, Fla., using four-pound

test line, caught a one-pound three-ounce bluefish. He, too, is an immortal. For that matter, Mr. Irwin is three immortal, since he took a two-pound six-ounce pompano on four-pound test line and a one-pound 15-ounce pompano on six-pound test—both world records. There are quite a few like these in the multirecord class. Myron J. Glauber of Los Angeles holds three dolphin records, and Bob Drago of Tazuna, Calif. is listed for Pacific barracuda, kelp bass, Pacific bonito and yellowtail.

These records will, of course, be surpassed since they merely filled the vacuum that existed when the ISFA began record-keeping. They also have created a certain sullen moodiness among some sports fishermen, who feel that there is something crass about mere record-seeking and, worse, that the ISFA has been overly generous in its definition of what constitutes a game fish. (The croaker is a gamester? Oh, dear.)

New savor for an old sport

But the new system of record-keeping also has stirred a healthy revival of interest in light-tackle fishing—a technique that, taken in moderation, can add much savor to the sport. Light tackle always has been a specialty of some fishermen but, inevitably, there have been nuts among them. For quite a while before spinning tackle saved the day for sanity just after World War II, not a few light-tackle cranks were experimenting with lines of ordinary cotton thread. Snottier than dry-fly purists, the cotton-thread stunt men were, apparently, trying to discover how close one might come to catching a fish without actually catching it. If one of them succeeded in setting a hook without breaking his line he was likely to feel that he had had an exceptionally good day.

While this idiosyncrasy was still prevalent I once gave up 15 minutes of black bass fishing to make notes on the habits of an especially fine cotton-thread specimen who was trying to cast from the shore of a small lake near my home. He was using a good-looking 5½-foot bamboo bait rod with a fast tip. I spotted him on his first attempt at casting, when his plug snapped off and sank beyond recov-

ery. He managed to tie on another, but only after several tries because the wet cotton broke whenever he drew the knot taut. This brought out the temper in him, and he forgot to be cautious on his next cast, which cost him another plug. He dug into the tackle box again, selecting a third lure. This time, with excruciating delicacy of movement, he got it tied and into the water—but only about 15 feet from where he stood.

The length of the cast didn't matter too much because sundown was almost upon us and the bass were moving close to shore for their nightly forays against the minnows. Something, probably a bass, struck his lure. You could tell because he tried to set the gang hooks, and another plug sank to the bottom of the lake.

I sidled over to him. He was reeling in his thread, looking grim and smug in the same instant.

"Any strikes?" I asked.

"Just had one," he said, rooting in his box for another plug. "Lost him. I'm using a very light line."

Actually, it was not so much the so-called line that was causing him trouble. It was the rest of his tackle—the stiff rod tip, the heavy reel without drag attachment and those gang hooks. With balanced tackle he would have been able to cast better, even with cotton thread, and with a single-hook lure he might have been able to set a hook. One hook is easier to set than a gang hook.

In fact, with spinning tackle, it is by no means impossible to take big fish on a very light line. Mostly it requires patience, sharp hooks, care in setting the drag, a quick, sensitive touch on the rod and a willingness to pump endlessly to recover line—in other words, the basic skills which are the property of all really fine fishermen, as differentiated from trophy bore and the angling assassins being bred by the big-money tournaments (SI, Nov. 7, 1960).

Thus, one of the more respectable ISFA records was a 20-pound six-ounce Chinook salmon taken on two-pound test line from the North Fork of the Lewis River in Washington. Certainly it took skill to kill that salmon, confounding his powerful lunges with the drag of the reel, which

continued

How to play Santa for \$8⁷⁵

Give the year's newest quality fountain pen! Sheaffer's new Target Pen combines modern styling with traditional Sheaffer craftsmanship. Tapered wrap-around point makes writing smooth, effortless. Single-stroke Touchdown filling action holds a large supply of *Strip* writing fluid. Choice of colors and point styles. Pen alone is \$8.75; in set with matching pencil, \$12.95.



SHEAFFER'S

Circle 16 on Reader Service card, for more information

"King George IV"

in its Authentic Scottish gift wrap



Give and serve the Scotch
that's recognized as
Edinburgh's most popular.

FISHING continued

released line whenever the pull approached its breaking point, and by keeping the limber rod tip high to further cushion any shock against the line. In due course, with the salmon finally wearied of the struggle against this passive nonresistance, it simply lay at rest, and the spin angler (E. J. Halkoski) was able to recover line and eventually kill the fish.

Hats off, then, to E. J. Halkoski, who did not horse in his fish on tackle suitable for tuna. He worked hard and ably in the tradition of light-tackle men. Hats off, too, to the ISFA. For, whatever may be thought of some of these early ISFA records (excluding genuinely impressive performances like Halkoski's,) they have begun to inspire a movement of a similar sort in other branches of light-tackle angling where records are not so important as the sport itself.

In the past year Abercrombie & Fitch has sold somewhere between 500 and 600 of its Banty fly rod, line and reel combinations. All three components are specially designed for each other. The reel is specially made by Hardy, weighing 2½ ounces; the tubular glass rod is only four feet four inches long and weighs, believe it or not, just one ounce. The tapered fly line is 30 yards long and can be cast 50 feet by any ordinary angler. Customers who doubt their ability to cast this far are taken to the store's roof pool and there prove to themselves that they are experts.

It is to be hoped that the movement spreads, not so much for the sake of records but for the sake of pure angling pleasure. For any legalized fish taken on a rod and reel like this, using appropriate terminal tackle, must provide a maximum of the aggravation fishermen call fun. **END**



New Aces of 1960



The Fall Nationals were the biggest ever—and they produced some surprising winners

FOR the nine days that ended with the Thanksgiving weekend, contract bridge players put on in New York the finest Fall National Championships in that tournament's 34-year history. In event after event they recaptured attendance records—most of them set in Los Angeles in 1957. But from the New Yorkers' point of view, too few local players captured championships (see box, page 98).

Los Angeles stars, who kept the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy and the intercity championship in a special pretournament match, further cemented their solid claim to dominance of U.S. bridge. Three of them—Lew Mathe, Oliver Adams and William Hanna—combined with Paul Allinger of Alameda, Calif. and Sidney Lazard of New Orleans to win the Open Team Championship. Only three New Yorkers became winners—one in the Mixed Pairs, two in the Women's Team Championship.

In all except the Open Team and the Open Pair events, this was a tournament of new faces. Among them was my young friend, Florida neighbor and occasional teammate, Bobby Reynolds of Coral Gables, who took the Life Masters Individual Championship by the narrowest possible margin—1½ matchpoint. He scored his win over Arthur Robinson of Philadelphia, who later was his partner in the Open Pair event.

From the entire nine days of play, this was the hand (see right) Reynolds chose as his best. Study it and you will see why.

Many South players elected to bid three hearts on the second round, over North's two diamonds. This was a rea-

sonable idea, but Reynolds preferred the slower approach. He "compensated" with a jump rebid in hearts over North's two no trump, thereby showing good top-card strength and confirming the major-suit distribution.

After South's bid of four hearts, North could count on him for 10 cards in the majors. When the Blackwood responses revealed two aces and two kings, North saw the likelihood of 13 tricks and bid the grand slam.

Dummy's ace won the opening club, and South discarded a diamond. Two top spades were cashed, and declarer carefully trumped the next spade with a high heart. He returned to his hand by trumping a club and ruffed another spade with dummy's remaining heart honor. (On the last two spade leads, East discarded diamonds.) Then dummy's deuce of hearts was led, and East false-carded with the 7. This helped declarer make the right play.

Reynolds reasoned that if East's play was honest, he could not make the contract unless East also held the

continued

Neither side vulnerable
East Dealer

NORTH			
♠ 6 3			
♥ Q J 2			
♦ A K T 5 2			
♣ A 6 3			
WEST		EAST	
♠ J 7 5 4		♠ Q 10	
♥ 5		♥ 5 7 6 4	
♦ J 8		♦ Q 10 3	
♣ K Q 10 9 8 7		♣ J 5 4 2	
SOUTH			
♠ A K 9 8 2			
♥ A h 10 5 3			
♦ 5 6 4			
♣ —			
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(C Cook)	(R Reynolds)	(D Robinson)	(A Robinson)
PASS	1 ♣	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	2 ♥	PASS	2 N.T.
PASS	4 ♥	PASS	4 N.T.
PASS	5 ♥	PASS	5 N.T.
PASS	6 ♥	PASS	7 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of clubs

How to play Santa for \$10⁰⁰

Give her Lady Sheaffer, a jewel of a pen! The warmth and charm of a lady's handwriting can only be captured by a good fountain pen. And here's the most feminine one of all! The Lady Sheaffer pen shuns ink bottles, refills cleanly, easily with drop-in cartridges of Sheaffer writing fluid. Illustrated: Paisley pen with gold-colored accents, \$10; matching pen and pencil set is just \$14.95.



SHEAFFER'S

Circle 11 on Reader Service Card, Reader Service #71

Sturdy cotton and warm pale
reverse in this
completely washable
Swiss Blouse by "Golden Fleece"—
cotton plaid by Galey & Lord.

Galey & Lord

Burlington

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



NIKON F AUTOMATIC REFLEX . . .

THE CHOICE OF MEN WHO KNOW CAMERAS . . . IS FOR ALL MEN
WHO KNOW AND APPRECIATE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

Visit any Franchised Nikon Dealer, and try the Nikon F yourself.
\$575 with Auto-Nikkor, f1.4; with f2, \$529.50. For descriptive literature
and the name of the Nikon Dealer nearest you, write to Dept. SI-12.

© Nikon Incorporated, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.



FIRST-TIME WINNER, Robert Reynolds, took the Life Masters Individual title.

GOREN continued

9. If it was a false card, then the probable reason for it was an attempt to protect a four-card holding including the 9. So Reynolds finessed the 8 of hearts, then was able to draw East's trumps and make the grand slam.

EXTRA TRICK

Clever false-carding is a delicate way of conveying misinformation to the opponents, but the art should be practiced with restraint. Sometimes the false card can help the enemy. **END**

MAJOR TITLE WINNERS

WOMEN'S TEAMS: Bee Schenken, Roberta Erde, New York City; Sally Johnson, Westport, Conn.; Barbara Kachmar, Bronxville, N.Y.

MEN'S TEAMS: Alan Messer, Verona, N.J.; Charles Denby, Huntington Station, N.Y.; B. K. Humphreys, Nutley, N.J.; Robert Wakeman, Upper Montclair, N.J.; Marty Schoenberg, Hawthorne, N.J.

MIXED PAIRS: Elvie Abrams, Stamford, Conn.; William Pasell, New York City.

LIFE MASTERS INDIVIDUAL: Robert Reynolds, Coral Gables, Fla.

SENIOR MASTERS INDIVIDUAL: Margaret Pell, Norfolk, Va.

OPEN TEAMS: Lew Mathe, Oliver Adams, William Hanna, Los Angeles; Paul Adinger, Alameda, Calif.; Sidney Luzzat, New Orleans.

OPEN PAIRS: Oswald Jacoby, Dallas; Curtis Smith, Austin, Texas

HUZZAH FOR NASSAU

continued from page 22

says, "my contribution to Speed Week." This year, in a horrowed Lotus, she came in third.

Although the fun and games side of Speed Week gives the event a social flair that is unique in big-time racing, it has its drawbacks. The event has attracted the very best of the world's drivers—among them, Moss, Phil Hill, Joakim Bonnier of Sweden and Masten Gregory. These pros must take their work seriously to stay alive, as Bonnier put it while watching one of the warmup races last week. "I have more fun at a race where everything is a little more serious. I don't like to think that someone else on the track has a hangover. It is hard enough working your way through all the small cars that they allow to run in the big races here."

Despite these objections, Nassau still pays top starting money to the leading pros, and those who can find a ride in a good car are bound to turn up, particularly at a time of year when racing is hibernating elsewhere. This year, for instance, Nassau had 280 applicants for its 100 invitations.

The man who thought up Nassau and has kept it running ever since is Crise himself. He had been coming to the island off and on for more than 30 years, ever since, as a young man of Prohibition times, he flew liquor to the States. "One afternoon," as he recalls it, "Sir Sydney and I sat down on my boat and decided we'd have a hobby race. We started romancing the thing around and then brought over 50 cars. It was just a little thing, but look at it now."

If Red Crise had not been born in New York City 54 years ago, it is certain nobody would have invented him. He stands 6 feet tall, weighs a round 252 pounds and is topped by a shock of bright orange hair. He is always in motion and, as he puts it, "I'm always in trouble. I'm not a peaceable man." His life story sounds something like the script for an early silent film, jumping from climax to crisis to crisis to climax in double time. At one moment he is a young man racing a speedboat that flies apart in a vivid explosion. Next he is making a small killing in a seaplane promotion, putting up a ramp near Wall Street so rich New Yorkers can fly to work from their estates on Long

island. There is a fadeout, and the next thing you know Crise has just dropped a fortune in midjet car promotion and his partner has dived out the window of an office building. In another scene Crise is ferrying gasoline over the China Hump during World War II, hailing out when his plane runs out of gas and breaking his back when his parachute lets him down too hard. Before you know it, Crise is recovered and running a magnificent yacht base at Miami Beach, but the pier burns one night in a spectacular holocaust. Pretty soon you see Crise, his fortunes recouped, restlessly commanding his 65-foot yacht and commuting between his ranch in Fort Lauderdale and his winter home in Nassau.

Goers vs. readers

"I know how to put things together," he will tell you without any false modesty. "I know how to make things work. Trouble with most people, they'll get an idea but they can't make it go. You take my marine base at Miami. I had this partner, but he liked to read books. He wouldn't work, so I got out. Me, my phone gets answered 24 hours a day. I'm up at 6. If you get in my way and try to bust up my plans, I'd just as soon bust a bottle over your head."

Even as he says it, Crise is laughing and slapping his thigh over the recollection of some incredible and outrageous exploit of the past. "What do you think of that, mon?" he will ask. He calls everyone "mon," in imitation of Bahamian jargon. They like to tell a story down in Nassau about a drivers' meeting Crise was conducting before the race when the event was young. Stirling Moss made a number of suggestions, such as changing the starting time, eliminating the Le Mans start and limiting the entries to only the bigger, faster cars. Moss was seconded by several other big-name drivers, while Crise listened in silence. When they were through, Crise said: "Are you through? The race will start as scheduled. There will be the same number of cars as planned, and there will be a Le Mans start. You came here to drive, didn't you? Well, then get in your cars and drive." Moss turned to someone next to him and said, "Stubborn feller, isn't he?" But there was more admiration than anger in his voice.

END

How to play Santa for \$25⁰⁰

Give Sheaffer's PFM, Pen for Men... for his autograph. His own signature is exactly reproduced on the 14K gold band. 14K gold mid-point is *Acad-ground* in a choice of writing styles. Sheaffer's exclusive Snorkel Pen clean filling action and floss-proof interspersing clip. Personalized PFM, Pen for Men, \$25; matching pen and pencil set, with engraved signatures, \$37.50. Other PFM Pens priced from \$10.



SHEAFFER'S

© 1968, W. A. P. CO. CHICAGO, ILL., MADE IN U.S.A.

GREEN BAY

continued from page 28

average paid in 1957), and business picked up swiftly. Last year the club set two financial records: it grossed more than a million dollars and it netted more than \$100,000 for the first time in history. This year ticket prices—already the highest in the league—were raised about a dollar (to \$4.20 average after taxes). All four Green Bay games were promptly sold out. In the days when the Packers were filling City Stadium, a visiting club could expect a maximum cut of \$27,000; today they leave Green Bay

with \$45,000. "And that's better than three or four other towns in this league can do," says Lewellen.

The instrument of prosperity was principally Vince Lombardi. "He took the job when nobody else would," says Olejniczak. Almost everything Lombardi did was instantly right. With his players Lombardi was correct and uncompromising. (Some of the Packers nicknamed him Mr. K.) He traded away troublesome if talented players ("One player came here, got into trouble and was in Pittsburgh the next week") and put a premium on every job on the team. When one exceptionally gifted end went to Gen-

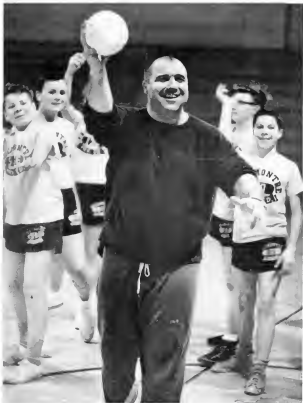
eral Manager Lombardi for an advance on his salary, Coach Lombardi said, "I'd be glad to help—but I don't know if you can make this football team." But he was generous in helping those who helped the team, and his coaching techniques evoked admiration and great loyalty from his players. The result was the renaissance of the Packers.

The glories of the past died slowly. George Calhoun sits alone in his little house across the Fox River, virtually forgotten in the new enthusiasm, with only a few old cronies to help him keep in touch with the Packers. Even George Halas of the Chicago Bears, who used to make a point of visiting Calhoun on every trip to Green Bay, now dismisses the duty with a phone call. In Holzer's drugstore pictures of the old Packers are taped to the mirror, and the atmosphere is filled with the lore of the past. The conversation swings compulsively back to the old names—Johnny Blood ("We had to lock him up every Saturday night") and Cal Hubbard and Mike Michalske and Jug Earp. "They played their hearts out for \$35 or \$50 a game," says John Holzer, a trifle hyperbolically. "They had a fierce desire, an almost animal desire for contact."

The success of the early part of this season aroused new expectations in Green Bay, but good fortune cannot be pressed too hard for fear that it will crumble, like a crisp leaf, under the pressure. In a hotel elevator a bellhop asked, "Are we goin' east or are we goin' south?" Goin' east meant playing for the championship of the National Football League. Goin' south meant playing in the second-place game in Miami. He was told not to get his hopes up. The Packers might be goin' south. He nodded. It would be enough.

It is enough—for the moment. Nothing that happens now can wipe out the rising sense of pride and accomplishment—or the disgust of the last decade and a half. "It wasn't just that we lost in those days," says Bob Houle. "It was the way we lost—we weren't in the game after the first five minutes." Today the Packers are in every game, whether they win or lose. That is enough to renew civic pride. "You can't realize how much joy there is in this team," says Holzer, "until you know the heartaches and despair of the last few years."

END



EX-PACKER TED FRITSCH NOW COACHES FOOTBALL AT PREMONTRE HIGH SCHOOL



Yule Love
Du BOUCHETT Cordials
(say doo-boo-shay)



Gayly-wrapped for the Holiday season: *Blackberry, Ginger, Apricot Brandy, Green and White Creme de Menthe, and Light and Dark Creme de Cacao*—7 favorites from DuBouchett's collection of 27 delicious cordials. Taste and discover the difference! Delightful after dinner! Delicious anytime!



BLACKBERRY, GINGER, APRICOT FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF • GREEN AND WHITE CREME DE MENTHE, WHITE CREME DE CACAO, 40 PROOF • DARK CREME DE CACAO, 54 PROOF • MANY BLANC & CO., SCHENLEY, PA.



THE COMPANY HE KEEPS is a source of delight to Virginia mountain boy Sam Snead. Here, on the Greenbrier fairways at White Sulphur Springs, he enjoys himself hugely with Dwight D. Eisenhower and Press Secretary Jim Hagerly.

THE MAN GETS YOUNGER WITH AGE

by GERALD HOLLAND

At 45, Sam is always on the go. He commutes between the East Coast and Hollywood, he's up in Canada one day, down in Florida the next. He'll fly to Israel soon. He moans and groans about the frantic pace, but a young pro calls him the greatest golfer alive and an old pro says he'll get that U.S. Open title yet

Sam Snead returned to Hollywood one recent Monday morning to resume shooting on his *Celebrity Golf* television series and was due to meet Comedian Danny Thomas on the first tee at 8 a.m. Sam was there on the dot.

This would not seem to be at all remarkable. But, in view of the weekend that had preceded Sam's appearance at Hollywood's Lakeside Golf Club, it was just a little short of fantastic. Sam had flown from Hollywood to Boston the previous Friday; he had been involved in a frantic cocktail party (he detests cocktail parties); a man had invaded his motel suite at 3 o'clock in the morning and blown smoke in his face (he hates having smoke blown in his face); he had played National Open and Masters Champion Arnold Palmer in exhibitions at Providence, R.I. and Rockville, Md. He had traveled 2,700 miles on three airlines in a single day and had slept not at all on the planes and

only two or three hours upon his arrival at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. On the jet airliner that took him from Chicago to Los Angeles, Sam had groaned and moaned, as is his custom when overtired, yearning for the day when he could take things easy. "There'll come a day," he had said, "when I'll quit all this runnin' around, when I'll take things so easy I won't even take a lick at a snake." In Sam's view, a man born and raised in the mountains of Virginia can get no lazier than that.

When I saw Sam off to bed a little before dawn this recent Monday, I didn't see how he could ever pull himself together in time for the filming of his match with Danny Thomas. But there he was at the first tee, looking bright-eyed, ready to go. The temperature was 99° and the snog was all but unbearable.

There was a sizable gallery on hand. Although Snead is matched against such big name performers as Bob Hope, Mil-

ton Berle, Jerry Lewis, Perry Como, Mickey Rooney, Ray Bolger and Dean Martin in the filmed series, Sam himself was the big attraction and the man in demand among the autograph seekers.

Sam's first drive was a screamer down the middle. He didn't bear down too much against Thomas and, allowing for the latter's club handicap of 10, Sam won, 1 up. Afterward, there was a comedy sketch to be done. To start it off, Announcer Harry Von Zell, reading from an idiot card, remarked that it must be tough for Danny to get out to play golf, what with one wife in his television series, *Make Room for Daddy*, and another in real life. "Imagine having to sneak out on two wives," laughed Von Zell. Sam Snead looked like he had heard many a funnier joke.

Then Von Zell went on to explain that the sponsors of the series were going to give Danny a chance to earn a lot of money for his favorite charity, so much

continued

for every par hole, so much for a birdie and \$10,000 for a hole-in-one by either Thomas or Snead. At this point Thomas departed from the prepared lines and ad-libbed: "I already made \$500, Harry. A pal of mine bet me I wouldn't even show up for this match with Sam!"

This got a good laugh from the gallery and thus called for an on-the-spot revision of the script. "Keep that line in, Danny!" cried the director. "And Sam, you take Harry's line about Danny sneaking out on two wives! Got it, Sam?"

Sam, with two hours' sleep behind him, a blazing sun beating down on him and the smog burning his eyes, nodded. Danny Thomas addressed the gallery, "When I get to the new line, folks, laugh it up like you did before." The scene went off just fine, and Sam's reading was judged adequate the first time.

After a picnic lunch with the camera crew, Sam started all over again with Randolph Scott. At the start of his match with Scott, I had the vague impression that Sam was a mite off his game. But on the 4th hole he drove the green and sank a 20-foot putt for an eagle. Scott, a fine golfer himself, shook his head and said, "Sam plays as good as he has to."

That night Sam turned in right after dinner. Next morning I was sitting by the side of the swimming pool having coffee, and Sam came bouncing along. I looked up and said, "My, but you look refreshed, Sam!"

Sam all but broke into a dance. "I feel great! I got a day off and I'm goin' out to Lakeside and play 18, maybe 36, I don't know, with ol' Bob Hope!" Then he took a stance and said, "Here's Hope drivin'." He drew back his arms very slowly and then lashed down with an old washerwoman's swing that was not at all complimentary to his partner for the day. He went whistling off to keep his date.

(Maybe it was this incredible ability of Sam Snead to snap back that had something to do with the tribute Arnold Palmer paid him recently. "He's the greatest golfer who ever lived," said

Palmer. "He's got to be. He's been on the circuit for 25 years, just imagine that. He's playing better now than he ever did. He can do anything a man of 21 can do. He just keeps on learning more and more and he hasn't lost a thing. He could have been an all-star at any sport.")

Not many days later we were back at Sam's home course, the famous Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs. One evening we had dinner in the magnificent main dining room. Gary Nixon, Sam's assistant, and some Greenbrier guests were at the table. The Meyer Davis orchestra played softly in the background. Most people dress for dinner at the Greenbrier, but Sam wore a light gray suit and a black knit tie. People kept turning around to look at him.

Aside from Sam's prowess as a golfer, he was worth a second look. He cuts a handsome figure and probably is as well off as a fair share of Greenbrier regulars. His enterprises include a string of Sam Snead Motor Lodges, already in operation or being franchised; Sam Snead Golf Centers with double-decker driving ranges; and a highly profitable golf-cart-rental business. A television company is in the organization stage. Sam is Director of Golf for Country Club Develop-

ers, Inc. and is the operator of the pro shops at all seven of the new courses that have been constructed by that new outfit.

Sam obviously doesn't hurt for money. Fred Corcoran, his business manager, has him endorsing everything from hats to headache powders. Sam is working with a collaborator on a new book of instructions. He has a solid, long-standing tie-up with Wilson golf equipment. Sam can pick up \$1,500 to \$2,500 and more any day he wants to play an exhibition with a big name pro—especially if the big name happens to be Arnold Palmer. Sam makes \$2,000 a day for every day's shooting of the *Celebrity Golf* series on NBC, a venture underwritten by his old friend, Bob Hope. Sam has a piece of the show. He is a partner with his pal (and favorite fishing companion) Ted Williams in a fishing-tackle business. He has an interest in an aquarium in Miami. He can earn up to \$30,000 a year as pro at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs and \$15,000 as pro at the Boca Raton Club in Florida. People in a position to make a good guess hazard the opinion that Sam's annual income runs from \$150,000 to \$200,000—including tournament prize money and the sure-fire side bets

WHERE SAM IS STAR AND MOVIE ACTORS



Jerry Lewis mugs as Snead tees up (left) to start match in filmed television series.



Sam relaxes off camera with Randolph Scott, one of Hollywood's top golfers.

he wins from well-heeled businessmen all around the country. Sam refers to such golfing partners as "pigeons," and he is always on the alert for such game when he is not otherwise occupied. One day in the men's grill at the Greenbrier a prosperous pigeon kept repeating: "Took me for plenty, the old son of a gun, but it was worth it. Wait'll I tell 'em back home I played with Slammin' Sam!"

Naturally, Sam enjoys certain creature comforts. He loves clothes, and in his wardrobe are 400 shirts, 200 pairs of slacks, 50 hats, 100 sports jackets, 75 pairs of shoes and dozens of business suits and dinner jackets. He owns 25 sets of golf clubs and is always on the lookout for new putters and wedges. He has five automobiles. He owns two Eldorado Cadillacs outright, and General Motors keeps him supplied with three of their other cars. GM asks no testimonials in return; they are content just to have Sam seen driving their cars and thus create the impression among prospective buyers of motor cars that what is good for Sam Sneed is good for the country.

At the dinner table Sam was the last to order from the elaborate menu. As the waiter stood patiently by, Sam said,

"Last night I had some real good eatin'. I went out in the woods back of my house there in Hot Springs and shot me a couple of nice fat squirrels. Took 'em home and skinned 'em and then par-boiled 'em. Fried 'em up with some apple slices, and I tell you there's no better eatin' in this world."

I felt the waiter grasp the back of my chair as if to steady himself. Sam looked at him.

"Bring me," he said, "some blue points, filet mignon, and put Roquefort dressing on the salad."

"Thank you, Mr. Sneed," said the waiter, hurrying away.

"Daniel Boone," I said, making small talk, "used to bark off a squirrel, in other words shoot the seat out from under him, killing the squirrel by the concussion, leaving the carcass intact."

"Possibly so," said Sam, "but you couldn't do that with a .22 rifle. I generally aim for the eye." He turned and smiled pleasantly at one of the lady guests who swallowed with difficulty and remarked that she had never eaten fried squirrel. Her tone indicated that she had no intention of ever doing so.

"The toughest shooting there is," I said, drawing on the scantiest possible knowledge of the subject, "is shooting

crows. Crows are the smartest birds alive."

Sam shook his head. "Not for me. I got me a record of crow calls and a player machine. I'll go out in the fields and git crows any time."

"I've seen that done," I said. "What about wild turkeys? What kind of call do you use for them?"

"Mostly no call," said Sam. "I can imitate a turkey with my voice."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I remember at the pro-am over at Hot Springs yesterday. You started to chirp and click and gobble like a turkey at one of the tees. I forget which, and then you went way back in the woods and came out chirping and clucking, and then you told the gallery that there was a bird in there but he wouldn't answer your call."

Sam flushed a little but didn't say anything.

Gary Nixon leaned over and whispered in my ear: "I believe Sam was looking for the powder room."

"Sam," the lady guest suddenly exclaimed, "could you get me a wild turkey for a dinner party I'm giving?"

"I could," said Sam, "dependin' on when is the party?"

"Day after tomorrow," said the lady.

continued

ARE MERELY PLAYERS



Sam has a tip for Milton Berle (left) and (below) Song and Dance Man Ray Bolger.



A pretty girl is cast as scorer (right), and Mickey Rooney plays the scene for yuks.



"Well, I don't know," said Sam, rubbing his chin. "If I can git out there, I'll git one. The question is, will I have time to git out."

"You've got a pretty full schedule, Sam," said Gary Nixon.

Sam thought hard. Then his face lit up. "Why, shucks," he said to the lady guest, "I got a couple wild turkeys in the freezer. Be glad to send you one for the party."

The lady guest gushed: "Oh, you're a darling, Sam!"

"Yes'm," said Sam, waving to a man passing by. "President of the Columbia Broadcasting System," he explained. "Or one of 'em."

With such chitchat, the dinner hour flew by. Afterward, Gary Nixon and I paid a visit to Freddie Martin, the retired Greenbrier professional and golf club manager, who lives with his wife in a little bungalow that he built to replace a larger house that was getting to be too much for Mrs. Martin. Freddie told of seeing, for the first time, the young Sam Snead hit a golf ball back in the early '30s at Hot Springs. He knew instantly that he was looking at the greatest natural talent he had ever seen. He offered Sam a job, and Sam, of course, grabbed at the chance to move in as assistant at Greenbrier.

Sam (Freddie said) almost got fired the first week or so. He was playing Greenbrier's Old White Course behind Alva Bradley, onetime owner of the Cleveland Indians baseball club and director of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway (which owns Greenbrier). Observing that Mr. Bradley was holing out on the 5th green ahead, Sam teed up and put his full power into a drive with that same old wood he's using today. The ball took off low and then rose and straightened out like an arching missile, landed just short of the green and bounded up and plopped squarely on the wealthy derriere of Mr. Alva Bradley. The ball had traveled 335 yards to this distinguished terminus, and Mr. Bradley, stung on the bottom, reacted by blowing his top. His bellow of rage could be heard all the way back at the



Sam and Ted Williams, pals and business partners, confer on fishing strategy.

clubhouse, and soon it was actually bouncing off the walls there as Mr. Bradley confronted L. R. Johnston, the managing director of the Greenbrier, and spoke violently to the subject of bad-mannered young professionals who hit their second shots while a preceding foursome is still on the green. Mr. Johnston frantically pushed buttons and rang bells until Freddie Martin and his entire staff were on the carpet. When, after painful attempts to get a word in edgewise, Mr. Martin at last established that the ball that had bounded into Mr. Bradley was not a second shot but a first shot, a drive, Mr. Bradley absolutely refused to believe that anybody could hit a ball that far from the tee. More

witnesses were summoned, and when it was at last established beyond doubt that young Sam Snead, the new assistant pro, had indeed driven the green, Mr. Bradley was aghast. He turned his back on the assembly and personally sought out Sam to extend his apologies and his congratulations.

Freddie Martin grows a little misty-eyed when he talks about Sam, as a father might in speaking of his son. "Sam," said Freddie, patting the blind old cocker spaniel at his feet, "was the man who brought competitive golf down into the 60s. Sam did it, not Jones, not Hagen, but Sam." Freddie chuckled as he digressed for a moment. "There was nobody like Hagen, of course. I remem-

ber seeing him driving up to the first tee in an important tournament. Gene Sarazen was waiting to tee off with him. Hagen got out of a taxicab wearing a tuxedo, said, "Be with you in a minute, Gene," and hustled on down to the locker room to change. Played one hell of a game that day, I recall, and hadn't had a wink of sleep all night."

Freddie Martin has precious few mementos to show for his long years at Greenbrier. He just never thought to keep an autograph book; it would have had the names of Presidents and kings in it. But he did have one prized souvenir and, before he went to fetch it, he said, "I was the first one to predict that Sam Snead would break 60 in competition." Then he got up painfully and hobbled out of the living room and came back and held out a golf ball. It had the numeral 59 scribbled on it with a lipstick that Sam had borrowed out of the gallery the day he shot that fantastic 11-under-par in the Sam Snead Festival tournament at Greenbrier on May 16, 1959 (SI, June 1, 1959). He had brought the ball straight to his first patron, Freddie Martin, and had given him the card for the round as well.

Gary Nixon spoke up: "Sam does a lot of nice things nobody ever hears about. He never lets it be known, but he's a soft touch for many an old pro who's played out and broke."

I couldn't help saying, "I was in the gallery over at Hot Springs and got to talking to one of the natives. I'd admit this fellow had been drinking some of that mountain liquor but he said Sam Snead was the tightest man in the state of Virginia. He said even today he'd fight a man over a 3¢ overcharge at the grocery store."

"Why, that doesn't prove a thing," declared Freddie Martin. "Who wants to be gypped even if it is a matter of a few cents?"

Gary Nixon laughed: "Oh, heck, Sam does that kind of thing just for the fun of it. It's like Jack Benny playing up the idea that he's a tightwad. Why, actually, Sam is always doing little charities—for the nondescript variety, too. For instance, he'd slip an old caddy a \$100 bill and tell him to go buy groceries for

the poor folks in his neighborhood. He gave a fine electric organ to the family church in Hot Springs."

"Why, yes," exclaimed Freddie Martin, "and when I retired, do you know what Sam Snead did? Made me a present of an automobile. It's a Valiant, and you can take a look at it in the driveway on your way out."

Freddie had been rummaging through some papers in his lap, and now he held out a letter. It was from Duke Ridgeley, the Huntington, West Va. sportswriter who was the first to call Snead "Slammin' Sam." Duke is in a veterans' hospital now.

"I'll tell Sam about this," said Gary Nixon, scanning the letter. "He'll want to go over and pay a visit to old Duke." (Sam did just that the next day.)

"Freddie," I said, "you were the first man to predict that Sam would break 60 in competition. What about the Open? Do you still think he's got a chance to win it at his age?"

Freddie thought carefully. He is not—and never was—a man to speak carelessly. After a moment he said slowly, "Yes, I'll predict it. Make a note of it there, put down the date and the occasion here and say that Freddie Martin predicts Sam will win the Open before he's through. He's hitting as long a ball as ever, and his putting has been terrific. Write it down. Freddie Martin says Sam will win the Open before he's through."

"I'd like to say this," said Gary Nixon. "Not winning the Open has given Sam an incentive that's kept him going so well all these years. Maybe if he'd won everything as a youngster he would have faded out of the picture as some other pros have done."

"Yes," Freddie Martin said, "I agree with that. But Sam would have made a great success of any sport. If he had gone into baseball he would have been another Ted Williams. He's got everything a great athlete has to have."

"Right now, today," said Gary Nixon, "Sam could probably run a 100-yard dash in darn near 10 seconds. He can bend down and pick a ball out of the cup without bending his knees. Does it all the time."

continued

SKINDIVE

THIS WATCH TELLS ELAPSED TIME UNDERWATER

SAIL

ADJUSTS FOR 5-MINUTE STARTER'S WARNING

REFEREE

IT INCLUDES STOP-WATCH FOR TIMING SPORTS

RACE

IT GIVES CAR'S M.P.G. OVER MEASURED COURSE

GLOBE-TROT

IT SHOWS THE TIME AT POINT OF DEPARTURE

FLY

IT CONVERTS TO AVIATOR'S 12-HR. RECORDER

AND STOP TO REST: IT MEASURES REMAINING TIME-OUT, TAKES YOUR PULSE, THE WORLD'S BUSIEST WATCH—HAS MORE USES THAN EVER COUNTERED! WATERPROOF, SHOCK-RESISTANT, AND KEEPS FIERCELY COOL TIME. \$100 AT FINE JEWELERS OR WRITE FOR FACT-BOOK TO CROTON WATCH CO., 404 PARK AVE. 20., N.Y. 10



*Spreading case is unworn, crystal and crown intact

CHRONOMASTER

BY CROTON NIVADA GRENCHEN

**No brush.
No lather.
No blades.
No blood.
No push.
No pull.
No bull.**



**All you get
is the shave
that's
rated best.**

A blade shaves skin; a Ronson CFL shaves beard (shaves it closer than any other electric shaver). \$20 buys you blades, razor, shaving creams, powders, brush and styptic pencils for a year's use. \$20 buys you a Ronson CFL for a lifetime. Ronson, of course, is the quickest of the electric shavers, far faster than blade and soap. ("I had a beard and I had a Ronson. In 2 minutes I had only a Ronson.") If you shave with a blade, test shave a Ronson. Within a week, you won't use anything else. And you will know why Ronson is rated best* for closeness. Best for speed. Best for comfort. *RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

SAM SNEAD *continued*

"He's an outdoorsman all the way," said Freddie Martin. "Hunting, fishing, golf—any sport. He loves baseball. He never misses a fight on television."

"Say," I said, getting a sudden thought. "There's one story I wanted to check with you men. The one about Sam playing with President Eisenhower and Jim Hagerly. Sam watches the President drive and then says, 'Mind if I offer you a little tip, Mr. President?' 'Why, no, I'd be grateful for any advice you'd give me, Sam,' says the President. Then Sam says, 'Well, stick out your funny a little more, Mr. President.'"

Freddie Martin and Gary Nixon nod.



Freddie Martin holds the "59" ball.

ded solemnly. "True as gospel," said Freddie.

"Absolutely," nodded Gary Nixon, "except for one little detail."

"What's that?" I said.

"Why," said Gary, "I've never heard Sam use the word funny."

The next night I was sitting on a bar stool at The Pines, a little nightclub near the Greenbrier. I had just attended a jam session in which Sam Snead had played his trumpet with the Four Populaires, entertainers from the Greenbrier's

Old White Club. Sitting there, I thought back over my month with Sam and then, suddenly, there he was, sliding onto the stool next to me. He had his hat on now and his horn was packed in its case and he was ready to go home. It was 3 o'clock in the morning.

"What will you do now, Sam?" I asked. "Hang around home a while, do a little turkey shooting, get yourself a deer when the season opens, play a few rounds with some of those well-heeled pigeons over at the Greenbrier?"

"Yeah," said Sam, "but I got a few other engagements here and there. Next week I got to go to Huntington to play in the West Virginia Open." (Sam beat out Arnold Palmer and Art Wall to win that one. He shot a 29 in a nine-hole practice round, then did it again during the tournament itself. Afterward, he stood on the patio outside the clubhouse and, out of sheer exuberance, kicked an awning rod at least seven feet high. He invited Arnold Palmer to match the feat, but Arnold politely declined.)

"Then what, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "I got to go down to Atlanta to open up one of my new golf centers there. Then I fly out to Hollywood to make some more of the *Celebrity Golf* TV shows. I go to Canada for a couple of exhibitions. Then back to Greenbrier and then to the Boca Raton Club in Florida for our big golf week. Maybe old Ted Williams will be around and we'll get in a little fishing."

"That's a lot of running around, Sam."

"January the fifth," Sam went on, "I take off for Israel. This English lord, Lord Rothschild, wants me to play the first round on Israel's first golf course. On the way back Fred Corcoran, my business manager, he says there's some Italian prince wants me to play an exhibition in Rome."

"Oh, my," I said, "that schedule should be very tiring. Won't it be nice, Sam, when you can slow down, let up a little, take things easy and not even take a lick at a snake—should one cross your path?"

Sam Sneed's eyes widened. "Why," he said, "I don't expect that day ever to come. No ol' snake better try to get by me. What gave you that notion?" **END**

**We don't roll.
We don't adjust.
We don't flip.
We don't float.
We don't lo-speed.
We don't raise.
We don't lower.**



**All we do
is give you the
shave that's
rated best.**

Many shavers claim a lot. Ronson claims nothing; we let an honored testing panel speak for us. It rates the Ronson CFL best for closeness. (Ronson's shaving head is .0018" thin, gets the cutting edges to the base of the beard.) It rates Ronson best for speed. (32 cutting edges get the job done, Quick.) It rates Ronson best for comfort. (Ronson's round head fits the curves of your face; the weight of the shaver is all the pressure you need.) Consider this too: Ronson has Super-Trim. It trims like a barber. If you have a beard and you have a Ronson, in 2 minutes you have only a Ronson. *RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE PROS

As the season neared the one-quarter mark, several things were readily apparent in the National Basketball Association. First, the league was still running its teams ragged with hop-skip-and-jump scheduling from Boston to Los Angeles and back again. Second, only a few rookies had been able thus far to make even a small impact on the league. Last, it will take more than the efforts of any single team to keep **Boston** and **St. Louis** from winning the division titles again.

However, it may not be quite so easy this time around for the aging Celtics and the stand-pat Hawks. There has been some general beefing-up around the league, particularly in the Western Division, where some rookies have appeared to support established stars. After the first six weeks of play this is the picture:

Backed up by the best bench in the league, Boston's first five is still wearing down the opposition with a fast-breaking attack and Bill Russell's defensive skills. Then, when Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman begin to tire, the younger, speedier and equally effective Jones boys, K.C. and Sam, come on to continue the assault. After a so-so start, the Celtics streaked for nine straight, mainly because the remarkable Sharman, at 34, is shooting better than ever. Cousy has lost none of his cunning and ball-handling magic, and Russell dominates the boards as if he owned them. St. Louis Coach Paul Seymour says: "Russell can demoralize a team like no other player. He bats down so many shots that he rattles your best players. Russell is the only man who could earn his pay without scoring a point all season."

Philadelphia, the one team with a chance to catch the Celtics in the East, won its first nine games, then slipped a bit when Wilt Chamberlain's failure at the foul line began to hurt. However, Wilt is averaging 38 points a game, even better than last year's record-breaking pace, and no one has been able to contain his rebounding. But Coach Neil Johnston is a realist: "I think we'll do all right with Boston, but somebody will have to help us beat them."

One thing is sure. The help isn't likely

to come from **Syracuse** or **New York**. Lacking a big man, the Nationals have to run to be effective. They haven't been able to do it often enough. Dolph Schayes, although still a potent scorer, is just a step slower, and Syracuse sorely misses retired sharpshooter George Yardley. Backcourt men Hal Greer, Larry Costello and Dick Barnett are racy and aggressive, but they have been inconsistent.

New York is suffering desperately from front-office ineptness, which has been demonstrated in recent draft choices and bad trades. Only Willie Naulls and Richie Guerin looked like first-class pros, while the Knicks bumbled and stumbled to 13 defeats in their first 17 games. Dick Gar-maker and Coach Carl Braun came out of retirement to strengthen the sagging backcourt, and the horror ended temporarily when the Knicks put together four straight, but they need more success than they can get from hot-and-cold Kenny



FALLEN BOSTONIAN Bill Sharman keeps the ball bouncing as St. Louis' St. Green ponders next move. But Sharman recovered neatly, passed off to teammate Frank Ramsey (23).

Sears and rookies Bob McNeill, Dave Budd and Darrell Imhoff.

Basketball's best front line—Bob Pettit, Clyde Lovellette and Cliff Hagan has kept St. Louis comfortably ahead in the West. Pettit's magnificence off the boards and his soft-touch shots, Hagan's tenaciousness and Lovellette's bludgeoning make up for weak spots in the backcourt, which may disappear when Fred Le Cour and Len Wilkens learn the ways of the pros.

Elgin Baylor, after carrying the load practically alone in Minneapolis, has some help in **Los Angeles**. The quick maturing of rookie Jerry West and the resurgence of Jim Krebs, Hot Rod Hundley and Frank Selvy under new Coach Fred Schaus have given Baylor a chance to roam more than usual, and he is challenging Chamberlain for the scoring lead. Despite only middling success (12-13) so far, the Lakers could be a threat to St. Louis.

Hustle has replaced ineptitude in **Detroit**, where newcomers Jackie Moreland and Don Ohl, a former NBL player, have given the Pistons some scoring punch they sadly lacked a year ago. Gene Shue and Bailey Howell are among the hottest hands in the league, but there is a decided drop-off in rebounding when Coach Dick McGuire has to rest Moreland and Walt Dukes. As a result, Detroit hasn't yet been able to beat either St. Louis or Los Angeles.

Cincinnati, after a fast start that can be credited to the considerable talents of Oscar Robertson, has tailed off and now looks like the same old Royals. Oscar's shooting, playmaking and rebounding have been big league, but the rest of the Royals suffer by comparison. Even Jack Twyman slumped badly enough to lose his starting status briefly as new Coach

Charlie Wolf groped for a way to stop the slide back to the cellar.

THE WEEK

Boston, after surviving some lapses to beat Western Division leader **St. Louis** 119-100, was rarely more devastating than when it played **Detroit** two nights later. With Bill Sharman and Bill Russell scoring 24 points, the Celtics did everything but run the Pistons off the court in a 39-23 first quarter and trimmed them 125-110 for their ninth straight. But the bubble burst against suddenly aroused **New York**. Puffed up by their third straight victory, over **Detroit** 118-107, the Knicks successfully employed their favorite strategy against Boston—big men out, little men in—and beat the Celtics 116-111 for the first time since last February.

However, the Knicks' streak, too, soon came to an end. They lost to St. Louis 139-133 and **Syracuse** 130-113. Meanwhile, **Philadelphia** was still within reaching distance of first-place Boston in the East. The Warriors took two out of three from **Los Angeles** (112-137, 122-121, 117-114), but lost to the Hawks 131-127. **Syracuse** also began to move up, with four in a row over **Cincinnati** 129-105, 137-126, St. Louis 135-126 and **New York** 130-113.

No Trip for Anyone's Mother

The author's first jet ride eight years ago was an awesome, unnerving experience

by PAUL MANDEL



Richard Triggs

My mother—a timid, housebound woman who studies the life cycle of a traffic light before crossing a street and counts herself lucky if she gets across uninjured—flew up from Florida not long ago. She flew in a jet, one of those ambulatory aluminum thunderstorms which populate the air these days. We met her at the airport, our traveling stock of smelling salts and tranquilizers at the ready, but before she reached our solicitous grasp she looked at the horizon with a 50-mission squint and said, "piece of cake; tailwind all the way." On the way into town she elaborated on her confectionery flight, noting that she'd asked the pilots to "drive carefully" but that otherwise she found jet flying far more relaxing than walking or similar hazardous pursuits. My sudden discovery that my mother had entered the jet age so painlessly left me feeling a little cheated, like the proprietor of a good joke everybody knows. For I took my first jet flight about eight years ago. It was an awesome and unnerving journey—no trip for anyone's mother—and it seems unfair that its awe should have dimmed so easily and so soon.

I first flew in a jet from a big naval air station in northern Florida that I shall call Sims Field. At the time I was a crash officer but not an aviator, and it embarrassed me to live and eat with several hundred aviators and not to fly. Accordingly, one Friday at supper, I asked a pilot friend at my table if he would let me ride in a jet someday. He said that he was flying to Memphis on a training flight that evening—he called it a "hop"; he planned to be home by midnight and would be glad to take me along.

After supper we walked down to his hangar, and climbed to a roomful of green metal lockers. He rattled one open. It held, from top to bottom, a helmet, an oxygen mask, a flight suit, a life vest and a pair of shoes, the whole reminiscent of the remains of some complex insect which had gone somewhere else and left its shell.

Doing what my pilot was doing, I took off my uniform and wriggled the flight suit over my underwear. I put on the helmet, a heavy, ribbed plastic bucket lined with straps and foam rubber. It came down over my eyes.

"Backwards," the pilot said. I turned it around. "How's your mask?"

I didn't know how to tell how a mask was. He pushed it tight against my face, pinched its hose and told me to inhale. I couldn't, and he seemed satisfied. "No need to put it on now," he said. "It gets hot."

He took the yellow rubber life vest off its hook and threw it over my head. "There," he said. "You look just like an aviator. We have to bail out over water, you pull the D ring—I'll show you that when we're in the plane. But don't worry, there's no water between here and Memphis anyway. Come on, I want to get going. There's weather due in off the Gulf."

We walked downstairs and came out on the flight line. The last plane in line had its wings folded, a cartoonist's bleary caricature of an anguished bird with a headache. "Where do you get in?" I asked. My pilot somehow put a hand into the body of the plane, followed it with a foot, then scrambled up and perched on top of the plane. "Just follow the white lines," he said, and I discovered a pair of broad white lines ringing the plane's body. I put my right hand at the bottom of the right-hand line and found

continued



POLIGNAC

COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCENTI...
Cognac Polignac offers leisurely pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France.
100% PURE COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE
BY DENNIS & BEPPE, NEW YORK



including 5 double chair lifts!

The finest skiing is yours where 5 double chair lifts serve the mid-west's longest, highest slopes. You ski under snow conditions quarantined by Boyne's extensive snow-making equipment. After fun on the slopes, dive into the outdoor heated pool. Summer-winter ice skating rink, the Stein Eriksen Ski School, 150 of the most modern rooms located at the slopes, plus two cocktail lounges offering gay night life, all combine to make Boyne's fabulous reputation come alive for you. Season—Thanksgiving to Easter. Learn-to-Ski Weeks every week.

Write for Free Color Brochure



BOYNE MOUNTAIN LODGE
BOYNE MOUNTAIN, MICH. C. MOUNTAIN, MICH. PHONE 30

NO TRIP FOR MOTHER continued

a hinged plate that folded in under the pressure of my fingers. More plates and one T-shaped knob followed; I missed my grip on the last, stuck grunting with my head half over the roof of the plane, and a sailor had to jump down from a wing to the ground and push me up the rest of the way.

In the cockpit there were two seats, side by side, the only recognizable islands in a black and tangled sea of switches, dials, wires, knobs, lights, buttons, handles, cranks and hoses. I lowered my legs over the ledge of the hatch, stood on the right-hand seat and then sat down, cramping my legs into the narrow space between the front of the seat and the bottom of the instrument panel.

A sailor appeared and dropped a pile of fabric straps over my shoulders and into my lap. "That's your chute harness," said the pilot. "You're sitting on the chute. Pull the leg and shoulder straps tight." Another lapful of straps came from above. "That's your shoulder harness."

"I can't move."

My pilot leaned over me—marginally, since he was similarly strapped in—and adjusted my several harnesses. "If you have to get out, you knock this handle on your lap belt. Then you pull the knob on this green bottle on your suit here. That's oxygen; keeps you alive on the way down. After you've got out of your seat belt just stand up—the chute'll come with you—turn around, grab that bar on top of the door behind the cockpit and step out of the doorway. The door won't be there. I'll get rid of it if we have to go. Drop out the doorway, count three and pull the D ring. That's that ring on your chest."

"All set?" said my pilot.

"I guess so," I said.

My pilot pressed one of his buttons and there was a whine that grew higher and louder, even through the spongy dome of my earphones, until it was unbearably high and loud. This procedure was repeated as we started our second engine. My pilot's left hand pushed a pair of thick, flat black handles forward together, not very far. We moved out of the line of blue planes, turned and trundled down a wide asphalt taxiway. The asphalt turned to concrete. My pilot pulled the black handles back again and we stopped.

"Sima Tower, this is Navy one three nine requesting clearance to take off on runway three six," said my earphones.

"Navy one three nine cleared for takeoff on runway three six. There is heavy smoke from forest fire one mile north of runway."

My pilot wrote something on a small clipboard strapped to the thigh of his right leg. Then he pushed his handles forward and we rumbled onto the great runway. Our plane moved forward. It started to shake, a convulsion which took it from side to side and up and down on its wheels at the same time. A damp wash of fear ran through my stomach. My pilot looked up, not at the runway but at the instruments, and pulled the control stick back. We were immediately in the air, and our awkward and dispirited staggering of a second before changed into a single-minded lift.

My shoulder harness relaxed. I was pushed from below by my parachute; I sagged and my arms gained weight. We turned hard, flipping on our side, and curved away from the stall, straight black pipestem of smoke the



radio had talked about. I tried sitting up and found that I could.

We flew through an outcropping of cloud, our windshield frosting gray and opaque. My pilot looked at the dials in front of him.

"Tallahassee," he said, pointing down. "First checkpoint."

He made another note on his pad and then jabbed his pencil at a big dial. "This is an instrument hop," he said. "That's the instrument. Bird-dog needle. It points to a radio signal you set it for. Set it for Tallahassee, it points there. You get to Tallahassee, it'll flip around. Just flipped." He pointed to another dial, a bizarre and overexcited clock with its three hands all turning at once.

"Fifteen thousand feet," he said. "Better put on your mask."

I pulled up my mask, cupped it over my nose and mouth and snapped it to my helmet as I had been taught.

"Turn that little knob. Every time you inhale, that window next to it should go white. That means you're getting oxygen."

I breathed and the little window winked reassuringly. We flew without saying anything, and the bright line of the horizon dissolved into a continuous gray wash of cloud and sky. Finally the bird-dog needle did another dainty turn, the earphones squawked and my pilot held up his thumb. "Memphis," he said. "Right on. We're cleared in, so let's go down."

A dark dive

We rolled on our side and nosed over into a toneless dark, as if someone had painted over our windshield. I tried to see through it and found nervous lines writhing across the glass.

"Rain," said my pilot. "Lovely." He leaved the wing. I sagged hard into my seat, and the next minute we were over a wet web of lights on the ground. The pilot said something on the radio and, forming from out of the web of lights the sudden solution to a puzzle, I saw the converging dotted light lines of a runway. Then we were between the dotted lines, the plane gave a compound thump and we were back to the awkward ground-lunging staggers. We stopped in front of a low building, climbed out of the cockpit and my leg collapsed on the ground from cramp and soreness. I sat on the wet concrete, laughing, until my leg's feeling tingled back.

continued



MOËT

The Great Champagne of France

For over 200 years, memorable moments have been celebrated with MOËT Champagne. MOËT comes to you from the 15-mile estate of Meunier, Moët & Chandon, whose property includes the Abbey of Hautvillers—the birthplace of champagne.



Schrieffer & Co., New York, N.Y. • Importers since 1794

8 YEARS OLD

DAGGER

Jamaica Rum for FLAVOR

67 Proof • Schrieffer & Co., N.Y.

Engraved DESK n DOOR Markers

perfect for gifts because they're personal! Engraved in solid brass, custom engraved names, with initials or even dates, dates, dates and dates, etc.

Desk Marker: Engraved brass plate 2 1/2" x 3 1/2" inches, engraved name or initials, brass or chrome finish.

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back. Send today for free full-color catalogue and quantity discounts.

JOHN REYNOLDS

Desk Marker: Engraved brass plate 2 1/2" x 3 1/2" inches, engraved name or initials, brass or chrome finish.

Door Marker: Engraved brass plate 7" x 1 1/2" inches, engraved name or initials, brass or chrome finish.

FAST SERVICE—WE SHIP WITHIN 48 HOURS. SPECTER-ENGINEERING COMPANY • 600-C Super Building, Colorado Springs, Colo.

\$3.95
each
\$2.95
each

Winter Fun For Everyone

Save over 50¢ and packed away... speed them down... really enjoy yourself! New rugged ICE SHREETER governed by a Charley Panther 250 cc engine. Starts safely along at 30 mph. Meter, mounted on top of handlebars, powers the gas-driven, central drive wheel. Self-starting with push-button, choke on control panel. Folding windshield. Write for your ICE SHREETER dealer or order direct. Only \$199.95. Ship \$25 a unit.

U.S. Patent-3887071
Canadian Patent-561231



Northern Manufacturing Company, Inc.
134 Railroad Street, Oak Harbor, Ohio



Winter rendezvous for "Who's Who"

Play golf to your heart's content on Boca's 18 hole championship golf course, located right on the premises. Sam Snead is your pro. In addition our guests enjoy deep sea fishing, tennis, polo, archery, croquet, badminton, water-skiing, shuffleboard, bowling-on-the-green and a host of other sports. Two pools and Cabana Club with a mile-long ocean beach. Superb cuisine, dancing and entertainment nightly. Air conditioned throughout.

For a color brochure and reservations write R. S. Leggett, Manager, Dept. 19B, or see your travel agent.



Boca Raton
HOTEL and CLUB
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

An Arvida Hotel, a subsidiary of Arvida Corporation
National Representatives: Robert F. Warner Incorporated
New York • Chicago • Washington • Boston • Toronto



There was a cafeteria in the building and we ordered a cup of coffee and a sandwich. Then my pilot went somewhere to check on the weather. He reappeared in 20 minutes, doing something to his life vest. "Come on," he said. "It's getting thick most of the way. I don't want to stay here all night, God knows. If we get out right now we ought to make it. I got a clearance O.K."

We walked back out to the plane and as we climbed up, I missed another handhold and scraped my chin. We taxied out, slewing half around as we turned into the runway. Then we were once more in our poll-mold rush down the gleaming concrete. As we came to the end of the runway lights the plane jolted upward, there was an explosion of luminous cloud and we were back with the rain running its fingers up the windshield. We continued to climb, and soon we seemed to hang motionless under the stars. The stillness opened another tap of fear inside of me and I pressed my helmet hard back against my head rest to see if I could find any vibration in the seemingly lifeless plane.

After a while the cloud quilt below started to lift, wadding up in huge silver rolls. The moon turned the clouds into a black stage flat edged with silver. We flew into it, crossed a shallow silver valley, and were back in the rain.

My pilot looked at his wristwatch. "Great. Nice night. We ought to be there. I'm going down."

It had become hot in the cockpit, and I found that I had sweated an angry brown blotch through the front of my flight suit. My pilot unsnapped his mask and I did the same. The seat pushed harder against me and I knew we were coming out of a dive.

I became aware of a serpentine line of lights drawn on the ground ahead of us. "That should be U.S. 90," he said. "Love that highway. We follow it right in." He held his arms out in front of him and waggled his fingers, then reached up and grabbed the canopy handles. "Let's have some air," he said, and as he said it he slammed the canopy back and full open.

I could smell the smoke immediately, dry and corrosive smoke. My pilot smelled it, too, and he twisted as far as he could to look out his window. He dropped my wing until I

Duofold

2-Layer Insulated

SPORTS JOHNS

AVAILABLE AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES

ILLINOIS

Bloomington: J. Howard Bess Sporting Goods, Chicago; Brannen's, Carson Pike Scott & Co. (Ladue Division), Chicago; Ski Shop; Cook's Sportcraft Co.; Robbins Sporting Goods; N. H. Schukin Sporting Goods, Evanston; Berkeley's, Brannen's, Tuck & Tyron, Geneva; Victor Elder, Glenview; The Fell Company, Highland Park; J. R. Garnett & Co., The Fell Company, Hinsdale; King Keyser Sporting Goods Inc., Hubbard Woods; Tropic the Colour, Lake Forest; Robertson's, Oak Park; Freeman's, Pelet & Johnson; Al Smith's, Park Ridge; Parrish Sporting Goods, Quincy; Merkel Bros., Hard-ware Co., Winnetka; The Fell Co.

INDIANA

Bloomington: Southern Sporting Goods, Fort Wayne; Vin Co., Inc., Indianapolis; Custom Winter Sports Shop, Inc.; Elm-200 Sporting Goods, Lafayette; The Sportsman, Inc., South Bend; Someloni's Sport, Terra Haute; McMillan Athletic Goods.

IOWA

Des Moines: Thade Sporting Goods.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor: Moe Sport Shop, Battle Creek; Verona Sports Mart, Bay City; Sierra's Sports Outfitters Inc., Benton Harbor; Gaudner's Favorite Sports, Birmingham; Alpina Ski Shop, The Sportsman; The Variety Shop, Bridgman; Gardner's Favorite Sports, Dearborn; Nichol's Sport Shop, Detroit; Arctic Sport Shop, Dear's Sporting Goods; Dick's Ski Shop; Cook's Sporting Goods (Eastland); Griswold Sporting Goods; The J. L. Hudson Co. (Downtown), (Eastland), (Northland); Don Haddow's, The Ski Shop; The Sports Mart, Ferndale; Gaska's Sporting Goods; Jim Robbins Co.; Don Thomas Sportsman; Flint Abbey's; All Sports Equipment, Flint; Tent & Awning Co., Niles; Co. Grant, Grand Rapids; Goslar-Brown's, Grand Rapids; & Sons Co., Grosse Pointe; Grosse Pointe Sport Shop, Kalamazoo; Schaefer Bros., Sporting Goods, Livonia; Griswold Sporting Goods, Muskegon; The Sea and Ski Shop, Midland; Heisman's, Pontiac; S. C. Reger Sporting Goods, Port Huron; Dock's Sporting Goods, Saginaw; Morley Brothers, St. Joseph; Gardner's Favorite Sports, Traverse City; Hiltner Sport Shop, Wyandotte; J. M. Sport & Ski Shop.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis: Dayton's; The Ski Den; Tetra Ski Shop, St. Paul; Gokcy Company.

MISSOURI

St. Louis: Kelley Sporting Goods Inc., Kansas City; Gateway Sport Shop, St. Louis; Boyd-Richardson Co.

OHIO

Cincinnati: Jon-Tom Sporting Goods; Cleveland: A. S. Farn and Garden Supplies; The Halle Bros. Co.; Newman-Stern Co.; Columbus: Bellis & Wetherhold Sporting Goods; Oakeside; Cuyahoga Falls; Kossar Gold; Middletown: Hroyssa Sporting Goods, Toledo; Reddish Sporting Goods.

WEST VIRGINIA

Devis: Welser Knobs.

WISCONSIN

Appleton: Berggren Bros. Sporting Goods; H. C. Franze Co.; Eagle River: DeHyle's, Fond du Lac; Sullivan's Tennis Equipment Co.; Green Bay: Bertrand's LaCroix's, Mt. LaCrosse, Inc.; Madison: Wis-Polten Sporting Goods; Wolf Kubly & Hirsig, Milwaukee; Joyce Bros., Co.; Les Mouss Inc., Ringier's, Minocoma; DeHyle's, Dorville's, Oshkosh; Denham-Pulton, Rhinelander; DeHyle's, Wilmot; Wilmet Hill Ski Shop.

WYOMING

Casper: Kietler Sporting Goods, Cheyenne; Western Ranchman Outfitters, Cody; Western Climber.

For additional stores, write Duofold, Inc., Mahwah, N. Y.

was lying on my side and pointed frantically out my window and behind us. I looked out, deciding that this was what I was supposed to do; I could see nothing but the green running light at the end of the wing and past it the bright birthmark of a town. I held up my thumb, but my pilot had turned away from me and was jabbing at a horizontal bank of black buttons on the far side of the cockpit. A parallel line of little lights followed his finger and then dimmed. At the same time he pushed the black handles forward and pulled back the control stick, and we climbed back into the clouds. He looked over the dials in front of him, an orderly scrutiny, then he leaned over and looked at some more dials in front of me. He ran his fingers through his hair and I was about to say that the smoke smell seemed to be gone when a pair of large red lights winked on in the upper-right-hand corner of the cockpit. They were red eyes, bright and malevolent, and they did not dim. Each light said, eloquently, FIRE.

Time to jump

My pilot now did a number of things all at once, and they seemed to be directed mostly at me. He yanked off his lap belt. He pulled back the black handles. He pointed to my lap belt and then to me and then to the door behind me. "Go," he said. "Count three and pull."

The import of what he was saying clubbed me tangibly in the stomach: he wanted me to leave the secure world of our little lit room and jump into the air. I twisted and found that I could not control my legs. I tried to stand up and discovered I was still strapped to my seat. I grabbed for what I thought was my lap-belt buckle and found I had hold of the parachute ring. I told myself to let go of the ring and reach for the buckle. I did this and tangled my arm in the wires and hoses leading to my helmet, jerked at these and wound up holding a buckle which was not attached to anything. I finally found the bar on my lap belt, knocked it loose, and again tried to stand up. Something was holding my parachute and I sat down to try to free it. I found nothing which moved or unclamped and I had increasing trouble controlling my hands. Then we dropped out of the clouds with the unmistakable

continued

U.S. Olympic Teams Pick "Inside Winner" 3 Times



Duofold

2-layer insulated underwear

For the third consecutive time, Duofold is the official underwear of the U.S. Winter Olympic Teams! The reason? The unique construction of Duofold Sports Johns leaves you free to ski, keeps you warm-dry and comfortable outdoors and in! Dual layers of finest cotton and zephyr-light wool are interknit to trap a weightless layer of air. Gives complete insulation! Locks in body warmth, locks out cold! You never feel chilled or clammy—you never overheat indoors!

Duofold fits trim, neat and smooth, even under "stretchies." Accept no substitute for Duofold because there is none.

Creamy White and smart colors in Solid and Candy Stripes. For men and women.

DOUBLE STITCH WHOLE CONSTRUCTION
TWO LAYERS GUARD AGAINST COLD



Duofold, Inc., Mahwah, N.Y.
In Canada: Gordon Mackay & Co., Ltd., Toronto



"Be a SANTA" to yourself ...make this a Sportscar Christmas!

BMC sport cars are no ordinary breeds . . . but truly thoroughbreds in any sports car stable. Take the wheel and for the first time an automobile becomes a part of you—you'll sense immediately an eagerness to respond that captures the hearts of sportscar enthusiasts everywhere. The MGA is one of the products of the new international symbols in motoring perfection . . .

Literature and overseas
delivery information
on request.



MGA 1600

Solo and Serviced
At Newly 100-Authorized
Dealers in the Midwest

MIDWEST DISTRIBUTOR

S.H. ARNOLD INC.

MUFFIELD SALES DIV.

210 N. Lincoln Ave.

Chicago 10, Illinois

AUSTIN SALES DIV.

415 E. Erie Street

Chicago 10, Illinois

MORRIS '350', '100P' 'OXFORD' — AUSTIN 'A-40', 'A-53', 'A-55' — MGA — AUSTIN-HEALEY 'SPRITE' '3900'



Ron **CARIOCA**
PUERTO RICAN RUM

A Christmas Present Every Thursday

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



SHOCKINGLY GOOD!

People who taste this delightful candy, Almond Roc®[®], for the first time are actually shocked to find out how good it is. Choice almonds, sugar and sweet butter, covered with fine milk chocolate, rolled in toasted California almonds . . . individually wrapped in gold foil. Sealed fresh in a vacuum tin. Get Almond Roc today at your nearest drug or department store. \$2 the tin. Other sizes 65¢, \$1. \$4. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Dist., Phila.

Makes a Drink Sing!



Try a Cariooca Delight with a Touch of Tropical Delight

- Juice 1 Lime
 - 1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
 - 1 1/2 oz. Cariooca Rum
- Shake well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass, rimmed with sugar.



© L. W. Brown & Son

NO TRIP FOR MOTHER continued

lights of an airfield beneath us.

My pilot put his hand on my knee and shook his head. "Stay with it," he said. "I think we're O.K." He told the tower we were making an emergency landing. The runway turned around once and came up quickly; the winking red lights of crash trucks moved up to meet us. We hit hard, but we were on the runway. I had not done a good job of refastening my shoulder harness and I tore something in my neck as I smashed against the loose straps. We rolled out along the runway, with the crash trucks following us, their crews bunched together in black-and-white-striped



raincoats. Finally we stopped. My pilot disappeared over his edge of the cockpit. I went down my side of the plane in one great rush without missing a handhold. I walked around the front of the plane. My pilot was smoothing his hair again in the white-wash of the crash-truck headlights and smiling.

"You know what that smoke was?" he said. "Forest fire. Saw it soon as we came out of the cloud that second time. Big damn fire, to make all that smoke. Same fire we saw when we left, I reckon."

"How about those fire lights?"

"Crazy airplane. Probably some short circuit. No fire I can find. Fooled me. I shut down both engines."

"How'd you land, no engines?"

"No sweat. We were nice and light, floated right in. Sure glad we came out over the field, though. I never would have started those engines up again, forest fire or no. Not with those big red lights looking at me. Figured I'd blow us up."

"Lucky I didn't jump either."

"Yeah. You'd be harking around some swamp. Gets cold out there." He looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "back by midnight we were. Let's go get a sandwich," he said, and he turned and walked off toward the ubiquitous yellow jeep.

END

PUERTO RICAN RUM • WHITE OR GOLD LABEL
50 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N. Y.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

"ARETE"

Sirs:

Who among the Olympic athletes best revealed the degree of pure excellence suggested by the Greek concept of *arete*, which you honor in your Sportsman of the Year award? I submit that triple gold medal winner Wilma Rudolph represents the best choice (Lake Nokiging, Nov. 14).

During the six-year history of your award, no woman athlete has won.

Clearly, the accomplishments of Wilma Rudolph—from her crippled childhood to the quinquennial Olympic effort—represent a success story in the best tradition of American sport, as well as in the best tradition of *arete*.

JAMES J. LORIMER

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs:

Between the lines is another story, one of strange parallels and marked contrasts in this democracy where a rail splitter or a millionaire can be president, where opportunity and equality are every man's portion, we find some distressing flaws. There are still the "underprivileged," as we prefer to label those who have less than we. To find among them a 20-year-old who can—in 300 meters—become a national heroine, who can win with grace, accept victory with humility, withstand eulogies with poise and undergo the overwhelming enthusiasms of our unique system of hero worship with noble restraint is to find a rare and fortunate individual.

MARY HANSON

Chicago

BACKWARDS BOWMAN

Sirs:

Bill Bendix couldn't hit the balloon he's in with that bow and arrow (*Who's Your Sportsman?*, Nov. 28). It looks like a recurved bow to me and, if so, it's strung backwards! Besides the cave-man grip with his right hand he has the arrow on the wrong side.

JIM MILLER

Scotts, N.Y.

A MATTER OF TIMING

Sirs:

John Zimmerman's smashing color spectacle of horses leaving the starting gate (*Two Seconds that Can Win a Horse Race*, Dec. 5) describes the most important two seconds of the race. As a side-light to this truth, these most important seconds are not actually computed in the official time. The timing of a race begins about 40 yards up the track after the horses have had a running start. Thus a lagging horse at the start who is able to catch the field has actually gone faster than the official time indicates. To repeat



EXPERT DRAWS PROPERLY STRUNG BOW TO PROVE THAT BENDIX CAN'T HIT BALLOON

the points the most important two seconds of the horse race don't count in the official timing.

ART ROSENBAUM

San Francisco

CLOYSTERS AND WALLS

Sirs:

Don't you think it is a little misleading to say (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 28) that the roof-climbers of Cambridge have "now received literary recognition" in *Night Chamber's Guide to Trinity*? It seems to me that as far back as half a century ago, the late Geoffrey Winthrop Young published anonymously two remarkable little books on the subject, *The Roof-Chamber's Guide to Trinity* (1901) and *Wall and Roof Climbing* (1903); and in 1937 a certain Whipplemalth wrote a longer book called *The Night Chambers of Cambridge*.

Moreover, if you can turn up a copy of *Wall and Roof Climbing* (which is not easy to find), you will see that innumerable other writers of prose and poetry alike have acknowledged the charm of this nocturnal sport. See, for example, Milton's *H Pervaseus*:

*But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studios Cloysters pale,
And lose the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars waving proof,
Or Shakespeare's lines in Julius Caesar:
... Among a fire and oft
Have you climb'd up to Wall and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yet, to Chimney tops,*

Is this not literary recognition?

DAVID A. ROBERTSON JR.
Demarest, N.J.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

Sirs:

I have just read the November 28th issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and was particularly intrigued by the following statement appearing on page 37:

"If the Midshipmen can beat Army, they will go to the Rose Bowl for the first time since 1924."

This should be the most interesting Rose Bowl in years, with three teams, Washington, Navy and Minnesota, all participating.

DAVID G. WALTERS

Champaign, Ill.

● In accepting the bid, Minnesota's Gophers renounced their declared anti-bowl position and surprised the Big Ten, the Navy and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. — ED.

PACKERS. ATTENTION!

Sirs:

Have you ever heard of the Green Bay Packers? You seem to think that only the Baltimore Colts and New York Giants exist in the NFL. I would appreciate it if you would give a little attention to Green Bay.

MICHAEL KNORDEL

Mosinee, Wis.

● See page 26. — ED.

RELUCTANT READER

Sirs:

In regard to this supposedly nonfictional article about Mr. Robertson's adventures as a pseudo All-American football star with the Army (*The Reluctant All-*

Star, Nov. 28), I would like to go on record as saying I do not believe one word of it. You should have checked this story for its accuracy, which should be very simple since the Army should have a record of Mr. Robertson's whereabouts at the time of these imagined adventures. If for some reason I am wrong, Mr. Robertson deserves a promotion to at least colonel, and the Congressional medal of honor as well! I would also like to state that even though I believe the whole thing to be fiction or a publicity stunt of some sort, it is a very amusing bit of writing that we would probably all like to believe, but then Cinderella would be nice as nonfiction, too!

JOHN M. WILLIAMS

New York City

● We can't vouch for Cinderella; we can for Robertson.—ED.

ONE FOR ALL

Sirs:

Since the subject of Olympic medals was brought up (SCORECARD, Nov. 21), I would like to file my complaint.

As members of the modern pentathlon team which placed third in Rome, we were not troubled by peeling medals but by missing medals. When we finally finished our five days of competition and managed to place third we were presented with one medal for all of us, as were the Russians for second place, and the Hungarians for first. Since all members of winning teams had received medals in other sports, we tried to find an answer in Rome, but with no results.

JACK DANIELS

Norman, Okla.

● In sports like gymnastics and modern pentathlon where each team member performed separately, medals were awarded only for the aggregate team score.—ED.

ZERN ASTERN

Sirs:

Your Ed Zern had better wade back to shore and look for more desirable fishing companions (*I Loathe and Detest All Fish Tournaments*, Nov. 7).

My husband and I belong to the Cape Hatteras Anglers Club, and recently (for the first time) participated in the Hatteras tournaments for off-shore members. We won no prizes but had a wonderful experience in the excitement and the pleasure of fishing with a team of six people, none of whom were "venal, larcenous and weak-willed."

We fished as a team and worked hard to build up our points, but cheered the others when they pulled in a fish. In between official fishing sessions people would exchange information, kinds of bait, rigs, ways and methods, or anything else about catching fish. There was no animosity or foul play or violation of rules in order to win prizes, and it seemed to us everyone had a good time, winner or loser.

As for the prizes, we couldn't care less.

Mrs. DAVID STECH

Armonk, N.Y.

The Finest Holiday Issue We've Ever Published & a Handsome Card ("Great Sporting Moments from the Past Year") to announce the Best Christmas Gift of All for sporting families ...uncles, aunts, cousins...undergrads

and old grads...business associates and bridge partners...golf cronies

and tennis buddies ...A YEAR OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

...the perfect present that keeps on giving 52 times a year.

All gifts are just \$5 each when you order two or more. Single

Orders are \$6.75. Just send your order to SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.



THE MAN IN A MIDDISHADE



is the man who's
made the grade

Wear the look of leadership when you wear a Masterpiece by Middishade. Authentic, traditional styling updated to meet modern tastes... fine fabrics in exclusive patterns and textures that set you apart... tailored by craftsmen in the traditional Masterpiece by Middishade manner. Pamper yourself... and suit yourself tomorrow! Suits from \$65.00 — sport coats from \$37.50 (slightly higher in this west)

RECORDED AND GUARANTEED

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED



Masterpiece by MIDDISHADE

For samples of latest fabrics & name of nearest dealer, write to:
The Middishade Company Inc., 10th & Calhoun Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PAT ON THE BACK



MANUEL SIMAS

The other Big Daddy

For bustling Manuel Simas, a 264-pound Humboldt (Calif.) State College tackle, the nickname usually applied to the Baltimore Colts' famous Gene Lipscomb comes naturally. Big Daddy Simas and his wife are raising their own seven-player forward wall (five boys and two girls, ages 3 to 11), and the whole brood turns out at the games to count Big Daddy's tackles. "He gets 16 to 17 a game," says No. 1 son, David, proudly.

"I've got the best defensive lineman in northern California," moans undefeated Humboldt's Coach Phil Sarboe, "but I can't play him on of-

fense because he doesn't have time to come to practice and learn the plays." One reason is that Simas is carrying a heavy academic load. Another is that he is earning his way through college (Humboldt offers no athletic scholarships) and supporting his family by selling pizzas at night.

Although his long-term ambition is to become a teacher, 29-year-old Big Daddy admits he'd like a crack at professional football first. In the interim, he has reason to hope he'll be selected for this year's East-West Shrine game. "I just try to play," says Big Daddy of his fine record, "so the man next to me knows I'm doing my best."

(continued from preceding page)

"It first came to my attention in my son's home whose name is also Hiram Walker, and he received it from one of his friends in New York City. Both of us are on the consumer, rather than the producer side of the Hiram Walker ledger.

"Anyway, it has contributed considerable amusement to my friends and my family, particularly because I have always been a devotee of 'wine, women, and song.' Having passed the seventy milestone, I find that I can now hug the ladies without being slapped by them or shot by their husbands. Even at seventy, romance pays off."

As I said, the picture the McCann people are looking at was familiar—it was a slide from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's presentation to the drug industry. I am forced to agree that it's one of the most original I've ever seen—and if you have an agency group, creative or otherwise, that you think should see it, one phone call and your favorite SI salesman will bring it on the dead run.



To prove once more that nice things happen to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED advertisers, the week after Bill Grathwohl of Noxzema reported such enthusiastic results for his Noxzema Instant Shave campaign in SI, he shot a hole-in-one on the 9th at Ponte Vedra. (That's the hole where if alligators could live on golf balls, we'd all be up to our—well, you know the rest.)

If you're not a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED advertiser, and also not a member of any hole-in-one club, your next move should be obvious.



Aphorism of the week: If a man's reach should exceed his grasp, how do you figure that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

(continued on back page)

SP3

(continued from preceding page)

You may or may not want to use that line in your next speech to the local P. T. A., but I think it's pertinent to the talk I keep handing you on **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** advertising growth.

Here are some more Publishers' Information Bureau findings, comparing our standing in ad pages at the end of 1959 with our standing so far in 1960 (first 9 months):

In 13 classifications and sub-classifications, we've gone up —

Men's Apparel—from 3rd to 1st among all magazines
Beer, Wine and Liquor—from 3rd to 2nd
Beer—from 4th to 1st
Liquor—from 4th to 3rd
Smoking Materials—from 6th to 5th
Jewelry, Optical Goods, and Cameras—from 3rd to 2nd
Sporting Goods and Toys—from 5th to 4th
Radios and TV Sets—from 6th to 5th
Passenger Cars and Vehicles—from 5th to 4th
Gasoline and Lubricants—from 7th to 5th
Travel, Hotels and Resorts—from 11th to 10th
Resort and Travel Accommodations—from 12th to 10th

In other classifications, our grasp is pretty good, but we have a bit of reaching to do —

Cameras and Photographic Supplies—still 1st
Confectionery and Soft Drinks—still 4th
Automotive, Accessories, and Equipment—still 5th

And finally, in 3 others, we have a good deal of reaching ahead of us in 1961 —

Life Insurance—from 8th to 10th
Tires and Tubes—from 5th to 6th
Passenger Travel—from 8th to 10th

—and believe me, our readership story is so convincing in these three categories—of high income, low age, high driving mileage, two-car ownership, frequent business travel and long vacations—that I know our lag in them is only temporary. Can't win 'em all.

Hard to tell how a copy of this scrawl ever got to Saluda, North Carolina, but it did, and it came back with another scrawl from an old friend—signed "Jack Morse, the lazy hermit of Saludy Mountain, alumnus of J.W.T., N.Y." Jack sent his regards to Madison Avenue, U.S.A., and if you want to write to him, it's Morlands, R. D. 1, Saluda, N. C. He also said, "Why, oh why no address? Where do I throw the contract over the transom?"

Thanks for the suggestion, Jack, and it's printed below.

Pete Callaway

Advertising Director
Transom #1930, Time & Life Building
New York 20, N. Y.

Late bulletin: 10 months' P.I.B. figures now in and all districts reporting—**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** advertising revenue up 26%.



How to keep your season's best a secret!

Give Johnnie Walker. Red Label. Or Black Label. A transparent sleeve identifies them. Slip it off—your gift remains an intriguing secret until the happy opening. And happy it will be. For in all the world, wherever fine Scotch is served, there never was a more popular pair.



WHY
PARLIAMENT'S
1/4 INCH RECESS IS
SO IMPORTANT
TO YOU

tobacco
tastes
best
when the
filter's recessed

With recessed filter Parliament, there's no taste of filter feedback because your lips and tongue never touch, never taste the filter. What you *do* taste is the pure, true flavor of the best tobaccos in the business.

Hi-Fi Filter **Parliament**



Parliament with its famous Hi-Fi recessed filter—is consistently rated for uniformity by the U.S. and Foreign Tobacco Company, independent quality testing laboratories.

© 1967 United U.S. Tobacco

Regular Price—King Size Soft Pack or Flip-Top Box

